



WORLD'S FAMOUS WOMEN

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THE

World's Famous Women:

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SERIES OF SKETCHES

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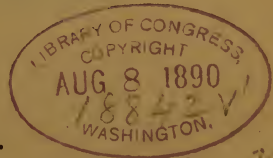
WOMEN WHO HAVE WON DISTINCTION BY THEIR GENIUS AND
ACHIEVEMENTS AS AUTHORS, ARTISTS, ACTORS, RULERS,
OR WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF HOME.

BY JAMES PARTON,

AUTHOR OF

"LIFE AND TIMES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN," "LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON,"
"LIFE OF VOLTAIRE," "GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS,"
"LIFE OF AARON BURR," "PEOPLE'S BOOK OF BIOGRAPHY," "LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON," ETC.

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CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

‘ I WAS born a tomboy,” wrote Miss Cushman once.

By tomboy she meant that she was a girl who preferred boys’ plays, and had boy’s faults. She did not care much to sew upon dolls’ clothes, but could make dolls’ furniture very nicely with tools. She was fond of climbing trees, and it was a custom with her in childhood to get out of the way of trouble by climbing to the top of a tall tree. In short, she was a vigorous, strong-limbed, courageous girl, who might have been the mother of heroes if it had not been her fortune to be a heroine herself.

In 1816, when she was born, her father was a West India merchant, of the firm of Topliff & Cushman, who had a warehouse on Long Wharf in Boston. Her father, at the age of thirteen, was a poor orphan in Plymouth, Massachusetts, though a lineal descendant of Robert Cushman, one of the pilgrim fathers; a descendant, too, of other Cushmans, whose honored graves I have seen upon Burial Hill, in Plymouth. Her father walked to Boston (thirty miles distant) while he was still a boy, and there, by industry and good conduct, saved a capital upon which he entered into business upon his own account, which enabled him for many years to maintain his family in comfort. Many a time Charlotte played the tomboy on Long Wharf, in and out of her father’s store, climbing about vessels, and getting up on heaps of merchandise. Once, in jumping on board a vessel, she fell into the water, and was only rescued from drowning by a passer-by, who

sprang in and helped her out. Her deliverer kept on his way, and she never knew who he was until, many years later, when she was a celebrated actress, a respectable old gentleman called upon her and told her that he was the person, and how honored and delighted he was in having been the means of preserving so valuable a life.

Two things may be said of all true artists. One is, that the germ of their talent can be discovered in one or more of their ancestors. Another is, that their gift manifests itself in very early childhood. More than one of her ancestors had wonderful powers of mimicry, as well as well as a happy talent for reading and declamation. One of her grandmothers possessed these gifts. While she was still a little girl Charlotte had a remarkable power of mimicry. Besides catching up a tune after once hearing it, she unconsciously imitated the tones, gestures, and expression of people she met; and this talent she preserved to the end of her life, greatly to the amusement of her friends. She was one of those people who can imitate the drawing of a cork, and give a lively representation with the mouth, of a hen chased about a barn-yard, and being finally caught. She could imitate all brogues and all kinds of voices.

Born in Puritanic Boston, we should scarcely expect to find such a talent as this nourished and cultivated from her youth up. But so it was. From her mother she learned to sing all the songs of the day, and she learned to sing them with taste and expression. In those days almost every one sang a song or two, and a most delightful accomplishment it is. If ever I should found an academy I would have in it a teacher of song-singing. Miss Cushman was so lucky, too, as to have a good uncle—a sea captain—who used to take her to places of amusement, and with him she saw her first play, *Coriolanus*, with Macready in the principal part. She saw many of

the noted actors and actresses of that time, and the more frequently because her uncle was one of the stockholders of the old Tremont theatre. Through him, too, she became acquainted with some of the performers, and thus obtained a little insight into the world behind the curtain.

Everything seems to nourish a marked talent in a child. One day at school, in the reading class, it came her turn to read a speech from Payne's tragedy of Brutus. Before that day she had been bashful about reading aloud in school, and had shown no ability in it whatever. When she began to read this speech her tongue seemed to be suddenly unloosed; she let out all the power of her voice; and she read with so much effect that the teacher told her to go to the head of the class. Miss Cushman always assigned the birth of her talent to the moment of her reading the passage from Brutus. The talent was in her before, but the glow of that speech warmed it into sudden development.

After the war of 1812, commerce, from various causes, declined in Boston; large numbers of merchants withdrew their capital from the sea, and invested it in manufactures. Miss Cushman's father was one of those who did not take this course, and when she was thirteen years of age he failed, and she was obliged to think of preparing to earn her own livelihood. Charlotte's gift for music suggested the scheme of her becoming a music-teacher, and to this end she studied hard for two years under a very good master. When she was about sixteen years of age the famous Mrs. Wood came to Boston to perform in concert and opera, and while there inquired for a contralto voice to accompany her in some duets. Miss Cushman's name was mentioned to her, and this led to a trial of the young girl's voice. Mrs. Wood was astonished and delighted at it, and told her that, with such a voice properly cultivated, a brilliant career was assured to her.

After singing with Mrs. Wood in concerts with encouraging success, Miss Cushman appeared at Boston as the Countess in Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*. Received by the public in this and other parts with favor, she seemed destined to fulfill Mrs. Wood's prediction.

But a few months after, at New Orleans, her voice suddenly deteriorated, and she was obliged to attempt the profession of an actress. She made her first appearance, while still little more than a girl, "a tall, thin, lanky girl," as she describes herself, in the difficult part of Lady Macbeth. She was obliged to borrow a dress in which to perform it, and she played the part, as she once recorded, "to the satisfaction of the audience, the manager, and the company." At the end of that season she came to New York, and, by dint of hard work and earnest study, she gradually became the great and powerful artist whom we all remember. Her biography, by her friend, Miss Emma Stebbins, reveals to us in the most agreeable manner the secret of her power as an actress, as well as the secret of her charm as a woman. Here is the secret, in her own words :

"How many there are who have a horror of my profession! Yet I dearly love the very hard work, the very drudgery of it, which has made me what I am. Despise labor of any kind! I honor it, and only despise those who do not."

I will copy two or three other sentences of hers, to show what a wise and high-minded lady she was :

"The greatest power in the world is shown in conquest over self."

"How hard it would be to die if we had all the joys and happiness that we could desire here! The dews of autumn penetrate into the leaves and prepare them for their fall."

"We cannot break a law of eternal justice, however

ignorantly, but throughout the entire universe there will be a jar of discord."

"To try to be better is to be better."

"God knows how hard I have striven in my time to be good, and true, and worthy. God knows the struggles I have had."

"Art is an absolute mistress; she will not be coquetted with, or slighted; she requires entire self-devotion, and she repays with grand triumphs."

But the best thing she ever wrote or said in her life was written to a young mother rejoicing in the glorious gift of a child.

"No artist work," said Miss Cushman, "is so high, so noble, so grand, so enduring, so important for all time as the making of *character* in a child. No statue, no painting, no acting, can reach it, and it embodies each and all the arts."

That is truly excellent, and is a truth which probably all genuine artists have felt; for art has no right to be, except so far as it assists the best of all arts—the art of living.

I remember this fine actress when I was a school-boy, at home from school, and she was a member of the company of the old Park theatre in New York, acting for twenty dollars a week. I remember her playing Goneril, in King Lear, with so much power that I *hated* her, making no distinction between her and the part she played. New York was a very provincial place then, and could not give *prestige* to any artist, and therefore it was not until she went to England, and electrified the Londoners with her powerful acting, that she made any great headway in the world; although for years she had maintained her mother, and been the mainstay of the family. In England she made a considerable fortune, which, towards the close of her life, was much increased in her native

land. She was always glad, in the days of her prosperity, to recall the period of poverty and anxiety which preceded her great success in England, when she was living in the vast, strange city of London, with no companion save her faithful maid, Sallie Mercer, with no present prospect of an engagement, and with almost no money. The strictest, severest economy was necessary; and she used to relate with great amusement and no small pride the ingenious shifts to which she and Sallie were driven in matters of housekeeping, and how they both rejoiced over an occasional invitation to dine out. Sallie herself bears witness to their straitened circumstances.

“Miss Cushman lived on a mutton-chop a day,” she once said, “and I always bought the baker’s dozen of muffins for the sake of the extra one, and we ate them all, no matter how stale they were; and we never suffered from want of appetite in those days.”

In spite of all their economies, things went from bad to worse, and Miss Cushman was actually reduced to her last sovereign, when Mr. Maddox, the manager of the Princess Theatre, came to secure her. Sallie, the devoted and acute (whom Miss Cushman had first engaged on account of what she called her “conscientious eyebrows”), was on the look-out, as usual, and descried him walking up and down the street upon the opposite side of the way, too early in the morning for a call.

“He is anxious,” said Miss Cushman joyfully, when this was reported to her. “I can make my own terms!”

She did so, and her *début* took place shortly afterward, her rôle being Bianca, in Milman’s tragedy of *Fazio*. Her success was complete and dazzling. The London *Times* of the next day said of it:

“The early part of the play affords no criterion of what an actress can do; but from the instant where she suspects that her husband’s affections are wavering, and

with a flash of horrible enlightenment exclaims, 'Fazio, thou hast seen Aldobella!' Miss Cushman's career was certain. The variety which she threw into the dialogue with her husband—from jealousy dropping back into tenderness, from hate passing to love, while she gave an equal intensity to each successive passion, as if her whole soul were for the moment absorbed in that only—was astonishing, and yet she always seemed to feel as if she had not done enough. Her utterance was more and more earnest, more and more rapid, as if she hoped the very force of the words would give her an impetus. The crowning effort was the supplication to Aldobella, when the wife, falling on her knees, makes the greatest sacrifice of her pride to save the man she has destroyed. Nothing could exceed the determination with which, lifting her clasped hands, she urged her suit—making offer after offer to her proud rival, as if she could not give too much and feared to reflect on the value of her concessions—till at last, repelled by the cold marchioness and exhausted by her own passion, she sank huddled into a heap at her feet."

This was the climax of the play, and Miss Cushman was in reality so overcome by the tremendous force of her own acting, as well as by the agitation consequent upon the occasion, that it was long before she could muster sufficient strength to rise; and the thunderous applause which burst from all parts of the house was even more welcome as granting her a breathing space than as an evidence of satisfaction. When at last she slowly rose to her feet, the scene was one which she could never afterward recall without experiencing a thrill of the old triumph. The audience were all standing, some mounted upon their seats; many were sobbing; more were cheering, and the gentlemen were waving their hats and the ladies their handkerchiefs.

“All my successes put together since I have been upon the stage,” she wrote home, “would not come near my success in London, and I only wanted some one of you there to enjoy it with me, to make it complete.”

She and Sallie were no longer filled with gratitude for a chance invitation to dinner. Invitations came in showers, and they were overrun with visitors. It soon became a joke that Miss Cushman was never in a room with less than six people. She sat to five artists, and distinguished people of all kinds overwhelmed her with attentions.

“I hesitate to write even to you,” she says in a letter to her mother, “the agreeable and complimentary things that are said and done to me here, for it looks monstrously like boasting. I like you to know it, but I hate to tell it to you myself.”

After a splendid career of success on both sides of the Atlantic, she took up her abode at Rome, returning occasionally to her native land. It so chanced that she was obliged to resume her Roman residence soon after the war broke out, and she deeply lamented that she was called away from her country at such a time. But she bore her share in the struggle. It is hard to imagine how she could have been spared from her post in Rome, where she was the light and consolation of the desponding little American colony. In the darkest days, when the news from home was of defeat following defeat, her faith never wavered for an instant. She was *sure* the Union cause would prove victorious.

Her countrymen in the city called her “the Sunbeam”; and in after days many of them confessed to having walked the streets again and again, in the mere hope of meeting her and getting a passing word of cheer. A year before this, in London, she held with her banker, Mr. Peabody, a little conversation which perhaps displays her feeling better than anything else. He told her that the

war could not go on; the business men of the world would not allow it.

“Mr. Peabody,” she replied, “I saw that first Maine regiment that answered to Lincoln’s call march down State Street in Boston with their chins in the air, singing:

‘John Brown’s soul is marching on,’

and, believe me, this war will not end till slavery is abolished, whether it be in five years or thirty.”

In 1862, in a letter from Rome written when news of the early Union successes began at last to be received, she lets us perceive how sorely this high confidence had been tried.

“It has been so hard,” she wrote, “amid the apparent successes of the other side, the defection, the weakness of men on our side, the willingness of even the best to take advantage of the needs of the government, the ridicule of sympathizers with the South on this side, the abuse of the English journals, and the utter impossibility of beating into the heads of individual English that there could be *no right* in the seceding party—all has been so hard, and we have fought so valiantly for our faith, have so tired and tried ourselves in talking and showing our belief, that when the news came day after day of our successes, and at last your letter, I could not read the account aloud, and tears—hot but refreshing tears of joy, fell copiously upon the page. O, I am too thankful; and I am too anxious to come home! . . . I never cared half so much for America before; but I feel that now I love it dearly, and want to see it and live in it.”

To live in it was impossible just then, but the longing to see it became too strong to be resisted. She resolved to return at least long enough to act for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund; and in June, 1863, she sailed for home. Five performances were given—one

each in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington—and were so successful that she had the pleasure of sending to Dr. Bellows, president of the Sanitary Commission, from the vessel in which she left to return to Europe, a check for the sum of eight thousand two hundred and sixty-seven dollars.

“I know no distinction of North, East, South, or West,” she wrote in the letter which accompanied this generous gift; “it is all my country, and where there is most need, there do I wish the proceeds of my labor to be given.”

One more extract, taken from a letter written to Miss Fanny Seward when the final triumph came, may fittingly close Miss Cushman’s record as a patriot. It is her song of exultation :

“With regard to my own dearly beloved land, of which I am so proud that my heart swells and my eyes brim over as I think to-day of her might, her majesty, and the power of her long-suffering, her abiding patience, her unequaled unanimity, her resolute prudence, her inability to recognize bondage and freedom in our constitution, and her stalwart strength in forcing that which she could not obtain by reasoning. . . . To-day my pride, my faith, my love of country, is blessed and satisfied in the news that has flashed to us that ‘the army of Lee has capitulated!’ that we are and must be one sole, undivided—not common, but *uncommon*—country; great, glorious, free; henceforth an honor and a power among nations, a sign and a symbol to the down-trodden peoples, and a terror to evil-doers upon earth.”

After a long period of retirement, she returned to the scene of her former triumphs. People wondered why she should continue to act during her last years, when she was tormented by the pain of an incurable disease, and when she had a beautiful home at Newport, where there

was everything to cheer and charm her declining years. A single sentence in one of her last letters explains it, wherein she says:

“I am suffering a good deal more pain than I like to acknowledge, and only when I am on the stage or asleep am I unconscious of it.”

She died at Boston in 1876, aged sixty. There have been a few greater actresses than Charlotte Cushman, but a better woman never trod the stage. The very soul of goodness dwelt in her heart, and inspired her life.

MARIA MITCHELL.

PROFESSOR MARIA MITCHELL, the distinguished astronomer, whose face is so vividly remembered by Vassar students of recent years, is of Quaker parentage, and a native of the island of Nantucket.

She was born on the first of August, 1818, one of a numerous family. During her childhood she attended with her brothers and sisters, the school taught by their father, who had the pleasure of finding them his best pupils. The little Mitchells, quick and intelligent as they showed themselves to be, were as well constituted physically as mentally; they romped, raced, and shouted as healthy children do. In appearance they differed widely, some being fair-haired and of blonde complexion, while others were strongly marked brunettes; but all possessed the family characteristics of intelligence and perseverance. They were, as one of them afterwards expressed it, "all alike inside." Maria, a brown-skinned, dark-eyed, lively little girl, was not considered by the family to display any greater ability than the others, although at the age of eleven, while still her father's pupil, she became his assistant teacher. Nor did she rate her intellectual gifts as highly as without vanity she might.

"Born of only ordinary capacity, but of extraordinary persistency," she said of herself in later years, looking back upon her career. But she added with a simplicity as rare as it is pleasing:

"I did not quite take this in myself, until I came to



MARIA MITCHELL.

mingle with the best girls of our college, and to be aware how rich their mines are, and how little they have been worked."

Her education, both in and out of school, was of the best and most suitable kind. In the intelligent home of which she was a member the news of the day was eagerly gathered and discussed; scientific topics received a fair share of attention; and many strange facts, not to be found in books, were related and commented upon. She learned, moreover, to use her hands helpfully and skillfully, to dress tastefully but simply, and to live contentedly a plain, frugal life, brightened by study, affection, and society. She had many good friends upon the island, and visitors of distinction who landed upon its shores seldom failed to call at her father's house, where a hospitable welcome awaited them, as well as the pleasure of imparting whatever store of knowledge or anecdote they might possess to a group of curious young people with a gift for listening.

At sixteen she left school, and at eighteen accepted the position of librarian of the Nantucket library. Her duties were light, and she had ample opportunity, surrounded as she was by books, to read and study, while leisure was also left her to pursue by practical observation the science in which she afterwards became known.

Those who dwell upon the smaller islands learn almost of necessity to study the sea and sky. The Mitchell family possessed an excellent telescope. From childhood Maria had been accustomed to the use of this instrument, searching out with its aid the distant sails upon the horizon by day, and viewing the stars by night. Her father possessed a marked taste for astronomy, and carried on a series of independent observations. He taught his daughter all he knew, and she studied for herself besides.

At half past ten in the evening, on the first of October,

1847, she made the discovery which first brought her name before the public. She was gazing through her glass with her usual quiet intentness, when suddenly she was startled to perceive "an unknown comet, nearly vertical above Polaris, about five degrees." At first she could not believe her eyes; then hoping and doubting, scarcely daring to think that she had really made a discovery, she obtained its right ascension and declination. She then told her father, who, two days later, sent the following letter to his friend, Professor Bond of Cambridge:

NANTUCKET, 10th mo., 3d, 1847.

My dear Friend:—I write now merely to say that Maria discovered a telescopic comet at half-past ten, on the evening of the first instant, at that hour nearly above Polaris five degrees. Last evening it had advanced westerly; this evening still further, and nearing the pole. It does not bear illumination. Maria has obtained its right ascension and declination, and will not suffer me to announce it. Pray tell me whether it is one of Georgi's; if not whether it has been seen by anybody. Maria supposes it may be an old story. If quite convenient just drop a line to her; it will oblige me much. I expect to leave home in a day or two, and shall be in Boston next week, and I would like to have her hear from you before I can meet you. I hope it will not give thee much trouble amidst thy close engagements. Our regards are to all of you most truly,

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

The answer to this letter informed them that the comet was indeed a discovery. Meanwhile it had been observed by several other astronomers, including Father da Vico at Rome, and another lady, Madam Runker, at Hamburg; but Miss Mitchell was able to prove without difficulty that she had been the first to observe it. There was another

thing to be considered, however. Frederick VI of Denmark had, about fifteen years before this time, established a gold medal of twenty ducats' value to be bestowed upon any person who should first discover a telescopic comet; and this prize Miss Mitchell might fairly claim. But the provisions concerning the award required that the discoverer should comply with several conditions. "If a resident of Great Britain or any other quarter of the globe except the continent of Europe," he was to send notice, "by first post after the discovery," to the astronomer-royal of London.

Miss Mitchell, desiring to be certain that her discovery was indeed original, had omitted to do this, and she was therefore in doubt whether she might claim the medal. But as the intent of this neglected formality could have been nothing more than to insure the medal's falling into the right hands, and as proof existed that she was the earliest discoverer, she succeeded, with the assistance of Edward Everett, who warmly took her part, in obtaining her well-merited distinction.

For ten years after this event she retained her position in the library, faithfully discharging her duty toward the institution, and at the same time performing, to the satisfaction of the government, much difficult mathematical work in connection with the coast survey. She also assisted in the compilation of the American Nautical Almanac.

In 1857 she went abroad and visited most of the famous observatories of Europe. She was everywhere received with distinction, and acquired the friendship of many of the leading astronomers of the day, besides being elected a member of several important scientific societies. On her return home she had the pleasure of finding that her friends had caused an excellent observatory to be fitted up for her in her absence, and here she

continued her astronomical pursuits until the year 1865, when she was invited to become Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, in the State of New York. She did not feel certain that she could suitably fill this interesting post, and hesitated some time before accepting it. It is certain that the institution has never regretted her favorable decision.

She at once proved herself an excellent teacher, and the course in astronomy soon came to be regarded as one of the pleasantest, as well as one of the best that the college afforded. It is elective and informal, her classes being the only ones that are not begun and ended at the tap of an electric gong. The course consists, besides a few lectures in the Sophomore year, of regular lessons during the Junior and Senior years. It is chiefly practical and mathematical; including, however, some popular astronomy. The practical portion is that which most interests the professor, who is continually urging her pupils to use their eyes. She encourages them to make use also of the smaller telescopes every fair night, and allows the Seniors some independent use of the great Equatorial telescope in the observatory. She is apt to display some anxiety on these occasions, however, and seldom fails to warn a student who is going up to take an observation, not to hit her head against the telescope. Her fears, as she explains, are not for the head, but for the instrument. Drawings of the observations are invariably required.

In class, Miss Mitchell is abrupt but kindly, expecting and obtaining from each student the best that she can do. With the plodding, modest girl, possessed of no brilliant qualities, but willing to work, she is always patient, and ready to give encouragement and assistance. To the superficial and the conceited she shows little mercy, considering it a part of her duty to abate their

vanity. She has, as a Vassar girl remarks, "little patience with fancy theories."

She lodges at the observatory with one or two assistants, and takes her meals at the college. Men are employed at the observatory only for heavy lifting, all the intellectual work being accomplished by Miss Mitchell and her students. It is the duty of one of these to photograph the sun at noon every pleasant day, and daily observations are several times taken upon the temperature, clouds, and rainfall.

Miss Mitchell's "*Dome Party*," which recurs every June a few days before commencement, is the unique social event of the college year. All present and former students who are in town receive an invitation to attend, and are expected to appear with mathematical accuracy at the appointed hour. The guests are received in a pretty parlor, whose furniture satisfies the requirements of both society and science. Behind a railing at one end stand the chronograph and sidereal clock, while between them in a window framed with vines, is placed a bust of Mrs. Somerville, presented to the college by Frances Power Cobbe. Near by are two tall bookcases containing a miscellaneous collection of books, including a little of everything from poetry to the *Principia*.

When all have arrived breakfast is announced, and the company form in a procession, ranging themselves according to the year of graduation. Two large baize doors then swing open, and the party, mounting a short flight of stairs, find themselves in the dome itself, with the great equatorial telescope overhead, pointing to the sky. Here the repast is served, upon tables arranged in a circle around the walls, a rosebud and a tiny photograph of the dome being laid at each plate. The meal is pleasant both to the palate and to the social sense; but it is not until the tables are cleared that the most enjoyable part of the entertainment begins.

Every one receives a motto paper, containing a few amusing lines about some member of the company, written by Miss Mitchell or her assistants. These are often witty but never caustic, and their reading is productive of much mirth. When they have all been read, the hostess brings out a good sized basket which, during the few days preceding the dome party, has been filled with somewhat similar effusions, dropped in anonymously by college poets. Songs follow, by the "Pleiades" Glee Club, and to this impromptu rhyming by those present succeeds, the subjects selected being personal or scientific, and the best verses composed are hastily set to familiar tunes, and sung by a chorus of girls perched above their fellows on the movable observatory stairs. Sometimes the spirit of poetizing becomes so prevalent that no one speaks except in rhyme, Miss Mitchell herself, whom all pronounce to be the most delightful of hostesses, bearing a leading part in the game.

Beside her constant and successful labors in teaching, the public is indebted to Miss Mitchell for several important essays upon scientific subjects. Until a short time ago she edited the *Astronomical Notes* in the *Scientific American*. These appeared every month, and were based on calculations made by her students. At one time also she made a journey to Colorado to observe a solar eclipse. At another she had traveled as far as Providence on her way to visit friends in Boston, when she learned of the discovery of a new comet, and at once renounced the expedition and returned to Vassar to observe it. For five nights all went well; on the sixth a large apple tree obstructed her view, but she promptly summoned a man to cut it down, and carried her observations to a satisfactory conclusion.

She has always been noted for her liberal and enlightened opinions upon religious and social affairs, and has

taken of course deep interest in the advancement of her sex. She once read before the Society for the Advancement of Women an interesting paper upon the Collegiate Education of Girls, a subject which few people could be more competent than she to discuss. She is a member of the New England Women's Club of Boston, which in the winter of 1881-2 held a reception in her honor, and, moreover, voted that the same tribute should be rendered to her yearly. The meeting, it was decided, should be held in the holidays between Christmas and New Year's, and the day should be called "Maria Mitchell's Day."

MRS. TROLLOPE.

CINCINNATI, fifty-five years ago, was a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. As the center of the growing business of the Ohio valley, it enjoyed a European celebrity which drew to it many emigrants, and some visitors of capital and education. The Trollope family, since so famous in literature, were living there at that time in a cottage just under the bluff which overhangs the town. Fresh from England, and retaining all their English love of nature and out-of-door exercise, the whole family, parents, two sons and two daughters, often climbed that lofty and umbrageous height, since pierced by an elevator, and now crowned by one of the most beautiful streets in the world.

Mrs. Trollope, her two daughters, and her second son, Henry, then a lad of twelve, had reached Cincinnati by the Mississippi River, and were joined there afterwards by her eldest son and her husband, who was a London lawyer of some distinction. In her work upon the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," the lady does not mention the motive of this visit to America. We have the liberty of guessing it. She was an ardent friend of Miss Frances Wright, an English lady of fortune and benevolence, who came to this country with the Trollopes in 1827, with the view of founding a Communal Home according to the ideas of Owen and Fourier. Miss Wright afterwards lectured in New York and elsewhere, but her ideas were deemed erroneous and romantic, and she had

very little success in gaining adherents. She was part of the movement which led to Brook Farm, New Harmony, and similar establishments founded on principles which work beautifully so long as they are confined to the amiable thoughts of their founders.

It is probable that Mrs. Trollope, without being a dreamer of this school, came to America a sentimental republican, expecting to find here the realization of a dream not less erroneous than that of Frances Wright. She was wofully disappointed. In New Orleans, where she landed, she saw slavery, and shuddered at the spectacle.

“At the sight,” she says, “of every negro man, woman, and child that passed, my fancy wove some little romance of misery as belonging to each of them; since I have known more on the subject, and become better acquainted with their real situation in America, I have often smiled at recalling what I then felt.”

This was one great shock. She was, perhaps, not less offended, as an Englishwoman and the daughter of a clergyman of the church of England, to find that the white people were living together on terms approaching social equality. She found in New Orleans a milliner holding a kind of levee in her shop, to whom she was formally introduced, and who spoke of the French fashions to the ladies, and of metaphysics to the gentlemen. Mrs. Trollope was not severely afflicted at this instance of republican equality; but the free and easy manners prevailing on board of the Mississippi steamboats disgusted her entirely, particularly the frightful expectorating of the men, and their silent voracity at the dinner table.

And here she fell into her great mistake. She attributed the crude provincialisms of American life to the institutions of the country, and not their true cause, the desperate struggle in which the people were engaged with

savage nature. If she had carried out her original intention, and passed some months with Miss Wright on the tract of primeval wilderness which that lady bought in Tennessee, she might have learned what it costs to settle and subdue a virgin continent. She might have discovered that when human beings subdue the wilderness, the wilderness wreaks a revenge upon them in making *them* half wild. Many of the arts of domestic life are lost in the struggle. Grace of manners is lost. The art of cookery is lost. Comfort is forgotten. Men may gain in rude strength, but must lose in elegance and agreeableness. Mrs. Trollope, whether from perversity or want of penetration, perceived nothing of this, and conceived for the people of the United States an extreme repugnance.

"I do not like them," she frankly wrote, after a stay among us of three or four years. "I do not like their principles, I do not like their manners, I do not like their opinions, I do not like their government."

She expanded these sentiments into two highly amusing volumes, which contain some pure truth, some not unfair burlesque, and an amount of misstatement, misconception, prejudice, and perversity absolutely without example. She had her work illustrated with a dozen or two of caricatures, not ill-executed, which can now be inspected as curious relics of antiquity. In America half a century ago is antiquity.

But I left the Trollopes in Cincinnati in 1828, father, mother, and four children. They had then been in the country more than a year, quite long enough for Mrs. Trollope to discover that Cincinnati had little in common with the republic of her dreams. She had had enough of America. How she abhorred and detested Cincinnati, the first place at which she had halted long enough for much observation! She says:

"Were I an English legislator, instead of sending

Sedition to the Tower, I would send her to make a tour of the United States. I had a little leaning towards sedition myself when I set out, but before I had half completed my tour I was quite cured."

She admits that everybody at Cincinnati had as much pork, beef, hominy, and clothes as the animal man required. Every one reveled in abundance. *But—*

"The total and universal want of manners, both in males and females, is so remarkable, that I was constantly endeavoring to account for it."

She was sure it did not proceed from want of intellect. On the contrary, the people of Cincinnati appeared to her to have clear heads and active minds. *But—*

"There is no charm, no grace in their conversation. I very seldom, during my whole stay in the country, heard a sentence elegantly turned and correctly pronounced from the lips of an American."

She gives her recollections of the evening parties in Cincinnati sixty years ago:

"The women invariably herd together at one part of the room, and the men at the other; but in justice to Cincinnati, I must acknowledge that this arrangement is by no means peculiar to that city, or to the western side of the Alleghanies. Sometimes a small attempt at music produces a partial reunion; a few of the most daring youths, animated by the consciousness of curled hair and smart waistcoats, approached the piano-forte, and began to mutter a little to the half-grown pretty things, who are comparing with one another 'how many quarters' music they have had.' Where the mansion is of sufficient dignity to have two drawing-rooms, the piano, the little ladies, and the slender gentlemen are left to themselves, and on such occasions the sound of laughter is often heard to issue from among them. But the fate of the more dignified personages, who are left in the other room, is

extremely dismal. The gentlemen spit, talk of elections and the price of produce, and spit again. The ladies look at each other's dresses till they know every pin by heart; talk of parson somebody's last sermon on the day of judgment, on Dr. t'otherbody's new pills for dyspepsia, till the "tea" is announced, when they will all console themselves for whatever they may have suffered in keeping awake, by taking more tea, coffee, hot cake, and custard, hoe cake, johnny cake, waffle cake, and dodger cake, pickled peaches, and preserved cucumbers, ham, turkey, hung beef, apple sauce, and pickled oysters, than ever were prepared in any other country of the known world. After this massive meal is over, they return to the drawing-room, and it always appeared to me that they remained together as long as they could bear it, and then they rise *en masse*, cloak, bonnet, shawl, and exit."

One day of the year in America she enjoyed, namely, the Fourth of July, because on that day the people around her seemed to be happy, and on that day alone.

"To me," she remarks, "the dreary coldness and want of enthusiasm in American manners is one of their greatest defects, and I therefore hailed the demonstrations of general feeling which this day elicits with real pleasure. On the Fourth of July, the hearts of the people seem to awaken from a three hundred and sixty-four days' sleep; they appear high-spirited, gay, animated, social, generous, or at least liberal in expense; and would they but refrain from spitting on that hallowed day, I should say that on the Fourth of July, at least, they appeared to be an amiable people. It is true that the women have little to do with the pageantry, the splendor, or the gayety of the day; but, setting this defect aside, it was indeed a glorious sight to behold a jubilee so heartfelt as this; and had they not the bad taste and bad feeling to utter an annual oration, with unvarying abuse of the mother country,

to say nothing of the warlike manifesto called the Declaration of Independence, our gracious king himself might look upon the scene and say that it was good ; nay, even rejoice, that twelve millions of bustling bodies, at four thousand miles distance from his throne and his altars, should make their own laws, and drink their own tea, after the fashion that pleased them best."

In the city of New York she found more agreeable society, but even there she thought the ladies were terribly under the influence of fanatical ideas. She spent a Sunday afternoon at Hoboken, and describes what she saw there :

"The price of entrance to this little Eden is the six cents you pay at the ferry. We went there on a bright Sunday afternoon, expressly to see the humors of the place. Many thousand persons were scattered through the grounds ; of these we ascertained, by repeatedly counting, that nineteen-twentieths were men. The ladies were at church. Often as the subject has pressed upon my mind, I think I never so strongly felt the conviction that the Sabbath-day, the holy day, the day on which alone the great majority of the Christian world can spend their hours as they please, is ill passed (if passed entirely) within brick walls, listening to an earth-born preacher, charm he never so wisely.

"How is it that the men of America, who are reckoned good husbands and good fathers, while they themselves enjoy sufficient freedom of spirit to permit their walking forth into the temple of the living God, can leave those they love best on earth, bound in the iron chains of a most tyrannical fanaticism ? How can they breathe the balmy air, and not think of the tainted atmosphere so heavily weighing upon breasts still dearer than their own ? How can they gaze upon the blossoms of the spring, and not remember the fairer cheeks of their young daughters,

waxing pale, as they sit for long, sultry hours, immured with hundreds of fellow victims, listening to the roaring vanities of a preacher canonized by a college of old women? They cannot think it needful to salvation, or they would not withdraw themselves. Wherefore is it? Do they fear these self-elected, self-ordained priests, and offer up their wives and daughters to propitiate them? Or do they deem their hebdomadal freedom more complete because their wives and daughters are shut up four or five times in the day at church or chapel?"

But enough of these specimens. The republic being insupportable, and Mrs. Trollope's Diary being still incomplete, it was necessary for the family to come to a resolution. Their eldest son, Thomas Adolphus, nineteen years of age, was old enough to be entered at Oxford University, and it was necessary for his father to go with him to England. After family consultations, they resolved upon a brief separation, the father and eldest son to go to England, the mother with her two daughters and younger son to visit the Eastern portions of the country, and fill up the Diary. That second son, then about fourteen years of age, was Henry Trollope, afterwards the famous English novelist, whose recent death was lamented in America not less than in England.

No sooner had they come to this resolution than a piece of news reached Cincinnati which induced the gentlemen to postpone their departure. General Jackson, President-elect, was on his triumphal journey to Washington, and was expected to stop a few hours at Cincinnati on his way up the Ohio. They determined to wait and get passage on board of the steamboat that bore so distinguished a personage. Mrs. Trollope and her family walked down to the landing to see the arrival of the old hero, and she almost enjoyed the spectacle.

"The noble steamboat which conveyed him was flanked

on each side by one of nearly equal size and splendor; the roofs of all three were covered by a crowd of men; cannon saluted them from the shore as they passed by to the distance of a quarter of a mile above the town. There they turned about and came down the river with a rapid but stately motion, the three vessels so close together as to appear one mighty mass upon the water."

Mrs. Trollope was so happy as to catch a view of the Hero of New Orleans as he walked bareheaded between a silent lane of people on his way from the steamboat to the hotel, where he was to hold a reception.

"He wore his gray hair carelessly," she remarks, "but not ungracefully arranged, and, spite of his harsh, gaunt features, he looks like a gentleman and a soldier."

Her husband and her son conversed much with the general on board the steamboat.

"They were pleased," she says, "by his conversation and manners, but deeply disgusted by the brutal familiarity to which they saw him exposed at every place on their progress at which they stopped."

Mrs. Trollope and her children returned to England in 1830, carrying with her, as she tells us, six hundred pages of manuscript notes similar to the specimens I have given. They were speedily published, ran through three editions in three months, were republished in New York, and called forth an amount of comment of all kinds, from eulogistic to vituperative, which has rarely been paralleled. The work set her up in the business of an authoress. She followed it by a very long list of works of travel and fiction, most of which were tolerably successful.

Both her sons became voluminous writers, and some of her grandchildren I believe, have written books. Her husband, too, is the author of legal works and a History of the Church. If all the works produced by this family

during the last sixty years were gathered together in their original editions, they would make a library of five or six hundred volumes. Several English journalists have been counting up the works of the late Anthony Trollope. If at some future time a compiler of statistics should take the census of the people he called into being on the printed page, it will be found that he was the author of more population than some of our Western counties can boast.

Anthony Trollope was born in 1815, but as he did not begin to publish till 1847, when he was thirty-two years of age, he was a public writer for thirty-five years, and during that period he gave the world fifty-nine works, of which thirty-seven were full-fledged novels. Some of his publications, such as his life of Cicero, and others, involved a good deal of research, and all of them show marks of careful elaboration. They give us the impression that, if ever he failed in his purpose, it was not from any lack of painstaking in the author.

This amount of literary labor would be reckoned extraordinary if he had done nothing else in his life. When we learn that until within the last eight years he held an important and responsible post in the English Post-office department, which obliged him to give attendance during business hours, from eleven to four, and that he was frequently sent on long journeys and ocean voyages on Post-office business, involving many months' continuous absence, we may well be amazed at the catalogue of his publications.

Of late years, too, he was constantly in society, a frequent diner out, a welcome guest everywhere, as well as a familiar personage in the hunting-field. Hunting was his favorite recreation, as walking was that of Charles Dickens. Like most Englishmen, he loved the country, country interests, and country sports. For many years,

although a stout man, difficult to mount, he rode after the hounds three times a week during the hunting season. His readers do not need to be told that he utilized his hunting experience in working out his novels. His knowledge of horse-flesh was something like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "both extensive and peculiar," for he was obliged to look sharply to the points of a horse destined to gallop and leap under more than two hundred pounds' weight. A reader cannot go far in his pages without being reminded that he was a horseman and a hunter.

All this increases the wonder excited by the mere number of his printed works. How did he execute them? and above all, *when* did he execute them?

He was often in this country, mingling freely with literary men, and he more than once in New York described his daily routine. He rose so early in the morning as to sit down to write at five o'clock, and he wrote steadily on until eight. He had such complete command of his powers that he could depend upon producing a certain number of pages every morning. He rarely failed to do his stint. It made little difference whether the scene under his hand was of a tranquil or a thrilling nature, whether he was writing the critical chapter of his work or one of its most commonplace portions. He wrote his daily number of pages before people in general had sat down to breakfast, and having done so, he laid his manuscript aside, and thought no more of it till the next morning.

He told the late Mr. George Ripley that he could produce in this way two long novels per annum, for which he received (if I remember rightly) three thousand guineas each, or fifteen thousand dollars each. This was certainly doing very well, and deprives him of any excuse for overworking. One of his friends writes in the London *Times*:

“We can not resist a melancholy suspicion that if he had relaxed a little sooner he might have been spared to us longer. Anxiety, rather than actual work, may have been injurious, when he began to grow nervous under the strain of keeping engagements against time.”

Not one man in many thousands could have lived his life for a single year without destruction. Nature had given him an admirable constitution. He had a sound digestion, tranquil nerves, a cheerful disposition, and a taste for rural pleasures. He should have lived to “four score and upward.”

America may claim some property in this gifted and genial man. He used to berate us soundly (and justly, too) for republishing his works without paying him copyright for the same. I have the impression, however, that he owed his place in the Post-office, in an indirect way, to the American people. We have seen above that as a boy of twelve, he arrived with his mother and sisters, on Christmas day, 1827, at the mouth of the Mississippi, and made with them a three years' tour of the United States. It is possible that he may have assisted in the drawing of the comic pictures with which his mother enlivened her work upon the “Domestic Manners of the Americans,” and doubtless he had his share in the numberless anecdotes that figure in its pages. The youth escorted his mother to some of those “large evening parties” which she describes, where there was “no *écarté*, no chess, very little music, and that lamentably bad,” and where “to eat inconceivable quantities of cake, ice, and pickled oysters, and to show half their revenue in silks and satins, seemed to be the chief object of the ladies.”

We are sure that he passed, with his mother, those “four days of excitement and fatigue at Niagara,” where, as she says, “we drenched ourselves in spray, we cut our feet on the rocks, we blistered our faces in the sun, we

looked up the cataract and down the cataract, we perched ourselves on every pinnacle we could find, we dipped our fingers in the flood at a few yards' distance from its thundering fall." In all these delights the future novelist had his part.

Let us hope, too, that he shared with his parent the pleasure she took in the Hudson River, in Manhattan Island, and even in the city of New York, a city which she really seemed to enjoy. At that time, 1830, Manhattan Island was one of the most beautiful suburban regions in the world. It was dotted all over with pretty villas and cottages, and showed many a stately mansion on the slopes of the two rivers. Greenwich, Blooming-Jale, Yorkville, and Harlem were pleasant country villages. The island was New York and Newport in one. Anthony Trollope heard of these agreeable scenes, and, possibly, shared the indignation of his mother on being charged by a New York hackman two dollars and a half for a twenty minutes' ride.

But how did we render him a pecuniary benefit? When his mother published in London her satirical work, it was hailed by the enemies of republicanism with delight. They seem to have felt that American principles were discredited forever. I think it highly probable that the son of the authoress owed his appointment in the Post-office to the favor in which the work was held by the appointing power.

England had not then reformed her civil service so as to make appointments depend on the comparative merit of applicants. But she has always known enough to *retain* in her service men of intelligence and capacity. Having got Anthony Trollope, she kept him during all the best years of his life, and then gave him honorable retirement. It was he who completed the postal arrangements between this country and Great Britain, by which it is

quite as easy, and almost as cheap, to send a letter to any part of the British empire as it is from New York to Albany.

That is the substance of a true civil service: first, get a man, and then keep him.

Mrs. Trollope died in Florence in 1863, aged eighty-three years. In private life she was a very friendly and good soul, much admired and sought in the society of Florence, where she passed the last twenty years of her long life.



ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

AT the tender age of eight years, Miss Phillips was already an actress. She never knew why her parents chose that profession for her, nor could she remember her first appearance. Her earliest recollection of the theatre dated back to some play in which she was required to jump out of a window. She feared to take the leap; she hesitated, until an actor standing at the wings held up a big orange before her eyes, an inducement which she could not resist. She jumped, was caught safely in his arms, and received the fruit as her reward.

Miss Phillips, whose family ties all bound her to America, and the greater part of whose professional career was passed in this country, scarcely liked to acknowledge that she was not an American. She was born in England, at Stratford-on-Avon, about the year 1835; her father English, her mother Welsh. When she was seven years of age her family came to America, going first to Canada, and thence to Boston, where they established their home. It was in this city that the little girl made her *début* in January, 1842, appearing at the Tremont Theatre in the comedy of "Old and Young," in which she was required to personate five characters, and introduce several songs and dances. A year later she joined the Boston Museum and amused the public with her representation of "Little Pickle" in "The Spoiled Child," and soon after she was promoted to take

part in a number of fairy spectacles. With the company her bright sayings, her simple manners, and obliging temper made her a favorite.

“They were so kind to me,” she said in later years; “they took such care of me, for I was but a child when I first appeared there, so much of a child that I used to drive my hoop back and forth to the rehearsals. The work was play to me; I learned my parts easily and was petted and praised, which was very pleasant.”

She was so much a child, too, that one day she arrived at the theatre crying so bitterly that for some time she was unable to explain what was the matter. Her trouble proved to be that a beautiful doll in a shop window that she passed every day, a doll which she had set her heart upon possessing, had that morning vanished from its usual station. Somebody else had bought it, and Adelaide was disconsolate. It was long before she could be comforted, and her happiness was not fully restored until the good-natured stage-manager presented her with another doll, even prettier than the one she had longed for.

As she grew older she had many characters assigned her, and worked faithfully in her profession. A farce always followed the play in those days, and she frequently appeared in both. Often, too, she sustained a part in fairy spectacles such as *Fair Star* and *Cinderella*—pieces in which her graceful dancing as well as her beautiful voice fitted her to shine.

Never but once did she lose command of her countenance upon the stage, and that was in these early days at the Museum.

“It was,” she said, “in some farce where Mr. Warren was shut up in a pantry closet, while I, apparently unconscious of the fact, was playing the piano accompaniment to a song. He suddenly opened the door and looked out,

his face revealing that he had been solacing his imprisonment by helping himself to some of the sweetmeats on the shelves, and he assumed such a look as only he could call up. It was all over with me and my song; fortunately, the audience also were too much convulsed with laughter to notice my inability to proceed, until it was possible for the play to go on."

Those who have seen Mr. Warren at his funniest will not wonder at Miss Phillips' loss of self-control.

When she was sixteen or seventeen years of age, her parents and relatives, recognizing the unusual power and beauty of her voice—a rich contralto—decided that she would do wisely to leave the stage for a time and study for the Italian opera. Her teachers had the utmost faith in her success.

Jenny Lind was then in Boston, and Adelaide Phillips was introduced, and sang to her. The next day she received a friendly letter in which Miss Lind recommended Emanuel Garcia, her own instructor, as the most suitable teacher for her young friend, and added much wise and kindly advice concerning the career to which she aspired. Enclosed in the letter was a check for a thousand dollars.

In 1852, Adelaide Phillips went to London, and remained there nearly two years pursuing her studies under Garcia. From London she went to Italy, accompanied by her father and sister, that she might better acquire the Italian language, and receive the training of Signor Profondo in operatic acting. While in Italy she kept a journal—a brief, business-like record, encumbered with very few of the raptures, sentiments, and gay nonsense that fill the pages of most young girls' diaries. Here is an extract from the first entry :

"Mr. Biandi came and asked me if I wanted an engagement; he had spoken of me to one of the agents who wanted a contralto. The agent came accordingly.

I sang to him '*Pensa alla Patria.*' He seemed very much pleased with my voice. The place is Brescia, in Lombardy. They offer four hundred dollars a month for four months. The first part to appear in, *Arsace*. Papa will give an answer in a few days. Mr. Biandi brought me the opera of *Semiramide* and gave me some good ideas. I commenced studying *Arsace.*'

The offer thus mentioned was accepted, and she made her *début* at Brescia. It was customary that the last rehearsal of an opera should be in full dress, but in a fit of girlish obstinacy, she refused to put on the armor of *Arsace* until the evening of the performance. The directors and musical critics, who were present in force, showed their displeasure; she retaliated by singing through the part in *demi-voice*. Her manager was in despair, and it certainly was a foolish thing for her to do, although she by no means realized its importance. The next night the house was crowded, and when she entered as *Arsace*, in full armor, she was received in silence. No applause followed her recitative and *andante*, and it was not until, provoked by their coldness to the utmost exertion, she gave the *caballetta* with superb power and passion, that the audience, unable to resist longer, broke into a tempest of cheering. Her success was complete and triumphant.

Other engagements followed; then many disappointments. Whenever she sang she pleased, but she could not always find an opportunity to sing, and sometimes when she did the managers could not or would not pay her. Cheers and tears from the enthusiastic Italian audiences continued to greet her wherever she went, and sonnets and flowers were showered upon the stage, but money was so difficult to obtain that in 1855 she left Italy to try her fortune again in America. Her operatic *début* in this country was made in Philadelphia, once more in

the part of *Arsace*, and was in every way successful. Her popularity soon became assured. During the next few years she visited all parts of this country, and appeared successfully in Paris and other European cities. In Poland she was much struck by the appearance of her audience, all the ladies being attired in black. They were in mourning for their country. In Cuba, where she learned to speak Spanish like a native, she was received with a favor which she reciprocated.

“My greatest artistic success, my true appreciation,” she used to say, “was in Havana.”

During one of her visits to Havana with an opera troupe, a young girl of the chorus with whom she had made acquaintance during the voyage, was attacked by the yellow fever. Without a moment's thought of herself, Miss Phillips went to her and nursed her throughout the whole of her illness. She took the disease herself, nearly died of it, lost all her beautiful hair, and was never again the strong, healthy woman she had been.

This was of course an exceptional act, but her kindness, her generosity, and sympathy made her peculiarly dear to her friends. Her devotion to the interests of her family was unflinching. She was never so happy as when she lived with her brothers and sisters in the lovely country home at Marshfield, which she helped to beautify with her hands and her money. There she loved to be, whenever her arduous profession allowed her to rest. There she watched the growth of fruit and flowers, spent half her days out of doors, and enjoyed the society of half a dozen favorite dogs. There, too, she gave occasional entertainments, when her beautiful voice, her powers of mimicry, and her rare talent as a story teller, were all called into play to charm her guests. Although her heart was in this quiet country place, and the constant activity and frequent journeys which her engagements necessitated

were often distasteful to her, she held her profession in honor, and loyally resented all imputations cast upon it.

"The actual work behind the scenes," she used to say, "leaves no time for the sort of things people imagine; we are too busy, often too anxious, to attend to anything but our parts. The heroes and the heroines of the opera are seldom the lovers they enact; often quite the reverse."

Nor did she undervalue the applause of the public. It was most welcome to her, and she labored with scrupulous fidelity to deserve it, taking infinite pains with little things as well as great, never for a moment inattentive or careless. She learned from an officer in the army the best way to sheathe her sword, and for many other such details she sought out and consulted those who she thought would be able to instruct her.

The praise she most enjoyed, however, was that of her friends; and the most precious tribute to her powers was not that of the critics. She always looked back with peculiar pride to one evening at an entertainment in a fashionable house in New York, when she sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" to a large company. While she was singing a young Irish serving maid entered the room with a tray in her hand, and was so overcome with emotion, that forgetting her duties and her department alike, she sank down in a chair and burst into tears. At another time, at a hotel in the mountains, where Miss Phillips had refused to sing in public, having gone there in search of rest, she was found seated in the kitchen surrounded by guides and servants, all crying heartily at her pathetic singing of "Auld Robin Gray."

The same magnetic power that characterized her singing was exerted by her voice in speaking, when she chose to coax or command. Its influence was once acknowledged by a naughty little girl, who, having successfully resisted her parents and relatives, came and seated herself meekly at Miss Phillips' feet, saying:

“ You have made me good, though I did not mean you should.”

Miss Phillips worked excessively hard, and after her health began to give way she kept on too long. She went abroad with her sister in 1882, hoping that rest and change would restore her. It was too late ; she died at Carlsbad, October 3, 1882, not fifty years of age. She lies buried in the cemetery at Marshfield in Massachusetts, near the grave of Daniel Webster. She was a conscientious artist and high-principled, too generous woman. There is perhaps no vocation so arduous as hers, for a public singer, besides serving an exacting, fastidious, inconsiderate, and capricious master, the public, is also a slave to her voice. She rests in peace after a life of arduous toil, and her memory is dear to many who knew her worth.*

* Adelaide Phillips, a Record. By Mrs. R. C. Waterston. Boston, 1882.

TWO QUEENS. THE DAUGHTERS OF JAMES II OF
ENGLAND.

IT is interesting to turn over a chestful of old family letters stored away in a garret which has been closed, perhaps, for a century. There is a lady living in Holland called the Countess of Bentinct, who has long possessed a rare treasure of this kind, a box of old letters written by James II of England and his two daughters, Mary and Anne, both of whom reigned after their father lost his crown by turning Catholic. Recently, the Countess of Bentinct has published these letters in Holland, and now all the world can read what these royal personages thought in the crisis of their fate, in the very years (1687 and 1688) when James was estranging all his Protestant subjects, and when his daughters, Mary of Orange and the Princess Anne, were looking on and watching the events which were to call them to the throne of Great Britain.

The Princess Mary, a beautiful woman twenty-six years of age, was then living in Holland in the palace of her husband, William, Prince of Orange, whom she devotedly loved. The Princess Anne, married to a son of the King of Denmark, lived in England. Both sisters, if we may judge by their letters, were warmly attached to the Church of England. Nevertheless, upon reading Mary's letters, some uncharitable persons might use the language of Shakespeare and say, "The lady doth *protest* too much." As to the King, her father, he gave proof of his sincerity by sacrificing his throne to his convictions. The first letter of importance in this collection is one

written by James II to his eldest daughter Mary, giving her, in compliance with her request, the reasons why he had changed his religion. This letter was written November 4, 1687, about a year before William of Orange invaded England and seized the crown.

"I must tell you first," wrote the King, "that I was brought up very strictly in the English Church by Dr. Stuart, to whom the King, my father, gave particular instructions to that end, and I was so zealous that when the Queen, my mother, tried to rear my brother, the Duke of Gloucester, in the Catholic religion, I did my utmost (preserving always the respect due her) to keep him firm in his first principles, and as young people often do, I thought it was a point of honor to be firmly attached to the sentiments in which I was reared."

He proceeds to tell her that, after the dethronement of his father, Charles I, and all the time he lived an exile in foreign countries, no Catholic ever attempted to convert him; and he assures her that his change of faith began within himself. The first thing that attracted his attention, he tells his daughter, was the great devotion that he remarked among Catholics of all ranks and conditions, and the frequent reformation of Catholic young men who had previously been dissolute.

"I observed also," he says, "the becoming manner of their public worship, their churches so well adorned, and the great charities which they maintained; all of which made me begin to have a better opinion of their religion, and compelled me to enquire into it more carefully."

Having reached this point, he began to study the doctrines in dispute, as they were presented in well-known books, and particularly in the New Testament, which, he says, plainly reveals "an infallible Church," against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. This was his main position, which he fortified by quoting the usual

texts. He writes on this subject at great length to his daughter, and it is impossible to doubt that he gave utterance to what he really believed and warmly felt. All these letters, I should explain, are written in the French language, which had probably been the language of the family since the time of their ancestor, Mary, Queen of Scots, great-grandmother to James II. Princess Mary kept even her private diary in French, wrote to her sister Anne in French, and probably knew the French language much better than she did the English. In the public library at the Hague there is a splendid English Bible, which was handed to her when she was crowned Queen in Westminster Abbey, on the title-page of which are these words, in her own hand :

“This book was given the king and I at our coronation.
MARIE R.”

Her French is better than this, and even the spelling is no worse than was common among educated French ladies of that period. She answered the King's letter at inordinate length, and employed all the forms of respect then used towards monarchs, beginning her letter with “Sire,” and always addressing her father as “V. M.,” which signifies *Votre Majesté*. She showed a good deal of skill and tact in meeting his arguments, and it is possible that she had the aid of some learned doctor of divinity. Upon the question of the infallibility of the Roman Church, she says :

“I have never understood that it has been decided, even by Catholics themselves, whether this infallibility rests in the Pope alone, or in a General Council, or in both together ; and I hope Your Majesty will be willing to permit me to ask where it was when there were three popes at once, each of whom had his Council called General, and when all the popes thundered anathemas against one another ?”

She argued this point at considerable length, because, as she remarked, "if the infallibility be conceded, every other claim follows as a matter of course." The King ordered his ambassador to Holland to supply the Princess with the best Catholic books, in which the points of difference were treated by theologians. This command was obeyed, and the Princess dutifully read some of them, and wrote her opinion of them to her father. She would have made a very good reviewer, so apt was she to seize the weak places of a book. One of the Catholic authors remarked that people could never be convinced by insults and violence.

"I must believe, then," said she, "that the first edition of his book was published before the King of France (Louis XIV) began to convert people by his dragoons, since toward the end of his work he gives high praise to that king."

The same author objected to the circulation of the Bible on the ground that "*women and ignorant people*" could not understand it. Without stopping to remark upon the contemptuous allusion to the intellect of her sex, she observes, in reply, that "our souls are as precious in the eyes of God as the wisest, for before Him there is no respect of persons." And, besides, as she continues:

"God requires of each person according to what he has, and not according to what he has not; through His mercy He has left us a written Word which is clear and exact."

She also quoted the texts relied on by Protestants, such as, "Search the Scriptures," and others; showing a surprising familiarity with the controversies of the time, which indeed were to her and her sister of the most vital interest. More than a crown was at stake. If their father held on his course, Mary might at any moment be called upon to fill a vacant throne, or be the nominal head of a rebellion against her own father. Anne, mean-

while, was full of anxiety and apprehension. It was her cruel fate to become the mother of seventeen children, all of whom died in childhood; so that for many years she lived in almost continual anxiety, each child bringing new hopes, which were soon changed to apprehension and despair. At this very time she wrote to her sister from her palace in London, called the Cockpit:

“I cannot say half of what I wish because I am obliged to return immediately to my poor child, for I am more anxious when I am absent from her.”

It was nearly twenty years before she ceased to hope. All her children perished in infancy except one, who lived to be eleven years old; so that the sentence just quoted represents a great part of the history of her married life. In October, 1688, William, Prince of Orange, with a fleet of six hundred vessels, sailed for England, leaving his wife in Holland to pray for his success. She relates in her diary the manner of their parting, which was certainly peculiar.

“In case,” said the Prince, “it pleases God that I never more see you, it will be necessary for you to marry again.”

These words, she says, surprised her and rent her heart.

“There is no need,” continued the Prince, “for me to tell you not to marry a Papist.”

On uttering these words he burst into tears, and as soon as he could command his voice he assured her that it was only his anxiety for the reformed religion which made him speak as he had done. She did not know what to reply. But at last she said:

“I have never loved any one but you, and should not know how to love another. Besides, as I have been married so many years without having the blessing of a child, I believe that that is sufficient to exempt me from ever thinking of what you propose.”

She accompanied the Prince to his ship and saw the fleet set sail. A month passed before she heard news of him, during which she spent most of her time in public and private prayers, as did also all her court, and a great number of the people of Holland.

“Every morning,” she records, “I attended the French prayers which were held in my own house. At noon, I joined in the English prayers; and at five in the afternoon, I attended church to hear a sermon; at half-past seven in the evening, I was present at evening prayers. All this I did constantly, God by His grace giving me health to be able to do it. Every Friday we had a particular solemnity in my house, where I then had an English sermon preached. But my enemy, the devil, found means to stir up within me scruples and fears, causing me to apprehend that by all these public devotions I was attracting the praises of men, and that that would excite my vanity. I feared also that if I should abstain from them and remain at home, I should not give them that good example and encouragement to devotion which was my duty in the rank in which it had pleased God to place me. Hence, whether I went to prayers or abstained, I saw something to fear. Nevertheless, thanks be to God, I resolved to do my duty without troubling myself as to the consequences.”

During that month of suspense, the Princess received no company. When at length she was assured that her husband had made a safe landing, she resumed her receptions, four days in the week, at which, however, as she herself records, “I did not play at cards.” A young lady has seldom been so cruelly situated as she was then; her husband having invaded the dominions of her father with the deliberate intention to drive him from his throne and country. It is evident from these letters that she had no scruples of conscience in the matter, but gave all

her heart and approval to her husband. She opposed her father, not merely because he was a Catholic, but wished to make England Catholic. She believed that he was trying to pass off upon the people of England a spurious child, who would continue the work which he had begun, and fasten upon Great Britain a line of Catholic kings.

Success rewarded the efforts of the Prince of Orange, and in a few weeks Mary joined him in England. In April, 1689, William and Mary were crowned at Westminster Abbey, King and Queen of England. As she was not merely Queen by right of marriage, but by right of birth, she was crowned in all respects as a monarch, being girt with a sword, placed upon the throne, and presented with a Bible, a pair of spurs, and a small globe.

The gracious manners of Queen Mary, her pronounced piety, and her noble presence went far towards reconciling the people to the ungenial demeanor of her husband. It was she who introduced into England the taste for collecting china, which has been often since revived, and which prevails even at this day. She continued to write letters to her old friends in Holland, and to make entries into her diary, some of which are printed in the volume under consideration. Her husband did not find Ireland so easy to conquer as England, and it was not till the summer of 1691 that the Catholic Irish were finally subdued. When the news of victory reached England, the churches opened, and the people thronged to them to offer thanks to God. Queen Mary, at the Palace of Kensington, wrote thus in her diary :

“What thanks ought I to render, O my soul, to thy Lord for all His bounties? They are indeed new every-morning, and I can well say: it is of thy mercy, O Lord, that we are not consumed, for Thy mercy endureth forever. But what are we, thy poor sinful people of this country, what is my husband, and what am I, that we

should receive so many favors? O my God, to thee be all the glory! May we learn to humble ourselves truly before Him, and may all those poor people in Ireland, as well as ourselves here, being delivered from our enemies, serve Thee in holiness and justice all the days of our lives!"

Queen Mary did not long enjoy her royal state. At the early age of thirty-two, in the very bloom and lustre of her maturity, she was seized with small-pox, and died in a few days. The King, her husband, was led, almost insensible, from the chamber of death, and when he died, eight years after, a gold ring, containing a lock of Mary's hair, was found next to his person suspended by a black silk ribbon. The childless Anne then succeeded to the throne. So much for this box of royal letters, now opened for the first time in this country.

AN EVENING WITH RACHEL.

IT was the evening of May 29, 1839, when this supper occurred, of which the reader, after the lapse of thirty-eight years, is invited to partake. Mademoiselle Rachel had performed in Voltaire's tragedy of "Tancred" to a crowded and enraptured audience, for she was then in the flush of her first celebrity, only eleven months having elapsed since her first appearance in classic tragedy.

The real name of this "sublime child," as the French poets love to style her, was Elizabeth Rachel Felix, and she was born in Switzerland, the daughter of a Jewish peddler. In her early days she used to sing in the cafés of Paris, accompanying herself on an old guitar. She was about eleven years of age when her voice caught the ear of one of the founders of the Royal Conservatory of Music, who placed her in one of its classes, and agreed to defray the expenses of her education. Her voice not proving to be as promising as her benefactor imagined, he procured an admission for her into a declamation class, where her wonderful talent was trained and developed.

She made her first appearance at the Théâtre Français, in September, 1838, and she was speedily accepted as the first actress of the age. The fortunes of the theater, which had been at the lowest ebb, were restored, and her father demanded for her, and in time obtained, a revenue of eight thousand francs per annum.

It was a night, as I have just said, of Voltaire's

“*Tancredè*,” in which she played the part of the heroine, *Amènaïde*, the beloved of *Tancredè*, a part in which she produced thrilling effects. In the audience, on that occasion, sat Alfred de Musset, one of the most admired of recent French poets, who had been for some time a friend of the new actress and of her family, as well as one of the warmest appreciators of her genius. At the end of an act he went behind the scenes to compliment her upon the beauty and fitness of her costume. Toward the close of the play she was to read a letter from her lover, mortally wounded upon the field of battle, who was dying under the impression that she had betrayed him. The letter runs thus :

“I could not survive your perfidy. I die on the battle-field, but I die of wounds inflicted by you. I wished, cruel woman, in exposing myself for you, to save at once your glory and your life.”

Never before had she read this letter with such tender pathos ; and she said afterwards that she had been moved to such a degree herself, that she could scarcely go on with the part. At ten o'clock the play ended, for a French tragedy only lasts about an hour and a half. De Musset on leaving the theater met her by chance in the street, going home with one of her friends, and followed by a crowd of her special admirers, members of the press, artists, and others. The poet saluted her, and she responded by saying :

“Come home to supper with us.”

So he joined the throng, and they were soon all seated in her parlor—Rachel, her sister Sarah, their mother, Alfred de Musset, and several others. The events of the evening were afterwards recorded by the poet, as he says, “with the exactness of shorthand,” and the narrative has been published since his death in a volume of his last writings and familiar letters. After some trifling

conversation, Rachel discovered that she had left her rings and bracelets at the theater, and she sent her servant back for them. But she had only one servant, and, behold! there was no one to get the supper ready. Rachel, nothing abashed, took off some of her finery, put on a dressing sacque and night cap, and went into the kitchen. Fifteen minutes passed. She reappeared, "as pretty as an angel," carrying a dish in which were three beefsteaks cooked by herself. She placed the dish in the middle of the table, and gaily said:

"Regale!"

She then went back to the kitchen and returned with a tureen of smoking soup in one hand, and in the other a saucepan full of spinach. That was the supper. No plates, no spoons; for the servant had carried away the keys of the cupboard. Rachel opened the sideboard, found a salad dish full of salad, discovered one plate, took some salad with the wooden salad spoon, sat down and began to eat.

"But," cried her mother, who was very hungry, "there are some brass platters in the kitchen."

Rachel dutifully brought them and distributed them among the guests; and while they were eating, as best they could, the following conversation took place:

Mother—My dear, your steaks are overdone.

Rachel—It is true; they are as hard as wood. When I did our housekeeping I was a better cook. It is one talent the less. No matter; I have lost on one side, but I have gained on the other. You don't eat, Sarah.

Sarah—No, I cannot eat from brass plates.

Rachel—Oh! It is since I bought a dozen silver plates with my savings that you can no longer endure brass! If I become richer, you will want one servant behind your chair and another before it. Never will I turn those old platters out of our house. They have served us too long for that. Haven't they, mother?

Mother (*her mouth full*)—What do you say, child?

Rachel (*to the poet*)—Just think; when I played at the Theater Molière, I had only two pairs of stockings, and every morning—

Here Sarah began to gabble German, in order to prevent her sister from going on with her story.

Rachel—No German here! There is nothing to be ashamed of! I had, I say, only two pairs of stockings, and I was obliged to wash one pair every morning to wear on the stage. That pair was hanging in my room upon a clothes horse, while I wore the other pair.

The Poet—And *you* did the housekeeping?

Rachel—I was up at six every morning, and by eight all the beds were made. Then I went to market to buy our dinner.

The Poet—And did you keep a little change out of the market money?

Rachel—No. I was a very honest cook. Was I not, mother?

Mother (*still stuffing*)—O, yes; that you were indeed.

Rachel—Once only I was a thief for a month. When I bought four sous' worth, I called it five, and when I paid ten sous I put it down twelve. At the end of the month I found myself mistress of three francs.

The Poet (*in a severe tone*)—Mademoiselle, what did you do with those three francs?

Rachel was silent.

Mother—She bought the works of Molière with them.

The Poet—Did you, really?

Rachel—Yes, indeed. I had already a Corneille and a Racine; I had to have a Molière. I bought it with my three francs, and then I confessed my crimes.

At this point of the conversation some of the company rose to go, and soon all the guests departed, except De Musset, and two or three intimate friends. The servant

returned from the theater and placed upon the table some brilliant rings, two magnificent bracelets and a golden coronet, many thousand francs' worth of jewelry, all glittering in the midst of the brass plates and the remains of the supper. The poet, meanwhile, startled at the idea of her keeping house, working in the kitchen, making beds, and undergoing the fatigues incident to poverty, looked at her hands, fearing to find them ugly or spoiled. He observed, on the contrary, that they were small, white, and plump, with the slenderest fingers. She had the hands of a princess.

Her sister Sarah, who did not eat, continued to scold in German. That morning, indeed, she had been guilty of some escapade a little too far from the maternal wing, and she had obtained her pardon and her place at the table only in consequence of her sister's entreaties.

Rachel (*replying to the German growls*)—You plague me! For my part, I like to recall my youth. I remember that one day I wanted to make some punch in one of these very brass plates. I held my plate over a candle, and it melted in my hand. Speaking of that, Sophie, bring me some cherry brandy. Let us have some punch. There! I have had enough. I have done my supper.

The maid returned, bringing a bottle.

Mother—Sophie has made a mistake. That is a bottle of absinthe.

The Poet—Give me a little of it.

Rachel—O, how glad I should be to have you take something in our house.

Mother—They say that absinthe is very wholesome.

The Poet—Not at all. It is pernicious and detestable.

Sarah—Then why do you ask for some?

The Poet—In order to have it to say that I took something here.

Rachel—I wish to drink a little of it.

So saying, she poured some absinthe into a glass of water and drank it. They brought her a silver bowl, into which she put sugar and cherry brandy, after which she set fire to her punch, and made it blaze.

Rachel—I love that blue flame.

The Poet—It is much prettier when there is no light in the room.

Rachel—Sophie, take away the candles.

Mother—Not at all; not at all! What an idea!

Rachel (*aside*)—This is unsupportable! Pardon, dear mother; you are good, you are charming (kissing her); but I want Sophie to carry away the candles.

Upon this, the poet himself took the two candles and put them under the table, which produced the effect of twilight. The mother, by turns green and blue from the glimmer of the blazing punch, leveled her eyes upon De Musset, and watched all his movements. He put the candles back upon the table.

A Flatterer—Mademoiselle Rabat was not beautiful this evening.

The Poet—You are hard to please. I thought her pretty enough.

Another Flatterer—She has no intelligence.

Rachel—Why do you say that? She is not so stupid as many others; and, besides, she is a good girl. Let her alone. I do not like to have my comrades spoken of in that way.

The punch was ready. Rachel filled the glasses and handed them about to the company. She poured the rest of the punch into a soup plate, and began to drink it with a spoon. Then she took the poet's cane, drew the sword from it, and picked her teeth with the point.

Here ended, for that evening, all common talk and child's play. A single word sufficed to change the character of the scene, and to convert this unformed child into an artist.

The Poet—How you read that letter, this evening! You were really moved.

Rachel—Yes; it seemed to me as if something within me was going to give way. But it is no matter; I do not like that piece much. It is false.

The Poet—Do you prefer the plays of Corneille and Racine?

Rachel—I like Corneille very much; and yet, he is sometimes trivial, sometimes bombastic. He comes short of the truth.

The Poet—O! gently, mademoiselle!

Rachel—Let us see. When in Horace, for example, Sabine says: "One can change a lover, but not a husband;" well, I don't like it. It is gross.

The Poet—You will confess, at least, that it is true.

Rachel—Yes; but is it worthy of Corneille? Talk to me of Racine! *There* is a man I adore! All that he says is so beautiful, so true, so noble.

The Poet—Speaking of Racine, do you remember receiving some time ago an anonymous letter which gave you advice respecting the last scene in "Mithridate"?

Rachel—Perfectly; I followed the advice given me, and ever since I have always been applauded in that scene. Do you know the person that wrote to me?

The Poet—Very well; she is the woman in all Paris who has the greatest mind and the smallest foot. What part are you studying now?

Rachel—We are going to play this summer, "Marie Stuart," and afterwards, "Polyeucte," and, perhaps—

The Poet—Well?

Rachel (*striking the table*)—Well, I wish to play *Phèdre*! They tell me I am too young, that I am too thin, and a hundred other follies. I simply reply: It is the most beautiful role of Racine; I aspire to play it.

Sarah—My dear, perhaps you are wrong.

Rachel—Never mind! If people think that I am too young, and that the part is not suitable to me, what then, *parbleu!* There were many who thought the same when I played *Roxane*; and what harm did it do me? If they say I am too thin, I maintain that it is a *betise*. A woman who has an infamous passion, but dies rather than yield to it; a woman who has been dried up in the fires of affliction, such a woman cannot have a chest like Madam Paradol. It would be a contradiction in nature. I have read the part ten times in the last eight days. How I shall play it I do not know; but I tell you that I feel it. In vain the newspapers object; they will not disgust me with the part. The newspapers, instead of helping me and encouraging me, exhaust their ingenuity in injuring me. But I will play that part if only four persons come to see me! Yes (turning to De Musset), I have read certain articles full of candor and of conscience, and I know nothing better or more useful; but there *are* people who use their weapons only to lie, to destroy! They are worse than thieves or assassins. They kill the soul with pin pricks! O, it seems to me that I could poison them.

Mother—My dear, you do nothing but talk; you tire yourself out. This morning you were up at six o'clock; I do not know what your legs are made of. After talking all day you played this evening. You will make yourself sick.

Rachel (*eagerly*)—No; let me alone! I tell you, *no!* It is that which keeps me alive. Would you like me (turning to De Musset) to go and get the book? We will read the piece together.

The Poet—Would I like it! You could propose nothing more agreeable to me.

Sarah—But, my dear, it is half-past eleven.

Rachel—Very well; who hinders you from going to bed?

Sarah went to bed. Rachel rose and left the room, returning in a moment carrying the volume of Racine in her hands, with something in her air and step which seemed to the poet to savor of the solemn and religious. It was the manner of a celebrant approaching the altar bearing the sacred vessels. She took a seat next De Musset, and snuffed the candles. Her mother fell into a doze.

Rachel (*opening the book in a manner expressive of profound respect, and bending over it*)—How I love this man! When I put my nose into this book, I could remain two days without eating or drinking.

The poet and the actress then began to read that "Phèdre" which French critics, from Voltaire to Sainte Beuve, unite in thinking the supreme product of the French drama. The book lay open between them. The rest of the company, one after the other, took their leave, Rachel nodding a slight farewell as each withdrew, and continuing to read. At first she repeated the lines in a monotonous tone, as though she was saying a litany. Gradually she kindled. They exchanged remarks and ideas upon each passage. She came at last to the declaration. She extended one arm straight upon the table, and with her forehead leaning upon her left hand she abandoned herself entirely to the reading. Nevertheless, she still spoke only in half voice. Suddenly her eyes sparkled. The genius of Racine lighted up her countenance. She grew pale and red by turns. Never had her companion seen anything so beautiful, so moving; at the theater she had never produced such an effect upon him. All the circumstances concurred to deepen the impression; her fatigue, a slight hoarseness, the evident stimulus of the punch, the lateness of the hour, the almost feverish animation of that little face with the pretty night cap over it, the brilliancy of her eyes, a certain infantile smile which occasionally flitted across her counte-

nance—even the disordered table, the unsnuffed candle, the dozing mother—all made up a picture worthy of Rembrandt, a chapter that might figure in Wilhelm Meister, and a reminiscence of artist life never to be effaced.

Half-past twelve arrived. The father of the family came in from the opera. As soon as he was seated he ordered his daughter, in tones which seemed brutal to the poet, to stop her reading. Rachel closed the book, and said in a low tone, "This is revolting; I will buy a book-holder and read in bed." De Musset looked at her and saw large tears rolling from her eyes. It was to him, indeed, most revolting to hear this wonderful creature addressed in such a manner; and he took his leave full of admiration, respect, and emotion.

Brutal as may have been the father's manner, we are obliged to confess that he was substantially right; and if this gifted girl had taken his advice, only so far as to go to bed when her work was done, she would not have died at the age of thirty-seven, when, in the course of nature, she would not have reached the full development of her powers. Alfred De Musset began soon after to write a play for her which he did not live to complete; for he, too, was one of the brilliant people who burn the candle of life at both ends, and live in disregard of those physical conditions of welfare which no man or woman can violate with impunity.

In Paris, that night, there were a thousand suppers more sumptuous and splendid. The chance presence of a sympathetic reporter, by preserving a record of this one, reveals to us the sublime child herself and the atmosphere in which she lived. Strange that our cherished apparatus of education should give us mediocrity, while genius is generated under the rudest conditions, and develops itself, not merely without help, but in spite of the harshest hindrance!

JOSEPHINE AND BONAPARTE.

WE get much light upon Josephine, and upon Napoleon's general brutality towards women from the Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, which the people of Paris have been reading lately with so much interest. This lady was a member of the household of the Empress Josephine for several years, and she gives us an inside view of Napoleon's court which is highly edifying. A particularly interesting chapter is that in which the coronation of Bonaparte and Josephine is related; a scene which Thiers has described with extraordinary splendor and graphic power. Thiers gives us the outside of the wondrous show; Madame de Rémusat the inside.

It was November, 1804. The new emperor and empress were at the palace of Saint-Cloud, with the ladies and gentlemen of their "households," a great company of noted persons, all looking forward with intensest interest to the coming spectacle. The brothers and sisters of Napoleon were there with their families and retinue. A great preliminary question agitated the circle, respecting the position of Josephine in the ceremony of the coronation. Should she be a spectator or a participant? All in a word: Was she about to be crowned or divorced? Bonaparte himself passionately desired an heir to his new throne, which Josephine could never give him. In his address to the Senate, formally accepting the throne, he used such language as this:

“*My descendants* will long preserve this throne. In the field, they will be the first soldiers of the army, sacrificing their lives for the defence of their country. As magistrates, they will never lose sight of the truth that contempt for the laws and of the social order are only the results of the weakness and indecision of princes.”

To the people of France the full significance of these words was not apparent; but Josephine and all the family of Bonaparte knew very well what they meant. His brothers and sisters, who had nothing of Napoleon but his littleness, urged him with excessive importunity to seize this occasion to set Josephine aside. If they had been less persistent, they might have succeeded, for the emperor was strongly tempted to begin his reign with this act of baseness. Josephine herself was torn with anxiety, for she loved the pomps and splendors of a court, and was really attached to her husband. In the crisis of these family intrigues an incident occurred which came near deciding the question against Josephine.

Imagine a large drawing-room at Saint-Cloud, with windows looking out upon the beautiful gardens of that royal château, and commanding a view of the opposite wing in which were the emperor's own rooms. Imagine this drawing-room filled with the ladies belonging to the household of the empress, occupied in various idle employments. One of the ladies suddenly leaves the apartment, and Josephine, who had been for some weeks very jealous of her, looks out of the window, and sees her enter the emperor's cabinet. She took Madame de Rémusat aside, and said to her in fierce whispers:

“I am going this very hour to know the truth of the matter. Remain in this saloon with all my circle, and if any one asks what has become of me, you will say that the emperor has sent for me.”

The lady strove to retain her, but she was beside her-

self with passion, and would not listen to her. Josephine left the room, and was gone for half an hour. Then returning, she ordered Madame de Rémusat to follow her into her chamber.

“All is lost!” cried the empress, as soon as they were alone; “and what I suspected is only too true. I sought the emperor in his cabinet. He was not there! Then I went by the secret staircase to the little suite of rooms above. I found the door shut, but through the keyhole I heard their voices. I knocked very loud, saying who I was. When the door was opened I burst into reproaches, and she began to cry. Bonaparte flew into a passion so violent that I scarcely had time to escape from his resentment. In truth, I am still trembling; for I do not know to what excess he would have carried his fury. No doubt he will come here, and I expect a terrible scene.”

“Do not commit a second fault,” said Madame de Rémusat; “for the emperor would never forgive your making a confidante of any one whatever in this matter. Let me leave you, madame. He must find you alone, and do try to soften him, and repair so great an imprudence.”

There was indeed a terrible scene between the most arbitrary of men and his jealous wife. As soon as he was gone, Josephine called Madame de Rémusat to her and told her that Bonaparte in his anger had broken some of the furniture, and given her notice to prepare to leave Saint-Cloud, as he was tired of being watched by a jealous woman. He was resolved, he said, to shake off such a yoke, and then do what his policy required—marry a woman who could give him children. Upon leaving her, he sent to Paris for her son Eugene to come and take charge of his mother’s departure from the palace.

“I am lost beyond resource,” said Josephine.

Eugene arrived. He behaved nobly, refusing all

recompense and benefits of every kind, and declaring that he would devote himself to his mother, even if he had to go back with her to Martinique, her native island. Bonaparte appeared struck with this generous devotion, and listened to the young man in "ferocious silence." A few days passed. Josephine acted upon the advice of her lady, and played the part of the contrite and submissive wife. Napoleon, who had really loved her after his fashion, was soon mollified, and he then endeavored to persuade her to spare him the pain of sending her away by going away herself.

"I have not the courage," said he to her, "to take the last resolution, and if you exhibit too much sorrow, and if you only obey me, I feel that I shall never be firm enough to compel you to leave me; but, I confess, I greatly desire that you should resign yourself to the interest of my policy, and that you yourself should relieve me of the embarrassment of this painful separation."

To all such words as these, Josephine only replied by the penetrating eloquence of tears. These might not have succeeded if the other Bonapartes had not urged the divorce with the vehemence of personal jealousy and dislike. They thought they had succeeded, and boasted of their triumph a little too openly and confidently. Napoleon perceived this, and suddenly determined to disappoint them. He told her one evening that the Pope was about to arrive, who would crown them both in the cathedral of Nôtre Dame.

The preparations now went forward with great rapidity. There were private rehearsals of the coronation, attended by the artist David, who directed the positions of each performer, and arranged all the details of the scene. It was on one of these occasions that Napoleon announced his intention of putting the crown upon his own head; for, said he:

“I found the crown of France on the ground, and I picked it up.”

On the great day, the sisters of Napoleon were forced to carry the train of the empress; a duty which they performed with so much repugnance, and so badly, that she could scarcely walk, until the emperor growled a sharp reproof through his clenched teeth.

The most startling anecdote which these Memoirs have so far given, is one showing that Napoleon was willing at one time to palm off on the French people a false heir to the throne. Attempts of this kind have been the subject of more than one popular novel; but here it figures as a fact. Josephine, to save her crown, gave her consent to the fraud, and Bonaparte sent for his chief physician, Corvisart, to arrange with him the details. Dr. Corvisart proved to be a man of courage and honor. He refused to lend himself to the deception, and the notable project was of necessity given up. It was not until after the marriage of Bonaparte with Marie Louise and the birth of her son, that Dr. Corvisart confided this secret to Madame de Rémusat.

Such is personal government. Such are courts. Such are the consequences of resting the honor and safety of a nation upon one man.

LADY MORGAN.

IN naming one of her early novels "The Wild Irish Girl," Lady Morgan gave the public an inkling of her own character. The world *Wild*, however, has acquired opprobrious meanings, none of which apply to her innocent and high-bred vivacity. She was a true specimen of the Irish race, gay, witty, liberal, but ever loyal to friends and duty. No contrast could be greater than her exuberant gayety with the constrained existence and despotic formalism to which we are accustomed; and hence the interest she excites in us. Here is her strange, eventful history, a history possible only to a child of Erin.

On Christmas eve, 1783, a party was gathered in Dublin at the house of a popular Irish actor, by name Robert Owenson. His wife was not present, having excused herself on the plea of indisposition; but the feast progressed merrily, with singing, toasts, and story-telling, and it was already Christmas morning when a breathless messenger appeared on the threshold to inform the host of the arrival of an unexpected Christmas present from his wife. He hastily quitted the room on receiving the announcement, and an hour later returned beaming to his guests (who had not thought of dispersing in the meantime) bringing word that all was going well, and he was the proud father of "a dear little Irish girl," the blessing he had long wished for. This intelligence was greeted with a half-suppressed cheer by the company, who

arranged before they left to meet again a month later and celebrate the christening, one of them, Edward Lysaght, a noted lawyer and wit of that day, agreeing to stand sponsor.

The party then broke up, and made the best haste they could to their several homes, for the night was cold and the snow was falling. Lysaght, who had the farthest to go, trudged steadily onward, his mind yet filled with thoughts of the feast just over and of the little baby who was to be his goddaughter, while the notes of a Christmas carol, sung by a child whose form he could dimly perceive some distance in advance, floated back to his ears and fell in pleasantly with his thoughts. Overtaking the child, he was enabled to catch the last words of her song. They were the well-known refrain :

“Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer.”

As the song died away the singer sank down suddenly upon the steps of a brilliantly lighted house resounding with music and laughter. He went up to her and found that she was dead, still grasping her ballad in her hand.

This pathetic story of her birthnight was almost the first story told to Robert Owenson's little daughter, and a short poem upon the subject by Lysaght was the first thing she ever learned by heart.

Her christening took place according to agreement, a month after her birth, and the occasion was one of rejoicings truly Irish in their character. A branch of shillalah graced the table, and Mr. Owenson, who was a fine musician, sang, first in Irish and then in English, the famous song of “O'Rourke's Noble Feast,” the whole company joining enthusiastically in the chorus :

“Oh you are welcome heartily,
Welcome, gramachree,
Welcome heartily,
Welcome joy!”

Later, the extremely young lady was herself brought in, and her health drunk standing with three times three, and the significant accompanying words, "Foghan Fah," or "wait awhile." It was an appropriate toast, for a 'while' not very long raised the little Sydney Owenson, who was thus cordially greeted upon her first appearance in society, to a position where few of her early friends expected to find her.

Robert Owenson was a gifted and hospitable Irishman; the only son of Walter MacOwen or Owenson, a Connaught farmer, and Sydney Crofton, the orphan granddaughter of Sir Malby Crofton of Longford House. His parents had made an indiscreet and romantic marriage. They met first at a hurling-match, where Miss Crofton was the Queen of Beauty who awarded the prize, and young Owenson the handsome athlete who won it. A few weeks after, they ran away together and were married, but the union did not prove a happy one, and the bride, who was a woman of talent, consoled herself as best she could with music and poetry. So well were her efforts appreciated by the neighboring peasants that they nicknamed her Clasagh-na-Valla, or Harp of the Valley. Her eloquence, however, was of more practical benefit to her son, since a certain Mr. Blake was so impressed by her recital of the wrongs inflicted by one of his ancestors upon a long dead MacOwen, that he carried off young Robert to London with him by way of amends. After a time a love affair with a pretty singer brought the young man into disgrace with his patron, and he took to the stage to support himself. A few years later, following the family custom, he ran away with and married Miss Jane Hill, the sister of a college friend.

It was from her father that Sydney Owenson, the namesake of poor Clasagh-na-Valla, derived those brilliant and winning qualities that made her famous; but it was her

English mother from whom she inherited her practical sense and business capacity, and perhaps also what she herself describes as her "sacred horror of debt."

During her early years the family fortunes were extremely unsettled, her father striving vainly to earn a respectable income by the combined pursuits of wine merchant and manager of a theatre. She and her younger sister Olivia received an irregular education, partly from their mother, partly at school. But they did not progress satisfactorily, and Sydney in particular was the despair of her mother, who had set her heart upon having her eldest daughter equal the achievements of a precocious little child of Rowland Hill's, who had read the Bible through twice before she was five, and knitted all the stockings worn by the coachman. Happily for the public good Mrs. Owenson's ambition was disappointed; her elfish little girl found it quite impossible to master the genealogy of the patriarchs, and could not be made to sit still and sew, but nothing that was going on about her escaped her inquisitive, bright eyes. She was deeply interested in all the trades carried on in the neighborhood, and did her best to become acquainted with their mysteries.

She even went so far as to set up a shop with her father's theatrical wigs, choosing for the purpose the only window fronting upon the street, and inscribing upon it, in her best and biggest hand-writing, SYDNEY OWENSON, SYSTEM, TETE AND PERUKE MAKER--which was the proper form of advertising at that period. What is more, she could have carried on the trade had she been permitted, having acquired the art through observing her father's hair-dresser.

She was also tolerably well instructed in chimney-sweeping, having closely observed the proceedings of a number of young sweeps who lived in a cellar across the way. On one occasion, when the school chimney caught

fire, she dashed out into the street and summoned in the whole tribe of them to the rescue. They put out the fire, but filled the room with soot, greatly to the indignation of the school-mistress, who turned them all out into the street for their pains, and Sydney with them.

It was at about this time that she made her first literary venture. She was the happy owner of a large number of pets, chiefly among which was a great yellow cat, named Ginger. Ginger and Mrs. Owenson were not on the best of terms, and the discerning animal was glad to keep herself out of that lady's way, in a snug nook arranged for her underneath the sideboard by her little mistress. One evening, as Sydney was kneeling at her mother's knee, concluding her nightly prayer, with a blessing invoked upon her various friends, a soft purr was heard issuing from this retreat. Moved by so touching an appeal, she added to her usual petition the words, "God bless Ginger the cat!" Mrs. Owenson, much shocked, caught her by the shoulder and shook her, saying:

"What do you mean by that, you stupid child?"

"May I not say, 'bless Ginger?'" asked Sydney.

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Owenson.

"Why mama?"

"Because Ginger is not a Christian!"

"*Why* is not Ginger a Christian?"

"Why? Because Ginger is only an animal."

"Am I a Christian, mama, or an animal?"

At this point Molly, the devoted household servant, was abruptly requested to take those troublesome children to bed, and teach them not to ask foolish questions. But even bed did not end the matter. Sydney's warmest feelings were aroused in sympathy with her poor un-Christian favorite, and while lying awake she composed a poem in its honor, which was next morning recited in

the kitchen amid great applause. James the butler took it down from the lips of the young poet; Molly corrected the proof; and at breakfast it was read to the family, winning praise from Mr. Owenson, and, which was more important, a pardon for both Sydney and Ginger. Here it is:

“My dear pussy cat,
 Were I a mouse or rat
 Sure I never would run off from you;
 You're so funny and gay
 With your tail when you play,
 And no song is so sweet as your mew.

“But pray keep in your press,
 And don't make a mess
 When you share with your kittens our posset;
 For mama can't abide you,
 And I cannot hide you,
 Except you keep close in your closet.”

In spite of Mrs. Owenson's antipathy to Ginger, and to most other things which her daughter particularly liked, Sydney was very fond of her mother, and her death a few years later was a terrible blow to her. It was thought best for the children to be out of the way for a few days after the event, and they were sent to stay with a friend who lived some miles distant. Sydney was not content to be separated from her father in his time of trouble. Twice she was captured and detained when about to return; but the third time she succeeded in squeezing herself through a hole cut in the barn-door for the dog, and ran the whole way home, never pausing till she found her father and threw herself into his arms.

During the next few years the condition of Mr. Owenson's business became worse and worse, till it at last resulted in bankruptcy, and he went away to Limerick to await a final meeting of his creditors. It was the girls'

vacation at the time, and they were left at home under the guardianship of the faithful Molly until their school should reopen, the true cause of their father's journey being unknown to them. But Sydney was not easily kept in the dark, and it was not long before her father received a letter from her, containing a strange mingling of foresight and simplicity.

"Mr. O'F—— has been here," she wrote. "He has told me all, and I have seen your name on the list of Statutes of Bankruptcy. He said it was the best and honestest, indeed, the *only* thing that could be done, and that you will come out of this terrible dilemma as well considered and respected as you have hitherto lived; but that time, and great economy, and your resuming your theatrical position with Mr. Daly at the Theatre Royal, were indispensable. Now, for all this, dear sir, we must relieve you from the terrible expense you have been at for our education. Of *this*, I am resolved to relieve you, and to earn money for you instead of spending the little you will have for some time to come."

An important statement in italics, follows: "*Now, dear papa, I have two novels nearly finished!*"

Her plan was to go out as a governess while she finished these works, and she had already heard of two situations, either of which she thought she could fill. A short postscript to the letter shows that her talent for being agreeable had already begun to be recognized.

"P. S. Captain Earle and Captain White Benson, who you may remember at Kilkenny were always running after us, called yesterday; but Molly would not let them in, which I thought was rather impertinent of her. However, as things are at present, I believe it was all for the best."

Her next letter shows the manner in which she faced the embarrassments of her position. She begins by com-

plaining of a certain "odious Mrs. Anderson," who wanted her bill paid, and was "insolent" about it, and also of the landlady, who not only detained their piano, a hired one, when they wished to return it to the owners, but gave them warning to leave next week. Molly the dauntless defended the rights of her young charges, and the contest of words threatened at one time, greatly to their terror, to become a passage of arms. When this excitement was over the three sat down and indulged in a hearty cry, in the midst of which arrived M. Fontaine, Mr. Owenson's old ballet-master, and a devoted friend. He was in a carriage on his way to Dublin Castle, where he had recently been appointed Master of Ceremonies.

"Poor darling old gentleman," wrote Sydney to her "dearest Dad," "I thought he was going to cry with us (for we told him everything), instead of which, however, he threw up the window and cried out, 'Come up then, Martin my son, with your little violin'; and up comes Martin, more ugly and absurd than ever, with his little 'kit'; and what does dear old Fontaine do but put us in a circle, that we might dance a *chassez-à-la-ronde*, saying, 'enliven yourselves, my children, that is the only thing'; and only think, there we were; the next minute we were all of us—Molly, Martin, and Monsieur included—dancing away to the tune 'What a Beau your Granny is' (the only one that Martin can play), and we were all laughing ready to die until Livy gave Molly, who was in the way, a kick behind; she fell upon Martin, who fell upon his father, who fell upon me—and there we were, all sprawling like a pack of cards and laughing; and then, dear papa, Fontaine sent off Martin in the carriage to the confectioner's in Grafton street for some ices and biscuits; so that we had quite a feast and no time to think or be sorrowful."

Better even than this, the merry and wise old French-

man carried the girls off with him to the Castle, where they spent a triumphant evening, listening to songs and readings, observing the noted people present, and finally (owing to a judicious word from M. Fontaine to their hostess, Countess O'Haggerty) themselves singing a duet which took the company by storm.

Twice disappointed in her hope of obtaining a situation—both the places mentioned in her letter to her father being denied her on account of her youth—Sydney Owenson was at last engaged as governess and companion for the daughters of Mr. Featherstone, two pleasant girls of about her own age. The arrangement was made by their mother, while visiting in Dublin, and it was settled that Miss Owenson should join the family a few days later at their country seat, Bracklin Castle.

She was to leave Dublin by the night coach, and M. Fontaine, ever gay and ever friendly, gave a farewell party in her honor on the very evening of her departure. There was no danger of her missing the coach, he assured her, since it passed close by at the head of the street, and the driver had promised to blow his horn. She could bring her traveling dress with her in her bag, and change her costume before starting.

The party took place, and was highly successful. Indeed, so great was the general hilarity that the passage of time was forgotten, and in the midst of the dance, just as Miss Owenson was flying merrily through "Money in Both Pockets," with her favorite partner, the horn sounded its warning blast from the corner. There was not a moment to lose; a change of dress was not to be thought of. With her own bonnet hastily clapped on her head, and Molly's long cloak thrown over her shoulders, she dashed out of the door, accompanied by her partner bearing her valise, and escorted on her way by the whole excited company in a body. She made the best speed

she could, her pink silk shoes glancing over the icy pavement, and her muslin ball dress fluttering in the wind—and reached the stage just as the grumbling driver was preparing to go on without her.

At Kinigad, where she arrived late at night very tired and sleepy, she retired at once to her room in the inn, too confused to remember her baggage, and sure that she would have plenty of time to change her dress in the morning, before the carriage from Bracklin came to her. But what was her dismay when she rose and asked for her bag, to find that it had gone on with the stage! She could but resign herself to the inevitable, and towards noon, after a long drive, she presented herself in the drawing-room of the Castle, “pinched, cold, confused, and miserable,” to claim her new position. The whole family was assembled, and a general titter greeted her appearance, Mr. Featherstone alone regarding her fantastic attire with severe disapproval. For a moment she was daunted, but her native courage soon revived, and she told her story with such vividness and spirit, that her audience were completely overcome with mingled mirth and compassion for her sad plight, and as soon as she had concluded she was born off in a gale of laughter by the two girls, who ransacked their wardrobes to find her something to wear.

Nor was this all. At dinner, Mrs. Featherstone introduced her to two tutors, the parish priest, and the Protestant curate of the neighboring village, and she kept the table in a roar during the whole meal, while the servants who waited nearly choked themselves by stuffing napkins in their mouths, in a vain attempt to refrain from laughing. So pleased were her companions, that at dessert the priest, Father Murphy, arose with a glass of port wine in his hand to drink her health. After a polite bow and a “By your leave, Madame,” to the hostess, he turned to the new governess, exclaiming :

“ This is a hearty welcome to ye to Westmeath, Miss Owenson ; and this is to your health, mind, and body ! ”

Music followed, and she delighted her hearers with “ Barbara Allen,” and her favorite Irish song, “ Ned of the Hills.” The applause with which these selections were received was interrupted by the entrance of the butler, who announced that a piper had come from Castle-town, “ to play in Miss Owenson.” At once the young ladies proposed a dance in the hall ; partners were chosen ; the music struck up ; the servants crowded about the open doors to look on ; and Sydney Owenson, always one of the lightest and most graceful of dancers, concluded her first day as a governess with an exultant Irish jig.

Imagine such a *début* as this in a staid English or American family !

In spite, however, of her startling entrance upon the scene, she fulfilled the duties of her position conscientiously and successfully, and devoted most of her leisure time to the completion of one of the two half-finished novels. The work was finally concluded in Dublin, where the Featherstones spent a portion of each year, and she determined to see it safely in the hands of the printer before returning to Bracklin Castle. The novel had been accomplished alone and unaided, and she resolved to keep her secret to the last, though she did not even know the difference between a publisher and a book-seller.

She rose early one morning, glided quietly down the stairs, appropriated to her own use the cloak and market-bonnet of the cook, which she found hanging in the hall, and slipped out of the house unperceived, carrying her manuscript neatly tied with a rose-colored ribbon under her arm. She had not the least idea where to go, and wandered about the business streets of the city, frightened and uncertain, until her eye fell upon a sign bearing the

words: "T. Smith, Printer and Bookseller." As she entered the doorway, the impish shop-boy, who was sweeping out the place, sent a cloud of dust into her face, then dropping his broom leaned his elbows on the counter and inquired:

"What do you plaize to want, Miss?"

"The gentleman of the house," she managed to reply.

"Which of them, young or ould?" asked the boy; but before she could answer an inner door opened, and a young soldier in full uniform, his musket over his shoulder, entered whistling "The Irish Volunteers," and stopped short, surprised at the unexpected apparition of an exceedingly pretty girl in an exceedingly ugly bonnet.

To add to the discomfort of the situation, the shop-boy, with a wink, put in his word: "Here's a young Miss wants to see yer, Master James;" whereupon Master James, much flattered by the announcement, advanced smilingly and chucked Miss Owenson under the chin. Before she could find words to resent this familiarity, an elderly gentleman in a great passion burst into the room, half-shaved, and still holding his razor and shaving cloth in his hand, and ordered the young soldier to be off "like a sky-rocket" to join his company, which was about to march. He then turned to poor Miss Owenson, and addressing her as "Honey," bade her sit down and he would be back in a jiffy. He vanished, but soon returned in a more presentable condition, and inquired what he could do for her. She was too confused to reply immediately, but after he had repeated the question she answered faintly, beginning to untie the rose-colored ribbon:

"I want to sell a book, please."

"To sell a book, dear? An ould one? for I sell new ones myself. And what is the name of it, and what is it about?"

The title, she told him, was *St. Clair*, and it was a novel

of sentiment, after the manner of Werter. But, unfortunately, Mr. Smith had never heard of "Werter," and, moreover, he was not a publisher at all. He told her so very good-naturedly, and the young authoress, "hot, hungry, flurried, and mortified," as she says in describing the incident, began to tie up her manuscript with unsteady fingers. She tried to meet the blow bravely, but tears came into her eyes in spite of herself, and kind-hearted Mr. Smith melted at once.

"Don't cry, dear—don't cry," he said consolingly. "There's money bid for you yet! But you're very young to turn author, and what's your name, dear?"

"Owenson, sir," she replied.

The name acted like a charm. Mr. Smith, who was an old friend of her father, asked her into the parlor and wrote a letter recommending her to Mr. Brown, a noted publisher of novels. So, courtesying, blushing, and wiping her eyes, she took her leave and set forth in search of Mr. Brown.

She found him without much trouble—a little old man in a bob-wig, looking over papers at a counter—and presented her letter, which he seemed by no means pleased to receive. He was still frowning at it when his wife entered from an inner room where breakfast was prepared, exclaiming :

"Mr. Brown, your tea is as cold as ice!"

Then, taking possession of the note, she asked what that was.

"A young lady who wants me to publish her novel, which I can't do," was the discouraging reply; "my hands are full already."

Poor Miss Owenson raised her handkerchief to her eyes; but Mrs. Brown, pitying her distress, told her to leave the book and she would see that it was carefully read. St. Clair, pink ribbons and all, remained on Mr.

Brown's counter, and a little later its venturesome young author entered her house unnoticed, returned her borrowed garments to their place, and joined the Featherstones at breakfast. Next day she went with the family to Bracklin, having forgotten to leave her address with the publisher.

She heard no more of St. Clair, until, during her next visit to Dublin, she accompanied Mrs. Featherstone to call on an invalid friend, and found a printed copy of her novel lying upon the window seat. She promptly communicated with Mr. Brown, who presented her with four copies—and nothing more. The book had some success, and was even translated into German with a remarkable preface, stating that the writer had strangled herself with a handkerchief for love. She afterwards rewrote it, and the new version was published in England.

She left the Featherstones in 1801, and in 1805 published her second novel, "The Novice of St. Dominic." Her handwriting was extremely illegible, and the work (it was in six volumes) was copied out for her as fast as she wrote it by Francis Crossley, a youth of eighteen, one of the most devoted of her many admirers. The book was issued in London, and she was promptly paid for it. Of the sum she received—her first literary earnings—the greater part was sent to her father; the rest she spent in purchasing a winter cloak and an Irish harp.

Her next effort, "The Wild Irish Girl," was in a new vein. It treated of the Irish scenes with which she was familiar, and described them with the humor, the fervor, and the patriotic feeling that marked her own truly Irish character. The plot was based upon an incident in her own life, and the fact that public opinion identified her with her heroine, is shown by the letters she received from her friends, in which she is quite as often addressed by the name of *Glorvina*, as by that of Sydney. Some

of her notes from Lord Abercorn begin simply "Dear Little Glo." The book had an immediate and triumphant success, and from that time until her death she was one of the most conspicuous figures in the literature and society of her day.

In 1810, after much hesitation, she once more resigned her liberty to accept the pressing invitation of Lord and Lady Abercorn to become a member of their household. This decision affected the course of her whole life, since it was at their house that she met her future husband, Sir Charles, then plain Doctor Morgan. Lady Abercorn, a benevolent but not very adroit woman, equally attached to her sprightly companion and her handsome young physician, soon determined to arrange a match between them. It was some time before they met; but she made such good use of her opportunities to praise each to the other, that Miss Owenson (at her request) had already written a humorous mock "Diploma of the University of Saint Glorvina" for the doctor, before ever seeing him; while that gentleman on his part conceived so deep a prejudice against a woman whom he pictured as an uncomfortable paragon, that he determined to avoid her at all hazards. But fate decreed otherwise. One day, as he was quietly seated talking with Lady Abercorn, the door opened and a servant announced "Miss Owenson." He started to his feet at once, intent upon flight; there was but one door; and, as Miss Owenson entered it, she caught a glimpse of the dismayed Doctor just escaping by the window.

This was a little too much to be borne. Her vanity was touched, and when they were at last brought together she exerted herself to the utmost to please him, with such alarming success that he fell desperately in love with her; and, Lord and Lady Abercorn helping him to urge his suit, he was engaged to her at the end of a month. But

the Wild Irish Girl had been taken by surprise, not fairly won, and no sooner had she given him her promise than she took fright at the terrible suddenness of the event. She begged leave of absence to visit her father, who was ill, promising to come back in a fortnight, although she had inwardly resolved to remain away several months at least, if ever she returned at all. Indeed, in after life she used frankly to say that for her perversity at this period she had deserved to miss marrying the best husband that ever woman had.

One excuse followed another, and still she did not come, while the poor Doctor grew every day more angry and miserable. His letters to her are filled with mingled reproach, jealousy, tenderness, and despair, with an occasional standing on his dignity; hers to him are all evasion, contradiction, persuasion, affection, and petulance. The secret of the situation is summoned up in a single one of her sentences:

“There was so much of *force* in the commencement of this business, that my heart was frightened back from the course it would naturally have taken.”

She returned at last, but even then she would set no day for the wedding, and finally Lady Abercorn took the matter into her own hands. One bitter January morning she entered the library where her intractable protege was seated before the fire in her morning wrapper, and said, taking her by the arm:

“Glorvina, come up stairs directly and be married; there must be no more trifling.”

Poor Glorvina, too astonished to protest, submitted meekly to be led into another room, where Sir Charles (he had been knighted at Lord Abercorn's request) stood awaiting her, in company with a chaplain attired in full canonicals. She was married there and then, and not even the guests in the house knew anything about it until

several days later, when Lord Abercorn, after dinner, filled his glass and invited them to drink to the health of "Sir Charles and Lady Morgan!"

Lady Morgan's married life was unusually happy. Her husband was devoted to her, and, far from being jealous of her fast increasing fame, was extremely proud of it, and rendered her valuable assistance in her literary labors.

She in her turn always noted with peculiar pleasure any complimentary reference to his medical works, for he, too, was an excellent writer in his own province, and rejoiced in the attentions paid him.

They soon became familiar figures in society, where Lady Morgan's agreeable talents had always made her popular, and when they visited the continent they were received at once into the most brilliant circles of Paris, Florence, Rome, and Brussels. In her "France" and "Italy," Lady Morgan describes in her usual vivid manner many of the interesting people whom they met. In France she associated on terms of intimacy with the Marquise de Villette (the *Belle et Bonne* of Voltaire), who obtained her admission to the order of Free Masons. She was much with Talma, who gave his most famous recitations in her salon; with Humboldt, of whom she always speaks with reverent affection; and with that most un-American of Americans, Madame Patterson-Bonaparte. To us, perhaps, the most interesting of all her friends is Lafayette. She gives us a delightful reminiscence of the Lafayette family at La Grange, where she was for some time a favored guest.

"We arrived at sunset last evening," she writes, "and the old tower covered with the ivy planted by Charles Fox shone out in strong relief from the dark woods behind; but the brightest of all sunshine was the dear Lafayette's own noble countenance, beaming with smiles and cordiality as he stood at the castle gate to receive us,

surrounded by his children and grandchildren and other members of his family.”

The grandchildren were twelve in number ; yet during the whole time she was there, Lady Morgan mentions that she never heard the cry of a child, nor observed any symptoms of a dispute. Besides this large family there were several visitors at the castle. Two American gentlemen were there ; and Carbonel, who composed the music for Beranger's songs ; and Scheffer, then a rising young artist, who painted Lady Morgan's picture. At dinner, where there were seldom fewer than from twenty to thirty guests, Lafayette was always placed at the center of the table between his two youngest grandchildren. In fine weather they spent much of the day out of doors, wandering about the beautiful grounds, lying upon the grass, or fishing in the pools.

In the evening, every one gathered about a huge wood fire, roaring upon the cavernous stone hearth, and listened to Lafayette's anecdotes of historic personages, or Lady Morgan's Irish stories, or Carbonel's music. Sometimes, in one of Beranger's spirited songs — *La Sainte Alliance* was a great favorite — the whole company would join in the chorus, till the roof rang.

Sunday, Lady Morgan tells us, was always a peculiarly joyous day at La Grange.

“On Sunday,” she writes to her sister Olivia, “there was a village festival, and we all walked down to the village to join it. It was completely such a scene as one sees at the opéra. The villages here are very straggling, and resemble English hamlets rather than towns ; but the scene of action was principally in a little square before the gates of a little nunnery, where all the nuns were assembled in their habits, in the midst of the fun. . . . The beaux had their hair powdered as white as snow, with immense queues, and dimity jackets and trousers: the

women in such caps as I brought over, with a profusion of lace, gold crosses, white gowns, and scarlet aprons. At four o'clock the ball began on the green. It is astonishing to see with what perfection men, women, and children dance the quadrilles, which are here called country dances, and how serious they all look. We left them hard at it, and retired to dinner at five. They all came up to the General to speak to him. He shook hands with all the old folk, and talked to them of their farms. It was one of the most delightful scenes you can imagine. My English dress excited great amazement, especially a long grey cloak I brought from London. In the evening there was (as there is every Sunday evening) a ball at the castle. After coffee we all went down to the hall, and there children, guests, masters, mistresses, and servants joined together in the dance, as they had done in the morning at prayers; for there is a chapel belonging to the château, where the priest of the parish officiates. The servants danced in the quadrilles — six *femmes-de-chambre*, and all the lacqueys. Oscar and Octavie, the two young ones, three and four years old, danced every quadrille, and never once were out; in short, these scenes of innocence and gaiety and primitive manners are daily repeated."

Lafayette himself, while the dancing went on, "stood looking on and leaning on his stick, the happiest of the happy."

The books which Lady Morgan published during her married life — including the novels of "O'Donnel" and "Florence McCarthy" — were far more generally read than any of her previous works, with the exception of "The Wild Irish Girl." Her career was one of almost uninterrupted success and happiness, until the death of her husband in 1843. After that, although her wit and mirth remained to her, there was always a certain under-

tone of sorrow in Lady Morgan's longer letters ; and, as she grew older, it is sad to find her noting the death of one old friend after another, always with a few words of genuine appreciation.

She was fond of society until the end, and on St. Patrick's Day, a week before the beginning of her last illness, she gave a musical morning party, of which she was herself the life and soul.

She was not aware until the last that her illness was serious, and she dictated cheerful notes to her friends relative to her condition. On the very day of her death she called for her desk and tried to write a letter, but was obliged to give up the attempt. Shortly after, her breath began to fail her, and she turned to her favorite niece, who was supporting her, and asked, "Sydney, is this death?"

After that she only spoke a few times to thank her friends and her servants, who were also her friends, for the services they rendered her. She died quietly and painlessly, in the evening of April 16, 1859, aged about seventy-six years.

So lived and so died the Wild Irish Girl. She was the joy of every circle she entered, and her works, some of which are still read with pleasure, form an agreeable part of the record of her time.

MARIA THERESA.

OUGHT women to vote? This is one of the questions of the day. Many men would be disposed to favor the admission of women to the ballot but for one objection. If, say they, women can vote for President, why should they not be eligible to the office of President? Very well; suppose they were. When we consider that the two greatest empires of modern times have been governed by women, and when we consider also how many of the nations of the earth have been governed badly by men, why should we think it so terrible a thing to have a woman at the head of this Republic? It is true, we are not likely to witness such an event, but if it should occur, the nation would probably survive it.

Let us see in what manner the great Maria Theresa ruled for forty years the extensive and ill-assorted empire of Austria.

Born in 1717, the eldest daughter of the Emperor, Charles VI, she married in her nineteenth year, Francis, the Duke of Lorraine, and in her twenty-third year, upon the death of her father, was proclaimed Empress of the sixteen different states and territories which made up the Austrian empire. Her father was a man of limited capacity, though of respectable character, and left to his daughter an empty treasury, a small, disorganized army, and a disputed succession. Although all the great powers, during the lifetime of the Emperor, had solemnly engaged to recognize his daughter as the legitimate heir,

no sooner had the news of his death spread over Europe, than all of them, except the King of England, questioned her claims, and several of them took measures to seize portions of her inheritance. It was the general opinion of Europe that the impoverished empire, under the sway of a young woman, would fall to pieces almost of itself, and that the only question was, respecting the division of its provinces among adjacent states.

While the other powers were negotiating and arming with a view to the dismemberment of Austria, Frederick II, the young King of Prussia, availing himself of the splendid army and the vast treasures accumulated by his father, suddenly invaded the Austrian province of Silesia, and marched with such rapidity that, in a few weeks, he had possessed himself of almost the whole province. Frederick then offered to the young Empress to establish her in the possession of all her other states, and to give her a subsidy of five million of francs, on the single condition of her ceding to Prussia the province of Silesia, which Frederick claimed as rightfully belonging to his kingdom. Threatened as she was by France, Holland, and Spain, it would have been only prudent in her to have accepted this offer. But with the Imperial crown, she inherited also an Imperial pride. She rejected the proposal with as much promptitude and disdain, as though she had been the mistress of powerful armies and inexhaustible treasuries.

In this extremity she repaired to Hungary, where the celebrated scene occurred with the Diet of that country. Presenting to the assembled nobles her infant child, she appealed to their compassion and their loyalty, saying, with tears in her eyes:

“I have no allies but you in the world.”

Whereupon, her husband shouted:

“Life and blood for our Queen and kingdom.”

“Yes,” exclaimed the members of the Diet, “our life and blood.”

Some timely help, too, came from George II of England, and it was with English guineas and Hungarian horsemen that she endeavored to expel Frederick from Silesia, and keep at bay the armies of France and Spain. Such enthusiasm was there for her in England, that a public subscription was started for her benefit. The Duchess of Marlborough subscribed the extraordinary sum of forty thousand pounds sterling, and other ladies of London a hundred thousand more—so touched were the susceptible hearts of the English people at the spectacle of a young and beautiful woman defending her hereditary rights against such numerous and powerful enemies. The Empress, however, thought it due to her dignity to decline this friendly succor, and said to the ladies, that she would defend her states by the help of her loyal subjects alone. It added to the general interest in her fortunes, that she was about again to become a mother, and knew not, as she said, whether there would remain to her a city in which she could give birth to her child.

Despite the heroic efforts of the Hungarians, she was compelled to yield Silesia to the King of Prussia in order to detach him from the coalition against her. She then waged successful war against her other enemies until, in the eighth year of her reign, she concluded a treaty of peace which left her mistress of all the ancient possessions of her house, excepting alone the fine province wrested from her by the invincible Frederick.

After this eight years of most desperate and desolating warfare, Maria Theresa enjoyed a precious interval of seven years of peace; which is about the duration of two presidential terms. Then it was that, for the first time, she could display the gentler and benevolent traits of her

character. She employed her power to encourage agriculture and reanimate trade. She removed tariffs and other barbarous restrictions from the commerce with foreign nations. She caused new and better roads to be constructed. She decorated her capital with grand and useful edifices. Directly through her encouragement, her subjects began to manufacture woolen cloths, silk, and porcelain, which remain to this day important branches of the national industry. Not content with these merely material works, she founded a University, several colleges, schools of architecture and design, and three observatories. She took great pains to make her subjects acquainted with improved methods of healing the sick. For the old soldiers who had shed their blood in her cause, she erected hospitals and asylums. She pensioned the widows and dowered the daughters of officers who had fallen in war. Above all, in her own life, and in the government and education of her family, she set an example of purity, wisdom, and devotion, which every mother in the world could study with profit. She did not think that the labors of governing an empire exempted her from the ordinary responsibilities of life. She became the mother of ten children, four sons and six daughters, all of whom survived her, and all of them, I believe, did honor to the character of their mother.

But she could not reconcile herself to the loss of her darling Silesia. Always looking forward to the time when she should be in a position to recover that province, she strengthened and disciplined her army continually, and founded military schools where officers could be trained capable of coping with the veterans of the Prussian king. At the same time she prepared the way, by able diplomacy, to combine the powers of Europe against the ambitious Prussians. She stooped even to flatter the mistress of the King of France, Madame de Pompadour,

whom, in notes still existing, she styled "my dear friend." The great Frederick, on the contrary, would never condescend to notice, officially, the existence of Madame de Pompadour, and made her his bitter foe by his contemptuous silence and stinging sarcasm. He used to call her "Petticoat III," in allusion to the fact that she was the third mistress of Louis XV; and there were always about the two courts busy adherents of the Empress to convey to the ears of Pompadour the sneering wit of the Prussian monarch.

By such arts, and others more legitimate, Maria Theresa united against Frederick the sovereigns of France, England, Russia, and of several of the States of Germany, not doubting for a moment that a kingdom of five millions of souls must of necessity succumb before a combination of States, the united population of which was more than a hundred and fifty millions.

But she did not know her enemy. Informed of the secret treaty for the destruction of his kingdom and its division among his enemies, Frederick suddenly marched with sixty thousand men, and overran Saxony and Bohemia, and thus began the famous Seven Years' War, which only ended when the enemies of Frederick, exhausted of men and money, were compelled to leave him in peaceful possession of the province he had seized. It must be avowed, however, that, in all probability, Frederick would have been overwhelmed and finally defeated, but for the accession to the throne of Russia of Peter III. This emperor had conceived such a passionate admiration of the character and exploits of the Prussian king that the moment he came upon the throne he abandoned the coalition, and withdrew his armies from the seat of war. This event occurred in the very nick of time. It relieved Frederick and completed the discouragement of his enemies.

After the restoration of peace, Maria Theresa renewed her exertions for the welfare of her people. Though a devout Roman Catholic, she resisted the efforts of the Pope to control the ecclesiastical affairs of her empire, and so checked the power of the Inquisition that her successors were able to suppress that terrible institution. One of her best acts was the abolition of torture in the administration of justice—a reform which was greatly due to the eloquent and pathetic denunciations of Voltaire. At that time, in almost every country, criminals were put to the torture, either to compel them to confess their own guilt or to reveal the names of their accomplices. The unhappy prisoner, pale and trembling with terror, was conducted to a vault underground, and there, in the presence of a magistrate and recording clerks, he was subjected to increasing degrees of anguish, until the attending surgeon decided that he could bear no more without danger of his life. Many poor wretches, to gain a moment's respite from agony, accused innocent persons, who, denying their guilt, were in turn subjected to the same infernal cruelty. The first monarch of continental Europe to abolish this most irrational and horrid system was Frederick the Great; the second was Catherine II, of Russia; the third was Maria Theresa; the fourth was Louis XVI, of France. Readers may remember that when the benevolent Howard made his tours among the jails of Europe, about the time of the American Revolution, he found the torture chamber in almost every city that he visited, and in many of them it was still employed.

It used to be considered a stain upon the administration of the Empress Maria Theresa that she consented to the dismemberment of Poland, and to accept a large portion of that country as her share of the spoil. More recent writers, however, who have looked into that affair closely, are disposed to think the act justifiable and even

necessary. One thing is pretty certain; if a country *can* be dismembered, it soon will be, unless it is the interest of some great power or powers to protect it.

Mary Theresa died in 1780, aged 63, bequeathing to her son, Joseph, an empire far more united, prosperous, and powerful than the Austria which she inherited from her father. When the news of her death was brought to Frederick, the greatest of her enemies, he wrote to his friend, D'Alembert, the French author:

“I have shed some very sincere tears at her death. She has done honor to her sex and to the throne. I have made war upon her, but I have never been her enemy.”

Of the female sovereigns of Europe in modern times, Maria Theresa was, probably, the ablest and the most virtuous. Her errors were those of her rank and blood; her good actions were the result of her own noble heart and generous mind. Austria still styles her the Mother of her country, and remembers with fondness one of her sayings:

“I reproach myself for the time I consume in sleep; it is so much taken away from the service of my people.”

LADY FRANKLIN.

THREE women have a claim to be associated with the name of Sir John Franklin. The lady whom he first married, Miss Eleanor Porden, is one of them. It was she who, knowing how fatal a brief delay may be to an arctic expedition, bade her husband set sail for the northern seas at the appointed time, although she was then in the last stages of consumption. He sailed, and it proved to be her last wish that he obeyed, for she died the day after his departure.

His second wife was the Lady Franklin of whom all the world has heard. It was to her untiring efforts (in all of which she was devotedly aided by Sir John's niece, the late Miss Sophia Cracroft), that the solution to the mystery which so long shrouded the fate of the explorer and his ill-starred vessels, was due.

Lady Franklin, whose maiden name was Jane Griffin, was born in 1794, and was married to Sir John Franklin in 1828, when she was thirty-four years of age. Ten years later she accompanied him to Van Dieman's Land, (now Tasmania,) of which he had been appointed governor. She early gained the good will of the inhabitants, and was noted among them both for her many deeds of private beneficence, and for the active, efficient aid which she rendered her husband in his public duties. She showed especial interest in the welfare of poor emigrants, and of the convicts who, after transportation to New South Wales was abolished, were sent to Tasmania from all



LADY FRANKLIN.

parts of the British Empire. That Sir John and Lady Franklin acquired, not only the approval, but the affection of the colonists, is shown by the comments of the local press upon their departure for England at the expiration of Sir John's administration. A few years later Lady Franklin had the melancholy pleasure of receiving from them a large sum of money to assist her in prosecuting her search for her lost husband and the records of his expedition, and they further testified their remembrance of him by erecting a statue in his honor at Hobart Town.

Sir John's success as an arctic discoverer led the English government in 1845 to offer him the command of an expedition to sail in search of the Northwest passage, a duty which he gladly accepted. Two ships, the "Erebus" and "Terror," were provided, and an additional transport to convey stores as far as Disco, in Greenland. These three vessels sailed from Greenhithe on the nineteenth of May.

The "Erebus" and "Terror," which were fine ships fitted expressly for arctic service, and victualled for three years, were last seen in Baffin's Bay by a whaler, lying moored to an iceberg. All was then going well. In letters written home a few days previous to this, the officers of the expedition expressed ardent hope and perfect confidence in their commander, while Sir John himself, writing to Lady Franklin, assured her cheerfully of his well-being, and dwelt upon the future with joyous anticipations of success. Not one of his hundred and thirty-four officers and men lived to return.

At the end of two years, nothing further having been heard from the expedition, preparations were begun for the too probable necessity of sending them assistance. As time passed the feeling of uneasiness deepened, and at last was begun that noble series of attempts made by both English and Americans, which resulted after fourteen years only in the sad discovery of the truth.

In 1848 three expeditions, expensively fitted out and ably commanded, were sent by the government in search of the missing explorers. They all failed; but the failure did not cause discouragement either to the government or the people of England. It served instead as a spur, urging them to new efforts, made on a scale that would insure success. The first step was taken by the Lords of the Admiralty, who in March, 1849, offered a reward of twenty thousand pounds to any man or party who should render efficient aid to Sir John Franklin or his men. A second reward of three thousand pounds was offered by Lady Franklin, who also, at her own expense, sent a supply of coal and provisions to be deposited on the coast of Lancaster Sound. These were landed upon the conspicuous promontory of Cape Hay, for the use of the missing party, should they visit that region. She had already sent, by a ship of one of the earlier expeditions, a large quantity of similar stores, which had been buried at prominent points along the coast, the place being marked in each case by a tall signal post, with an arrow painted upon it, pointing out the exact spot where the articles were concealed.

It was in this year also that she addressed to the President of the United States her well-known appeal, in which she called upon the Americans as a "kindred people to join heart and hand in the enterprise of snatching the lost navigators from a dreary grave." After referring to the reward offered by the British Government, she said:

"This announcement, which, even if the sum offered had been doubled or trebled, would have met with public approbation, comes, however, too late for our whalers which had unfortunately sailed before it was issued, and which, even if the news should overtake them at their fishing grounds, are totally unfitted for any prolonged adventure, having only a few months' provisions on board,

and no additional clothing. To the American whalers, both in the Atlantic and Pacific, I look with more hope as competitors for the prize, being well aware of their number and strength, their thorough equipment, and the bold spirit of enterprise that animates their crews. But I venture to look even beyond these. I am not without hope that you will deem it not unworthy of a great and kindred nation to take up the cause of humanity in which I plead in a national spirit, and thus generously make it your own."

The Secretary of State, Mr. Clayton, at once sent an encouraging reply to Lady Franklin, and President Taylor, calling the attention of Congress to the matter in a special message, stated his earnest desire that all possible assistance should be rendered. He had already caused notice of the rewards offered, and information regarding the probable means of finding the lost vessels, to be circulated among whalers and seafaring men all over the country. Popular feeling favored Lady Franklin and her cause, and when Mr. Henry Grinnell of New York offered to provide two fully equipped vessels at his own expense, asking only that the government would transfer to them some thirty men from the navy, there was a general desire that the proposition should be accepted. Memorials to that effect were sent to Congress from the cities of New York and Philadelphia. The matter was not decided, however, for a year.

In 1850 the two Grinnell vessels, the "Advance" and "Rescue," sailed under the command of Lieutenant De Haven. In the same year and for the same purpose there went from England, in all, ten other vessels. Of these two, the "Lady Franklin," a fine vessel of two hundred and twenty tons, and the "Sophia" (named after Miss Cracroft), a brig of one hundred and twenty tons, were fitted out at Lady Franklin's desire and mainly at her own expense.

They were placed under the command of Captain Penny. A third vessel, the "Prince Albert," was paid for by Lady Franklin and her friends. She defrayed two-thirds of the expense by means of selling out of the funds all the money which she could legally dispose of. The commander of the "Albert" was Captain Forsyth, who volunteered for the service and would accept no pay. Indeed, the number of volunteers who desired no other compensation than the honor of aiding in the search was a marked feature in the long series of arctic voyages made with the intent of learning Sir John Franklin's fate.

The result of the daring and persistent explorations of these twelve vessels may be summed up in a few words. Captain Ommaney, commanding the "Assistance," discovered at Beachy Head traces of an encampment which he supposed to be Franklin's. Lieutenant De Haven, of the American expedition, landed and confirmed the discovery. Captain Penny of the "Lady Franklin" visited the same place, explored it thoroughly, and found all the indications of a winter encampment, and the graves of three of Franklin's men. The dates upon the headboards showed that the party had been there during the winter of 1845-6—that is, the first winter after leaving England.

In the summer of 1851 the twelve vessels returned home, one after another. The "Prince Albert," however, was not allowed to remain long in English waters. Lady Franklin caused her to be elaborately and expensively refitted, her bow and stern sheathed with wrought iron, her sides protected by planking, and sent her forth again to brave the perils of the North. She sailed in June, 1851, from Stromness, and Lady Franklin herself came down to see her off. After a touching farewell to officers and men, she watched her standing out to sea, the Union Jack streaming from her peak and the French flag flying at the fore. This was in honor of Lieutenant Bellot

(second in command), a young Frenchman whom a romantic love of adventure had led to leave his native country and offer his services to Lady Franklin.

In 1852 the English government sent out another expedition of five vessels under the command of Sir Edward Belcher. In the same year, in consequence of a rumor received through an Esquimaux interpreter, that Sir John and his crews had been murdered at Wolstenholme Sound, Lady Franklin refitted the screw steamer "Isabel" and sent her to investigate the report, which proved to be wholly false. The next year this steamer was again refitted at her expense, and carried supplies to Captains Collinson and M'Clure of the government expedition at Behring Strait.

But it was not until 1854 that further authentic tidings were obtained of the missing explorers. In that year Dr. Rae, at the head of a land party sent by the Hudson's Bay Company, learned from the Esquimaux that, in 1850, about forty white men had been seen dragging a boat near the north shore of King William's Island, and that, later in the season, they had all died from cold and hunger. The story was confirmed by the finding among the Esquimaux of articles once the property of Sir John and his officers, all of which Dr. Rae secured and brought back with him. He obtained the reward of ten thousand pounds offered by the Admiralty to whomsoever should first ascertain the fate of the missing expedition. A search party sent next year by the government to the spot mentioned by the Esquimaux, recovered many further relics.

Lady Franklin was not satisfied. She had given up all hope of her husband's life. He had been ten years lost; his party was provisioned for but three years; and he was sixty years old when he sailed. But her feelings did not permit her to rest until she had rescued any possi-

ble survivor and recovered the records of the expedition, if they yet existed. She appealed to Lord Palmerston to make one further attempt. In her memorial she dwelt with especial emphasis upon the incident of the "Resolute," abandoned by the English during a government search expedition, found by an American whaler, refitted, and presented by Congress to the Queen.

"My Lord," she says, "you will not let this rescued and restored ship, emblematic of so many enlightened and generous sentiments, fail even partially in her significant mission. I venture to hope that she will be accepted in the spirit in which she is sent. I humbly trust that the American people, and especially that philanthropic citizen who has spent so largely of his private fortune in the search for the lost ships, and to whom was committed by his government the entire charge of the equipment of the 'Resolute,' will be rewarded for this signal act of sympathy by seeing her restored to her original vocation, so that she may bring back from the Arctic seas, if not some living remnant of our long-lost countrymen, yet at least the *proofs* that they have nobly perished."

She adds, that should her request be denied, she will herself send out a vessel. The Government, busy with affairs in the east, was not willing to fit out another expedition.

She kept her word. The last and most successful of this long series of adventures and perilous searches, was due solely to her heroic persistence. Aided by subscriptions from her friends, she bought and refitted for Arctic service the screw yacht "Fox." Captain M'Clintock, already distinguished in former search expeditions, was placed in command of her, and she sailed upon the last day of June, 1857. Lady Franklin, accompanied by Miss Cracroft, came on board to bid the officers farewell.

Captain M'Clintock, observing her agitation, tried to repress the enthusiasm of his men, but in vain. As she left the vessel she was saluted by the crew with three prolonged, thundering cheers.

Her letter of instruction to Captain M'Clintock is so characteristic that I give it in full :

“ My dear Captain M'Clintock :

“ You have kindly invited me to give you ‘ instructions,’ but I cannot bring myself to feel that it would be right in me in any way to influence your judgment in the conduct of your noble undertaking ; and indeed I have no temptation to do so, since it appears to me that your views are almost identical with those which I had independently formed before I had the advantage of being thoroughly possessed of yours. But had this been otherwise, I trust you would have found me ready to prove the implicit confidence I place in you by yielding my own views to your more enlightened judgment ; knowing, too, as I do, that your whole heart also is in the cause, even as my own is. As to the objects of the expedition and their relative importance, I am sure you know that the rescue of any possible survivor of the ‘ Erebus ’ and ‘ Terror ’ would be to me, as it would to you, the noblest result of our efforts.

“ To this object I wish every other to be subordinate ; and, next to it in importance, is the recovery of the unspeakably precious documents of the expedition, public and private, and the personal relics of my dear husband and his companions.

“ And lastly, I trust it may be in your power to confirm, directly or inferentially, the claims of my husband’s expedition to the earliest discovery of the passage, which, if Dr. Rae’s report be true (and the Government of our country has accepted and rewarded it as such), these martyrs in a noble cause achieved at their last extremity

after five long years of labor and suffering, if not an earlier period.

“I am sure you will do all that man can do for the attainment of all these objects; my only fear is that you may spend yourselves too much in the effort; and you must therefore let me tell you how much dearer to me even than any of them is the preservation of the valuable lives of the little band of heroes who are your companions and followers.

“May God in his great mercy preserve you all from harm amidst the labors and perils which await you, and restore you to us in health and safety, as well as honor! As to the honor I can have *no* misgiving. It will be yours as much if you fail (since you *may* fail in spite of every effort) as if you succeed; and be assured that, under *any and all circumstances whatever*, such is my unbounded confidence in you, you will ever possess and be entitled to the enduring gratitude of your sincere and attached friend,

JANE FRANKLIN.”

The confidence expressed in this letter was not misplaced. Captain M'Clintock's heart was indeed in the work, and his enthusiasm was shared alike by officers and crew. It was a bitter disappointment to them all when in August their vessel was caught in the ice in Melville Bay, and they were obliged to remain in the pack, drifting with it when it drifted, until the next spring. During this long detention Lady Franklin was often in their thoughts, and they spoke sorrowfully of the grief she would experience when she learned of the delay. The feeling of the crew towards her was described by Captain M'Clintock as “veneration.” She was remembered on all their holidays, and at their Christmas dinner her health and that of Miss Cracroft were drunk with acclamations. It was also unanimously resolved, after the

killing of the first bear, that its skin should be presented to her as a joint gift from the officers and crew, all of whom had assisted in the hunt.

At last the "Fox" escaped from the ice and proceeded upon her way. In May, 1859, one of her officers, Lieutenant Hobson, discovered a cairn containing a record of the lost expedition. This record consisted of a note, written in 1847, stating their success up to that time, and adding that all were well. But around the margin another hand, writing a year later, gave a sadly different story.

From this writer, who was Captain Fitzjames, we learn that Sir John Franklin died June eleventh, 1847, and that in April of the next year, only two days before the date of this record, the "Erebus" and "Terror" were abandoned, and their crews landed under the command of Captain Crozier. A note in Captain Crozier's handwriting added that they were to start the next day for Back's Fish River.

To this river, accordingly, the searchers of the "Fox" proceeded; and there they found numerous relics of the party, including silver articles marked with Sir John Franklin's crest, a boat, watches, clothing, and several skeletons. The Esquimaux of the region remembered the coming of these strangers, and said that all of them had perished of cold and hunger; which was, indeed, but too evident.

"They would fall down and die as they walked along the ice," said an old Esquimaux woman to Captain M'Clintock.

With this news the "Fox" returned to England. Sad as the certainty was, it must have been a relief to Lady Franklin to receive it. She learned from the earlier of the two notes in the cairn, that her husband had attained the great object of his expedition; he had discovered the Northwest Passage. From the second note she learned

that it had been his great good fortune to die on board his ship, escaping all the horrors of that terrible overland march. Indeed, he died before the expedition had experienced anything other than brilliant and striking success.

In 1860, Lady Franklin was presented with a gold medal by the Royal Geographical Society. She died in 1875. The monument erected to her husband in Westminster Abbey records, after his exploits and his fate, her name, her devotion, the date of her death, and the inseparable connection of her fame with his.

MADAME DE MIRAMION.

CHARITY is of no age, race, or country. Travelers among the most savage tribes find kind and compassionate hearts, and some of the most excellent institutions of benevolence have been founded in times of the grossest corruption of manners and morals. In the worst periods there are always some who preserve their integrity, and assert by their conduct the dignity of human nature.

Madame de Miramion, a French lady of rank and fortune, born in 1629, passed the whole of her life near the showy and licentious court of Louis XIV, and in the society of Paris, when that society was most devoted to pleasure. But from her childhood she was drawn irresistibly to a nobler life, and she spent the greater part of her existence in alleviating human anguish, and founding institutions which have continued the same beneficent office ever since. A beauty and an heiress, she turned away from the pleasures of her circle at the age when they are usually most alluring. At nine years of age the death of her mother, a woman devoted to piety and good works, saddened her life and made her for a while morbid in her feelings. In the midst of a gay and brilliant circle of relations and friends, the child was moody, sorrowful, and averse to society.

“I think constantly of death,” she said one day to her governess, “and ask myself, should I like to die? should I like to die at this moment?”

The governess encouraged these feelings, and dissuaded

the child from indulging in the sports proper to her years, telling her of eminent saints who denied themselves all pleasures, and even inflicted pain upon themselves by wearing hair shirts and girdles of iron. She saved her money, bought secretly a thick iron chain, and wore it around her waist next her skin, whenever she thought she might be in danger of becoming too much interested in pleasure. This was, indeed, a common practice in France two hundred years ago. Like Florence Nightingale, she had, even in her childhood, a remarkable love of nursing and amusing the sick. In a large household, such as the one of which she was a part, there are always some invalids, and it was her delight, during her play hours, to steal away to their bedrooms to entertain them by reading, and assist in taking care of them. She would even glide from the ball-room on festive occasions to visit a sick servant, happier to mitigate suffering than to enjoy pleasure.

When she was fourteen her father died, leaving her, an orphan and an heiress, to the care of an ambitious aunt, whose only thought concerning her was to secure her a brilliant match and see her distinguished in society. The young lady had no such thoughts. Grief-stricken at the loss of her father, and weaned from fashionable pleasure still more by that event, she would have entered a convent, if she had not felt that she must be a mother to her younger brothers. For their sakes she continued in the world. Her aunt, to dispel what she deemed the gloomy thoughts of an unformed girl, endeavored to distract her mind by causing her to be presented at court, by taking her often to the theatre, and making parties for her entertainment. She succeeded for a time, and the young lady gave herself up to the enjoyments provided for her.

She had grown, meanwhile, into a beauty. Her figure was tall, finely formed, and exceedingly graceful; and her

face, of a noble loveliness, with a complexion of dazzling purity and eyes of heavenly blue, was set off by a great abundance of nut-brown ringlets, which fell down about her shoulders and neck. But the great charm of her countenance was an expression of mingled love and benevolence, such as usually, though not always, marks the features of those who naturally delight in doing good. Among the young ladies of her time there was none more beautiful than she, and to her charms of face and form was added the attraction of broad estates and fair chateaux, all her own.

As she again showed symptoms of discontent with a life of pleasure, even recurring occasionally to the iron chain, her aunt urged her to signify a preference for one of the numerous eligible lovers who had been flitting round her ever since her entrance into society. One of them, it seems, *had* attracted her regard. It was M. de Miramion, who, as she had observed at church and elsewhere, was particularly attentive to his mother, which led her to believe he was a worthy young man, who would sympathize with her desire to hold aloof from the frivolous life of her class. He was rich, and of noble rank, well looking, and in love with the beautiful Mademoiselle de Rubelle. They were married — he twenty-seven, sated with the pleasures of the world; she sixteen, superior to them. All went happily for a few months.

“I gave up playing cards,” she wrote, “and going to balls and theaters, which caused great surprise. I began a regular life; I won over my husband, and persuaded him to live like a good Christian. We were very much united, and much beloved by our family, with whom we never had any disagreement, except from their efforts to make me amuse myself.”

This harmonious married life was rudely terminated, at the end of six months, by the death of the husband, after an illness of a week. At seventeen Madame de

Miramion was a widow, and about to be a mother. The blow was so sudden and severe that nothing, perhaps, would have availed to recall her to an interest in mundane affairs but the birth of her daughter. When she reappeared in the great world, she was lovelier than ever in her face and person, and her fortune had been increased by her portion of her husband's estate. She was a very rich and beautiful widow of eighteen, with only the incumbrance of an infant in arms. Lovers again surrounded her, but she encouraged none of them; and, indeed, she was firmly resolved to dedicate her life to the education of her daughter. Among her suitors was a *roué* of high rank and wasted fortune—a widower with three daughters, who felt how advantageous it would be to add the lady's estate to his own. Rejected by her, he was given to understand by a friend of the family that she really liked him, and was only prevented from marrying him by the fear of offending her relations. This was false, but he believed it, and he determined to carry her off in the style of an old-fashioned romance.

On a certain day, as the young widow and her mother-in-law were going in a carriage to a church near Paris, the vehicle was suddenly surrounded by a band of horsemen wearing masks. They stopped the carriage and opened the door. The young lady screamed with terror, which the horsemen attributed to her desire to keep up appearances before her mother-in-law, and therefore proceeded to execute their purpose. The old lady and one servant were left in the road to make their way home as best they could, while the carriage containing the prize was driven rapidly away, surrounded by the gentlemen on horseback, led by the lover. All day the party galloped on until, at the close of the afternoon, they reached an ancient castle, with wall, moat, and draw-bridges, as we find them in the novels of the period. Here a party of two hundred of the abductor's friends were in waiting,

all armed, and all possessed with the idea that the abduction was undertaken with the full and free consent of the lady. She soon undeceived them. She utterly refused to enter the castle or leave the carriage. At length one of the gentlemen, a knight of a religious order, gave her his word of honor that if she would alight and remain in the castle for the night, she should be set free at daybreak, and conveyed in safety to her friends. She then consented to accept the shelter proffered her. She passed the night in solitude, and in the morning was replaced in her carriage and set free.

Such was the state of the law at that time in France, and such the power of the nobility, that the perpetrators of this outrage escaped punishment, and people generally seem to have thought it a gallant and high-spirited adventure, and one that ought to have been rewarded with success.

From this time to the end of her life, Madame de Miramion thought no more of lovers. After recovering from the serious illness caused by that day and night of terror, she entered upon the way of life which has caused her name to be remembered with honor and affection for two centuries. She became austere religious. She economized her large income, so as to have the largest possible sum to expend in works and institutions of charity—discarding all the gay costumes and decorations of her sex, and wearing always a plain, peculiar dress, like that of a religious order. She personally superintended her affairs, and showed a particular talent for business, making the most of all her sources of income. The education of her daughter was her own work, and so successful was she with her, that when she was married at fifteen, she was regarded and treated as a mature woman, and proved worthy of the confidence reposed in her.

Madame de Miramion was the first lady in Europe who ever tried systematically to reclaim the fallen of her own sex. She hired a spacious house in Paris, into which she received those who wished to reform, and there she maintained and taught them, and for such as persisted in leading an honest life, she procured places or husbands. Other ladies of rank joined her the King assisted, and the establishment continues its benevolent work to the present day. She also founded a dispensary, which not only supplied the poor with medicines, but instructed a number of women in the art of preparing them, and in the making of salves and plasters. An excellent institution founded by her was an industrial school for young girls, where they were taught sewing, household arts, reading, writing, and the catechism, all the pupils being furnished every day with a good plain dinner. In all these establishments, Madame de Miramion labored with her own hands and head, setting an example of devotion and skill to all who assisted her. Her singular aptitude for managing business, and her knowledge of finance, stood her in good stead. During one of those times of famine which used to desolate France, she hit upon the expedient of *selling* a piece of bread and a certain quantity of soup at cost, or a little below cost, by which many thousands were carried over the period of scarcity who would not have been reached by charity.

She spent her life in labors like these, devoting herself and all she possessed to the mitigation of human woe, reserving literally nothing for her own enjoyment. It was she who gave that impulse to works of charity which has rendered Paris the city of Europe most abounding in organizations for the alleviation of poverty and pain. She died in 1694. Recently her memoirs have been published in Paris by a member of her family, and the work, I hope, will find its way, through a translation, to readers in America.

PEG O'NEAL.

SIXTY years ago, there used to be in Washington a spacious tavern in the old-fashioned Southern style, kept by William O'Neal, who had lived in the neighborhood before the capital was built on the shores of the Potomac. This landlord had a pretty daughter named Peg, who was the pet of the house from babyhood to womanhood. She was somewhat free and easy in her manners, as girls are apt to be who grow up in such circumstances; and it did not immediately occur to her that a young lady of twenty cannot behave with quite the freedom of a girl of twelve, without exciting ill-natured remark.

Among the boarders of this old tavern, whenever he came to Washington, was General Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, who had known the landlord in the olden time when he used to pass through that region on his way from Nashville to his seat in Congress at Philadelphia. Mrs. Jackson, also, occasionally accompanied the general to the seat of government, where she became warmly attached both to Mrs. O'Neal and to her daughter, Peg. The general nowhere in Washington felt himself so much at home as in this old tavern. No one could make him and his plain, fat little wife so comfortable as Mrs. O'Neal, and no one could fill the general's corn-cob pipe more acceptably than the lively and beautiful Peg.

In due time, Peg O'Neal, as she was universally called, became the wife of a purser in the navy, named Timber-

lake, who, while on duty in the Mediterranean, committed suicide, in consequence, it was supposed, of a drunken debauch on shore. He left his widow with two children and little fortune, but still young and beautiful.

Early in 1829, Senator Eaton of Tennessee, one of General Jackson's most intimate friends and political allies (an old boarder, too, at the O'Neal tavern), was disposed to marry the widow; but, before doing so, consulted General Jackson.

"Why, yes, Major," replied the general, "if you love the woman, and she will have you, marry her by all means."

Major Eaton observed that the young widow had not escaped reproach, and that even himself was supposed to have been too fond of her.

"Well," said the general, "your marrying her will disprove these charges, and restore Peg's good name."

They were married in January, 1829; and a few weeks after, General Jackson was inaugurated President of the United States. In forming his cabinet, the President assigned the Department of War to his old friend and neighbor, Major Eaton. This appointment suddenly invested his wife with social importance. Extravagant stories circulated in Washington respecting Mrs. Eaton, and the ladies made up their minds with one accord that they would not call upon her, nor in any way recognize her existence as the wife of a cabinet minister.

Meanwhile, General Jackson remained in ignorance of this new outbreak of scandal; but before he had been a month at the White House a distinguished clergyman of Philadelphia, Dr. Ely, wrote him a long letter detailing the slander at great length, and calling upon him to repudiate Mrs. Eaton. General Jackson had his faults, but he never did a mean thing nor a cowardly thing in his life. The manner in which he set about defending the

daughter of his old friend, and his wife's old friend, does him as much honor as one of his campaigns. He replied to Dr. Ely in a letter of several sheets, in which he examined the stories with something of the coolness of an old lawyer, and very much of the warmth of a friend. One of the charges was that the deceased Timberlake believed all this scandal, and cherished deep resentment against Eaton. The general met this in a triumphant manner :

“ How can such a tale be reconciled with the following facts ? While now writing, I turn my eyes to the mantelpiece, where I behold a present sent me by Mr. Timberlake of a Turkish pipe, about three weeks before his death, and presented through Mr. Eaton, whom in his letter he calls *his friend*.”

In a similar way he refuted the other accusations, and he kept up the defence in letter after letter, with the same energy and fire that he had displayed in hurling the English troops back from New Orleans. I have had in my hands hundreds of pages of manuscript in General Jackson's writing, or caused to be written by him, all relating to this affair, and all produced in the early weeks of a new administration. He brought it before his cabinet. He summoned the chief propagator of the scandals ; he moved heaven and earth. But, for once in his life, the general was completely baffled ; the ladies would not call upon Mrs. Eaton ; not even the general's niece, Mrs. Donelson, the mistress of the White House.

“ Any thing else, uncle,” she said, “ I will do **for you**, but I will not call upon Mrs. Eaton.”

The general was so indignant that he advised her to go back to Tennessee ; and she went back, she and her husband, private secretary to the President. General Jackson's will was strong, but he discovered on this occasion that woman's won't was stronger.

In the midst of this controversy, when the feelings of

the general were exasperated to the highest pitch, there arrived in Washington Martin Van Buren to assume the office of Secretary of State. Mr. Van Buren, beside being one of the most good-natured of men, and a worthy gentleman in all respects (to whom justice has not been done), had no ladies in his family. He was a widower without daughters. He was also the friend and close ally of Major Eaton. Soon after his arrival in Washington, he called upon Mrs. Eaton as a matter of course, but treated her with particular respect as a victim of calumny. He did a great deal more than this. He used the whole influence of his position as Secretary of State to set her right before the world.

Among the diplomatic corps, it chanced that the British Minister Mr. Vaughan, and the Russian Minister Baron Krudener were both bachelors, and Mr. Van Buren easily enlisted them in the cause. Balls were given by them at which they treated the lady with the most marked attention, and contrived various expedients to get the other ladies into positions where they would be compelled to speak civilly to her. All was in vain. The ladies held their ground with undaunted pertinacity, yielding neither to the President's wrath nor to the Secretary's devices.

The nickname given to Mrs. Eaton by the hostile faction was Bellona, the goddess of war. A letter-writer of the day sent to one of the New York papers amusing accounts of the gallant efforts of the three old bachelors to "keep Bellona afloat" in the society of the capital.

"A ball and supper," he says, "were got up by his excellency, the British Minister, Mr. Vaughan, a particular friend of Mr. Van Buren. After various stratagems to keep Bellona afloat during the evening, in which almost every cotillion in which she made her appearance was instantly dissolved into its original elements, she was at length conducted by the British Minister to the head of

the table, where, in pursuance of that instinctive power of inattention to whatever it seems improper to notice the ladies seemed not to know that she was at the table. This ball and supper were followed by another given by the Russian Minister. To guard against the repetition of the spontaneous dissolution of the cotillions and the neglect of the ladies at supper (where you must observe, none but ladies had seats), Mr. Van Buren made a direct and earnest appeal to the lady of the Minister from Holland, Mrs. Huygens, whom he entreated to consent to be introduced to the accomplished and lovely Mrs. Eaton.

“The ball scene arrived, and Mrs. Huygens, with uncommon dignity, maintained her ground, avoiding the advances of Bellona and her associates until supper was announced, when Mrs. Huygens was informed by Baron Krudener that Mr. Eaton would conduct her to the table. She declined and remonstrated, but in the meantime Mr. Eaton advanced to offer his arm. She at first objected, but to relieve him from his embarrassment walked with him to the table, where she found Mrs. Eaton seated at the head, beside an empty chair for herself. Mrs. Huygens had no alternative but to become an instrument to the intrigue, or decline taking supper; she chose the latter, and taking hold of her husband's arm withdrew from the room. This was the offence for which General Jackson afterwards threatened to send her husband home.

“The next scene in the drama was a grand dinner, given in the east room of the palace where it was arranged that Mr. Vaughan was to conduct Mrs. Eaton to the table and place her at the side of the President, who took care by his marked attention to admonish all present (about eighty, including the principal officers of the government and their ladies) that Mrs. Eaton was one of his favorites, and that he expected her to be treated as such in all places. Dinner being over the company retired to the

coffee room to indulge in the exhilarating conversation which wine and good company usually excite. But all would not do. Nothing would move the inflexible ladies."

Mr. Van Buren's conduct completely won the affection of General Jackson, of which during the summer of 1830 he gave a most extraordinary proof. Being exceedingly sick, and not expected to live through his first term, he wrote a letter strongly recommending Mr. Van Buren as his successor to the presidency, and denouncing his rival, Calhoun, as signally unfit for the position. The letter was confided to the custody of Major William B. Lewis, of Nashville, who permitted me to copy it in 1858 for use in my *Life of Jackson*. It had lain in a green box, with other private documents of a similar nature, for twenty-eight years; for, as the general in part recovered his health, it was never used for the purpose intended. Not the less, however, did General Jackson, by a long series of skillful manoeuvres, secure for Mr. Van Buren the succession to the presidency.

Finding the ladies resolute, and being himself constitutionally unable to give up, General Jackson broke up his cabinet, quarreled with Calhoun, drove him into nullification, sent Van Buren abroad as Minister to England, and, in short, changed the course of events in the United States for half a century; all because the Washington ladies would not call upon Mrs. Eaton. Some time after the close of the Jackson administration Mrs. Eaton was again left a widow; but this time, she was left a rich widow. For many years she lived in Washington in very elegant style, in a house all alive and merry with children and grandchildren. In her old age she was so unfortunate as to marry a young Italian dancing-master, who squandered her fortune, and brought her gray hairs in poverty and sorrow to the grave. She died in Washington a few years ago, aged about eighty-four years.

Was General Jackson right in carrying his defence of Mrs. Eaton to this extreme? We may say of General Jackson that he often did a right thing in a wrong way. If he did not succeed in making the ladies call upon Mrs. Eaton, he gave the politics of the country a turn which, upon the whole, was beneficial.

MRS. L. N. MONMOUTH, AND HOW SHE LIVED ON
FORTY DOLLARS A YEAR.

HERE is a true tale of a lady, still living among us, who rescued her home, her life, her happiness, and her dignity as a gentlewoman, from an abyss of circumstances that threatened to engulf them all. She is that Mrs. L. H. Monmouth, of Canterbury, New Hampshire, of whom the reader may have casually heard, who in middle age, half disabled, and an invalid, suddenly lost her fortune. She had been living in comfort and apparent security in the receipt of a modest, but sufficient income, much of which she spent in charity. She awoke one morning and found herself without a dollar—everything gone but the old homestead that sheltered her.

Too ill to work, afflicted with a crippled arm and one blind eye, and dazed by the suddenness of her misfortune, she was at her wits' end to know what to do. In this emergency, friends were not backward in offering their advice.

“Take boarders,” said one.

“Sell your place and buy a cottage,” said another.

“Let it, and hire your board,” said a third.

Others, perhaps as well-meaning, but even less practical, counseled her to be resigned, to rely on Providence, to trust and pray. A few added the vague though kindly phrase:

“When you want anything, be sure and let us know.”

If these various suggestions were of any assistance to Mrs. Monmouth in her trouble, it was only in showing

her that she must think and act for herself. Take boarders she would not, on account of her health. Her house, if she sold it, would not bring more than six hundred dollars, a sum too small for the purchase of a cottage, and which, if used for paying board, would soon have slipped away and left her dependent upon charity.

The house was old, dreary, and dilapidated. "The roofs leaked," she says, "the windows were rickety, the chimney discharged a mournful brickbat in every driving storm." But it was a shelter; it was dear to her; and she resolved to keep it. The land upon which it stood yielded twenty dollars a year in hay, twelve for pasture, and in good years three for apples. By knitting and making artificial flowers, the only work she was able to do, she could depend upon earning fifteen dollars more. These sums together equaled an income of exactly fifty dollars, ten of which would be required for taxes. Upon the remaining forty she determined to live, and did live.

She did not enter upon this desperate experiment without serious misgivings. Her first thought was to assign twenty dollars out of the precious forty for food, but this sum she soon reduced to seventeen. Better starve the body than the mind, she thought, and the three dollars thus saved were used to continue her subscription to her favorite weekly newspaper. She did better even than this; for in her final apportionment of expenditures we find ten dollars—one-quarter of her whole income exclusive of taxes—set apart for the purchase of reading matter; the only other item in the list, besides food, being thirteen dollars for fuel.

Not a single penny did she devote to dress, and the ingenious shifts by which she succeeded in clothing herself respectably and sufficiently upon nothing a year, for three years, are worthy of study, and cannot fail to excite

admiration. Her wardrobe, at the time of her loss of fortune, contained but one suit in really good condition, and but one outer garment of any kind, a waterproof cloak much worn and defaced. But she possessed a palm-figured dressing-gown lined with purple flannel, the outside of which was soiled and torn, while the lining was still quite good. This she ripped to pieces, and, after washing and ironing the flannel, made a new gown from it which she trimmed with the palm-leaf figures cut from the sound parts of the other material, and placed in three bands round the skirt and sleeves. She then raveled out an old red undersleeve and edged each band with a narrow fluting made from the worsted thus obtained.

"I took genuine comfort," she tells us, "in planning and piecing it out, day after day, with half-mittens on my cold hands, sitting close to a cold fire. I was more than a week about it, for owing to shortness of firewood my days were very short, and my lame hand was decrepit and painful. I recollected that when I had made this wrapper out of an abundance of nice new materials I had been quite impatient at having to sew on it for two days, and called in help to finish it off. People who saw it after it was remodeled said it was handsomer than when it was new, and it is certain I thought a good deal more of it."

Even a Yankee woman might well be proud of such a triumph; but it was by no means the greatest which this undaunted lady achieved. She had now two dresses, but an outside garment was necessary, since the waterproof was quite unrepresentable. In an outer room of the house hung an old, rusty overcoat of her father. It had been there undisturbed for fifteen years, in company with a pair of big boots, partly through an affectionate liking of hers to see it around, partly as a wholesome suggestion

to tramps of a possible masculine protector. It was destined now to resume a more active career of usefulness. With great difficulty Mrs. Monmouth lifted it from its peg and dragged it to her room to examine at her ease.

It proved a mine of wealth to her. The lining alone, of the finest and glossiest black lasting, quilted in diamonds, was a great treasure; then, when this had been ripped away, the reverse side of the coat itself was revealed to be dark gray, clean, whole, and as good as new.

With this gray cloth cut in strips, the old waterproof newly washed, pressed, and mended, was so trimmed and pieced as to make a very respectable garment for winter service. Better still, the same stuff—a kind of fullered cloth—was so thick, warm, and pliable that Mrs. Monmouth, after having ripped up an old shoe for a pattern, was enabled to make herself an excellent pair of shoes out of it, comfortable, neatly fitting, and not unsightly.

“These home made shoes,” she says with pardonable pride, “shut off the shoe bill at the store, and gave me *Harper's Magazine*.”

But let us not forget the quilted lining. From this, long, shining, and almost exactly of the fashionable shape, a cloak was made which, when lined and trimmed with a few odds and ends of cashmere, proved so handsome and at a little distance so like satin, that its skillful and modest owner dared not wear it much abroad, for fear of being accused of wild extravagance. It was reserved to put on in the house on very cold days, and on Thanksgivings, “to give thanks in.”

From some plaid black and white flannel which had lined the waterproof before its renovation, another cloak was made, less elegant, but still, when decorated with pressed gros-grain ribbon, and a fluting and ball-fringe

made from a pair of raveled stockings, it was an article of apparel by no means to be despised. This served for use in spring and fall.

The problem of shoes had been mainly solved by the discovery of the old overcoat, although, to spare any unnecessary use of objects so difficult to manufacture, the soles of old rubbers, lined with flannel and laced sandal-wise upon the feet, often answered for household wear. The problem of stockings remained. It was finally solved by means of a knitted shawl and some ancient homespun underclothes, all of which had been long since cast aside. They were a mass of ends and ravelings, but the yarn, though torn and in a few places moth-eaten, was otherwise quite sound and very strong. This was carefully washed, wound into skeins, colored, rinsed, and rewound into balls for knitting—a labor of weeks. When it was completed Mrs. Monmouth found herself supplied with sufficient material to afford stockings for a lifetime.

Her summer clothing gave less trouble than the heavier garments required for winter. She was fortunate enough to find an old chocolate and white print gown of her mother's, which merely demanded altering over. A second dress—a very pretty one—was made from a bed-ticking, and trimmed with blue drilling taken from a pair of overalls left on the place by some careless workman, years before. A pair of checkered table-cloths were held in reserve to be used should occasion require. Linen articles were supplied from fifteen mottoes, worked upon muslin and cotton flannel, that the house contained. These were soaked and boiled clean before being used. Hats and bonnets were deemed superfluous. When, however, it was necessary to pass the limits of the little farm and appear in public, a battered straw ruin from the attic fulfilled the demands of propriety, its forlorn condition being concealed beneath the folds of a *barège* veil.

In the matter of food Mrs. Monmouth relied much upon corn meal. Four and a half cents would support her very well for a day and a half; one cent for a quarter of a pound of meal, one and a half for a quarter of a pound of dried beans, and two for a bit of salt pork. This was her customary bill of fare for three days out of the seven. Rice she made great use of, and a pound of oatmeal cooked on Monday served as a dessert throughout the week, a cup of molasses taking the place of sauce. Occasionally, when they were at their cheapest, she bought several eggs; at rare intervals she even indulged herself with a beet, a turnip, or a few cents worth of butcher's scraps. Once a month she luxuriated in baking gingerbread or frying doughnuts, one at a time, over her little oil stove.

"I always enjoyed the frying of doughnuts," she says, "and looked forward to it with a zest of anticipation; they generally came up plump and round, and quite filled the little cup of boiling lard. I picked them out with a fork and invariably ate the first while the second was cooking. After that I let them congregate upon a plate, and watched their numbers increase to five, six, seven—never more than that."

Now and then she was haunted by visions of the savory cakes and pies baking in her neighbors' ovens; but whenever the contrast became too strong between these fancied delicacies and the lonely pot of oatmeal in her own cupboard, she hastened to forget her deprivations in a book.

Her usual provision of winter fuel was three cords of wood, which she sawed herself, despite her lame arm, "worrying off," as she expresses it, "a few sticks each day." During the milder seasons of the year she burned only such dried moss, branches, and pine cones as she could gather in the neighborhood. For almost all cooking

she used an oil stove. Her lame arm, which was easily affected by the weather, became almost useless during periods of intense cold. At these times, feeling that when nothing could be earned something might at least be saved, she would spare her fuel by creeping into bed with a book and a hot freestone, and spend the day beneath the clothes.

She had no money to spare for incidental expenses. When the roof of her shed let in too much rain upon the wood-pile, the wood-pile was moved to a drier spot. When a front window was ruined by some reckless sportsman putting thirty shot holes through it, the blinds were closed and it was left unmended. When the plaster dropped down into the rooms its place was supplied by patches of cloth pasted over the bare brown laths. Yet, while her poverty reduced her to such makeshifts as these, while she denied herself even the lotion which would alleviate the condition of her crippled arm, Mrs. Monmouth always managed to keep a dollar or two on hand for charitable purposes, and never failed to manufacture some simple Christmas presents for a few children and faithful friends who were accustomed to bring her occasionally during the year what she gratefully terms "baskets of benefaction."

She succeeded, moreover, in finding time and strength to render pleasing and attractive the old home which she could not afford to repair, and which became, in the course of a few years, a veritable museum of ingenious and beautiful handiwork. At last the people around her became interested; the place began to be talked of, and its fame spread into the neighboring towns. Visitors arrived, few at first, and later in such numbers that Mrs. Monmouth was obliged to charge an admittance fee, and afterwards to issue a circular containing prices and regulations.

"Children, seven cents; Ladies, ten; Gentlemen, fif-

teen ;" says this interesting little document, adding that "No gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies will be admitted, and strangers must bring an introduction."

It also states, very prudently, that "Ladies are requested not to come with horses they cannot manage. Such as wish to remain most of the day can do so by bringing lunch and paying twenty-five cents."

Besides her other labors, Mrs. Monmouth has written a small pamphlet relating her experiences, which she entitles, "Living on Half a Dime a Day."

Let no one undervalue these trifling details, for they convey to this extravagant age a lesson of which it stands in need. Some of the brightest spirits of our time have passed or are passing their lives in miserable bondage, solely through disregard of Mrs. Monmouth's principle of preserving her independence by living within her means. An English poet of great celebrity has a costly mansion unfinished, which has for years made him a bond-slave to publishers and architects.

The French novelist, Balzac, as we see by his Letters, spent his life in a mere struggle to pay off enormous debts incurred in building, improving, and furnishing. He was a man of almost unequalled strength of constitution, one who could work sixteen hours a day, for months at a time, without obvious exhaustion; but it killed him at last. The disease of which he died was called consumption, but its correct name was House and Grounds; and he seemed quite helpless in the clutch of this dread malady. When he began to write he used to receive for a small volume one hundred and twenty dollars, and he endeavored to write one of these every month. In the course of a year or two his price rose to four hundred dollars for a volume, which would have yielded him a tolerable income without excessive labor. But now, presuming upon his strength and ability, he began to get

into debt, and, in six years, he owed twenty-five thousand dollars. From that time to the end of his life, he was possessed of two raging manias—a mania to get into debt, and a mania to work out of debt. But it is so easy to spend! He sometimes received five thousand dollars a month for literary labor, and sold one story to a newspaper for four thousand dollars. Rising from his bed at midnight, he kept at work all the rest of the night, and most of the next day, till five in the afternoon; but his debts grew apace and speedily reached a total of fifty thousand dollars.

Then, of course, he must needs buy a house and set about improving its garden. He appears not to have known what was the matter. He wondered that he should be so pestered with debts. "Why am I in debt?" he asks. He died insolvent, after making millions by his pen, and at the very moment almost of his death he was buying an antique costume for thirty thousand francs, and concluding bargains for pictures and ancient needlework.

There is an interesting passage in the memoirs of George Ticknor, where he speaks of his two visits to Abbotsford, the big house that brought low the magnificent head of Sir Walter Scott. When Mr. Ticknor first visited the author of "Marmion," his abode was a modest, comfortable establishment, quite sufficient for a reasonable family of liberal income. When he paid his second visit, Sir Walter having in the interval made and lost a great fortune, Abbotsford had grown into a costly, extensive, nondescript, preposterous mansion. The moment his eyes fell upon it he understood Sir Walter's ruin. That toy house was his ruin. The American visitor discovered among its grandeurs the apartment he had occupied twenty years before, reduced in rank and office, but still recognizable, and he could not but lament

the fatal mania which had lured so great a man to spoil a modest country house by incrusting it over with an eccentric, tawdry palace.

A leaf from Mrs. Monmouth's book might have saved these men from misery and despair. She made the most of small means, and they made the least of large. In the midst of poverty she preserved her independence and her dignity; with superabundant means, they threw both away.

THE TRIAL OF JEANNE DARC, COMMONLY CALLED
JOAN OF ARC.

ROME refuses to canonize the Maid of Orleans. At the beginning of the year 1876, Monseigneur Dupanloup, bishop of the diocese in which she began her career in arms, went to Rome, and asked, on behalf of his Catholic countrymen, that the maiden who, four hundred and fifty-three years ago, assisted to restore the independence of France, might be added to the roll of the saints. The power that sent the golden rose unasked to Isabella of Spain refused this costless favor to the urgent request of Frenchmen.

It had no other choice. The Historical Society of France has given to the reading world the means of knowing what power it was that consigned her to the fire. It was no other than the Church which so recently was asked to canonize her. After a five months' trial, in which sixty ecclesiastics, and none but ecclesiastics, participated, she was condemned as an "excommunicated heretic, a liar, a seducer, pernicious, presumptuous, credulous, rash, superstitious, a pretender to divination, blasphemous toward God, toward the saints male and the saints female, contemptuous of God even in His sacraments, distorter of the Divine law, of holy doctrine, of ecclesiastical sanctions, seditious, cruel, apostate, schismatic." It were much, even after the lapse of four hundred and fifty years, to forgive such sins as these.

The proceedings of this long trial were recorded from

day to day with a minuteness which only a short-hand report could have surpassed, and when the last scene was over, the record was translated into official Latin by members of the University of Paris. Five copies of this translation were made, in the most beautiful writing of the period—one for Henry VI, King of England, one for the Pope, one for the English cardinal, uncle to Henry VI, and one for each of the two presiding ecclesiastics. Three of these manuscript copies exist to-day in Paris, as well as a considerable portion of the original draft—*le plumitif*, as the French lawyers term it—written in the French of 1430. The very copy designed for the boy King of England, the ill-starred child of Henry V and Catherine of France, has remained at Paris, where its presence attests the reality of the Maid's exploits, and recalls her prophetic words, uttered often in the hearing of the English nobles: "You will not hold the kingdom of France. In seven years you will be gone." This report, edited with care and learning by M. Jules Quicherat, has been printed verbatim in five volumes octavo, and these have been since reduced to two volumes by the omission of repetitions, under the zealous editorship of Mr. E. Reilly, a distinguished lawyer of Rouen, where the trial took place. The record is therefore ineffaceable. The Church could not canonize in 1876 a personage whom the Church is known to have cast beyond her pale in 1430 to be mercifully burned alive. She was abandoned to "the secular arm," which was besought to act toward her with sweetness—*avec douceur*. In thirty minutes the secular arm bound her to a stake in the marketplace of Rouen, and sweetly wreathed about her virgin form a shroud of flame.

France no longer possesses Domremy, the remote and obscure hamlet of Lorraine where the Maid first saw the light. The house in which she was born, the little church

of St. Remi in which she knelt, and the church-yard wall against which her abode was built, are all standing. The village is commonly called Domremy-la-Pucelle, in remembrance of her, and every object in the neighborhood speaks of her: the river Meuse gliding past, the hill of the fairies upon which her companions danced, and where they laughed at her for liking better to go to church, the fountain where the sick were healed by miracle, and the meadows in which she sat spinning while she watched the village herd on the days when it was her father's turn to have it in charge. These remain little changed; but they are now part of the German Empire—part of the price France has had in our time to pay for Louis XIV and the Bonapartes. To such a people as the French it is not a thing of trifling import that France does not own the birthplace of the Maid of Orleans.

Nor was Lorraine a French possession when Jeanne Darc kept the village herd on the banks of the Meuse in 1425. For a long period it had been a border-land between France and the empire, during which the inhabitants of that sequestered nook had been as passionately *French* in their feelings as the people of Eastern Tennessee were warm for the Union in 1863. In a border-land there is no neutrality. And during the childhood of this maiden, France had fallen under the dominion of the English. She was three or four years of age when Henry V won the battle of Agincourt, and by the time she was ten, France as an independent power had ceased to be. It was not merely that Harry V and his bowmen had overthrown in battle the French armies, but, apart from this conquest of the country, there were grounds for the claim of his son to the French throne which even a patriotic and conscientious Frenchman might have admitted. The French King himself, Charles VII, indolently doubted the right of his line to the throne, and doubted also his own legitimacy.

What could a Frenchman think of the rival claimants of 1428? Paris was in the power of the English, and apparently content to be; two-thirds of France were strongly held by English troops, and the remainder was not safe from incursion for a day; the uncles of the English King, who ruled France in his name, were men of energy and force, capable of holding what their valiant brother had won; and as to the King, Henry VI, boy as he was, he was a French Prince as well as English, the son of English Harry and the Princess Catherine, whose pretty courting scenes so agreeably close Shakspeare's play. "Shall not thou and I," says blunt King Hal to the Princess, who happily understood him not, "compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard?" The boy had been compounded; he was now called Henry VI, of France and England King; and many thousand Frenchmen owned him sovereign in their hearts.

The person whom we commonly style Joan of Arc, and the French Jeanne d'Arc, would have written her name, if she had ever known how to write, JEHANNETTE ROMMÉE. "My mother," she said, upon her trial, "was named Rommée, and in my country girls bear the surname of their mothers." Her father was a farm laborer named Jacques Darc, originally D'Arc—James of the Bow, or, as we might say, if he had been an English peasant, James Bowman. A learned descendant of the family—for she had several brothers and sisters—who has written a book on the Maid, writes her name and his own Darc; and although there is an inclination in France to give her still the aristocratic apostrophe, it is probable that history will now accept plain Jeanne Darc as the name nearest the truth. Whether her father was a free laborer or a serf was not known even to the persons who drew up her patent of nobility in 1428, and is still uncertain. We

know, however, that he was an agricultural laborer, who "went to the plow," which plow this daughter may have assisted to draw. As I propose, however, to give those portions of her testimony in which she relates her own story, I will merely recall a few of the circumstances of her lot needful to the elucidation of her words. These were mostly gathered from the lips of her companions, years after her death, when the mother of the Maid of Orleans, from whom she probably derived her cast of character, cried to France, and cried not in vain, to do justice to her daughter's memory.

The Darc cottage was so near the village church that a religious girl residing in it would always feel herself in the shadow of the altar. She could look from her home into the church's open door. She was familiar with the sexton from her childhood, and used to remind him of his duty when he forgot to ring the bell for prayers, even bribing him to be punctual by gifts of wool and yarn. Of knowledge derived from books she possessed none, unless we except her Paternoster, her creed, and a few short prayers and invocations, she not differing in this particular from nine-tenths of the people of the kingdom. Probably not one of her race had ever been able to read. She was, nevertheless, a person of native superiority of mind and character, capable of public spirit, yearning for the deliverance of her country, fervid, energetic, of dexterous hand, well skilled in all the arts and industries appertaining to her lot, and proud to excel in them. It is not true that she was an inn servant, who rode the horses to water, and saddled them for travelers. She lived honorably in her father's house, earning her share of the family's subsistence by honest toil, spinning, weaving, bread-making, gardening, and field-work, "taking her spinning-wheel with her to the fields when it was her father's turn to tend the village herd" — a faithful helper

to her parents. She was a well-grown girl, robust, strong, and vigorous. Of the numerous portraits known to have been taken of her during the two years of her glory, I know not if any one has been preserved. Probably not; else why do not Martin, Guizot, and the other French historians give some authority for the radiant beauty of the pictures they present to us of the Maid? Beautiful she probably was. Pitiful and devout we know she was from the testimony of all her village, as well as from that of her pastors, who heard her in confession, and witnessed her life from day to day and from hour to hour. We know, also, that her heart was wrung with sorrow for her desolated country, and her careless, self-indulgent King, whom she ignorantly thought a peerless hero and a Christian knight without reproach.

Such traits as these, subdued by Catholic habits, impart to youth and beauty, untutored though it be, an assured serenity of demeanor which impresses and charms. By Catholic habits I mean such as the habit of remaining still and silent in one attitude for a long time, the habit of walking at a measured pace with the hands in a prescribed position, the habit of pausing several times a day and collecting the soul in meditation on themes remote from the day's toil and trouble. The effect of these habits upon the nervous system, and consequently upon the demeanor, is such as to give convent schools an obvious advantage, which keeps them full of pupils all over the world. Granting that the effect is chiefly physical, and that it is often overvalued, we must still admit that it often confers personal power and personal charm.

The story of this village maiden is incomprehensible, unless we allow her the might and majesty of such a *presence* as we still see in pure-minded and nobly purposed women. Many of those who executed her will at critical moments could only explain their

obedience by dwelling upon the power of her demeanor, which was at once impassioned and serene. Rude men-at-arms could not swear in her presence, and the nobles of a dissolute court yielded to the force of her resolve. They told her that her road to the king was infested with enemies. "I do not fear them," replied this peasant girl, not yet eighteen. "If there are enemies upon my road, God is there also, and He will know how to prepare my way to the Lord Dauphin. *I was created and put into the world for that!*" The Comte de Dunois in his old age, twenty-six years after the campaigns in which he had fought by her side, bore testimony to the commanding power of her words. She said one day to the king, in the hearing of Dunois: "When I am annoyed because my message from God is not more regarded, I go apart and pray to God; I lay my complaint before Him; and when my prayer is finished I hear a Voice which cries to me, 'Child of God, go, go; I will be your helper; go!' And when I hear that Voice I am glad exceedingly, and I wish to hear it always." After repeating these sentences of the Maid, old Dunois would add, "And what was more wondrous still, while she uttered these words her eyes were raised to heaven in a marvelous transport." This Maid, I repeat, is inexplicable, unless we think of her as one of those gifted persons who have natural power to sway and to impress.

She spoke to the king of a Voice that cheered and guided her. Usually she used the plural, *mes voix*. These Voices play the decisive part both in her life and death, and they furnish also the chief difficulty of her history. Most of us moderns have ceased to be able to believe in audible or visible supernatural guidance such as she claimed to enjoy, and we at once suspect imposture in the person who pretends to it. She shall tell her own story, and the reader, must judge it according to the light

which he possesses. Those who are inclined to set down all such pretensions as conscious frauds must not forget that Socrates spoke familiarly of his *dæmon*, whose *voice* he thought he heard, and whose behests he professed to obey from early life to his last hours. They should also recall the case of Columbus, who distinctly heard a voice in the night bidding him to be of good cheer, and holding out hopes of success which were *not* fulfilled. Jeanne Darc was quick enough to distrust and detect other claimants to supernatural visitations. The woman who pretended to receive nightly visitations from a Lady in White was quickly put to the test. Jeanne Darc resorted to the simple expedient of passing two nights with her, and when the vision did not appear, told her to go home and take care of her husband and children. This Maid also gave two proofs of genuineness not to be looked for in impostors. In her village home she was noted for her skill as well as for her fidelity in the labors belonging to her position; and when she had entered upon her public life, she was ever found in the thick of the battle, banner in hand, not indeed using her sword, but never shrinking from the post where swords were bloodiest. The false knaves of this world neither excel in homely duties nor lead the van in perilous ones.

France had never—*has* never—been so near extirpation. “The people,” as the historian Martin expresses it, “were no longer bathed in their sweat, but ground in their blood, debased below the beasts of the forest, among which they wander, panic-stricken, mutilated, in quest of an asylum in the wilderness.” This fervent and sympathetic girl came at length to *see* the desolation of her country; her own village was laid waste and plundered by a marauding band. From childhood she had been familiar with the legend, “France, lost through a maid, shall by a maid be saved.”

The story of her exploits at court, in camp, in the field, is familiar to all the world. A thousand vulgar fictions obscure and degrade its essential truth. What this untaught girl did for her country was simply this: she brought to bear upon the armies of France the influence of what our own Western preachers would call a "powerful revival of religion." From bands of reckless and dissolute plunderers, she made French soldiers orderly, decent, moral, and devout. Hope revived. She made the king believe in himself; she made the court believe in the cause. Men of faith saw in her the expected virgin savior: men of understanding perceived the advantage to their side of having her thus regarded. She may, too (as some of her warrior comrades testified in later years), have really possessed some military talent, as well as martial ardor and inspiration. They said of her that she had good judgment in placing artillery. Later in her short public career she showed herself restless, rash, uncontrollable; she made mistakes; she incurred disasters. But for many months, during which France regained a place among the powers of Europe, she was a glorious presence in the army—a warrior virgin, in brilliant attire, splendidly equipped, superbly mounted, nobly attended; a leader whom all eyes followed with confiding admiration, as one who had been their deliverer, and was still their chief. The lowliness of her origin was an element in her power over a people who worshiped every hour a Saviour who was cradled in a manger. We can still read over the door of an ancient inn at Rheims, the *Maison Rouge*, this inscription: "In the year 1429, at the coronation of Charles VII, in this tavern, then called *The Zebra*, the father and mother of Jeanne Darc lodged, at the expense of the City Council."

Her career could not but be brief. When she left home to deliver her country, she had lived, according to the

most recent French authorities, seventeen years and two months. Fifteen months later, May 24, 1439, after a series of important victories followed by minor defeats, she was taken prisoner under the walls of Compiègne, which she was attempting to relieve. French troops, fighting on the side of the English, captured her and held her prisoner. French priests, in the metropolitan church of Nôtre Dame at Paris, celebrated her capture by a "Te Deum." It is doubtful if her own king lamented her; for this devoted, deluded girl belonged to the order of mortals whom the powers of this world often find it as convenient to be rid of as to use. It is probable that she had expended her power to be of service and had become unmanageable. Small, needless failures, chargeable to her own rash impetuosity, had lessened her prestige. For the fair and wanton Agnes Sorel the idle King of France would have attempted much; but he made no serious effort to ransom or to rescue the Maid to whom he owed his crown and kingdom.

Politicians are much the same in every age, since the work they have to do is much the same in every age. Two parties as well as two kings were contending for the possession of France, and one of these, by the prompt and adroit use of the Maid of Orleans, had gained for their side the conquering force of a religious revival. Bedford, the regent of the kingdom, who had seen his conquests falling away from him before the banner of a rustic girl, felt the necessity of depriving his rival of this advantage. If there were two powers contending for the kingdom of France, were there not two powers contending for the kingdom of this world? Loyal France had accepted the Maid as sent from God; it now devolved upon the English regent to demonstrate that she was an agent of Satan. He bought her of her captors for ten thousand pounds—a vast sum for that period—and had her brought

to Rouen, a chief seat of the English power, where to this day the bones of the regent lie magnificently entombed in the cathedral. There he caused a trial to be arranged, of a character so imposing as to command the attention of Europe. No homage rendered her by her adherents conveys to us such a sense of her importance as this trial contrived by an able ruler to neutralize her influence.

A politician who had the bestowal of church preferments could as easily find ecclesiastics to execute his will as a politician, who has only trivial, precarious offices to give, can pack a convention and control a caucus. Bedford's written promise of the archbishopric of Rouen made Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, his superservicable agent, through whom all that was most imposing and authoritative in the Church convened at Rouen to try the Maid. Bishops, abbés, priors, six representatives of the University of Paris, the chief officer of the Inquisition, learned doctors, noted priests—in a word, sixty of the *élite* of the Church in English France, all of them Frenchmen—assisted at the trial.

The castle at Rouen, a vast and impregnable edifice in the style of the period, was the scene of these transactions. The great tower is still in good preservation; the rest of the structure has disappeared. This gloomy-looking extensive edifice, Jeanne Darc's prison and courthouse, was the centre of interest to two kingdoms during her half year's detention. It swarmed with inhabitants. As if to nullify the Maid's effective stroke of the Rheims coronation, the uncles of the English king, who was not yet ten years of age, had brought him once more to France, and he remained an inmate of the castle of Rouen during the trial. A Norman chronicler, who saw his entry into Rouen in July, 1430, speaks of him as a very beautiful boy (*ung tres beau filz*), and adds that the streets through which he

passed were more magnificently decorated than they had ever been before on sacramental days. At the gate were banners on which were blazoned the arms of England and France; and on his way to the cathedral the people cheered him so loudly that the little king told them to cease, for they made too much noise. Shows were exhibited in the streets, and the king looked at them; and when at last he entered his castle, the bells rang out a peal as if God himself had descended from heaven. There he remained for a year with his uncle Bedford, the regent, his grand-uncle Beaufort, Cardinal of Winchester, his governor, the Earl of Warwick, and the chief officers of both the royal and the vice-royal courts, all intent upon undoing in France what a village maiden had wrought in fifteen months. The castle was pervaded with intense life, and an ill-disciplined host of guards and men-at-arms were posted about it.

Jeanne Darc, treated by her French captors with decency and consideration, and detained in a lordly château more as a guest than a prisoner, bore the first months of her confinement with patience and dignity. On one point only she showed herself obstinate: she refused to lay aside her man's dress. The people of that day, if we may judge from these old records, held in particular horror the wearing of man's clothes by a woman. The ladies of the château, knowing what an advantage this costume gave her enemies, provided her with woman's clothes, and besought her to put them on. She could not be persuaded to so, alleging that she had assumed her man's dress by Divine command, and had not yet received Divine permission to change it. In other respects she was tractable, and seemed absorbed in the events of the war, ever longing to be again in the field.

The news reached her at length that she had been sold to the English—the dreadful English!—and was about to

be given up to them. "I would rather die," she cried, in despair, "than be surrendered to the English!" Then her thoughts recurred to her work unfinished—her country not yet delivered. "Is it possible," she added, "that God will let those good people of Compiègne perish, who have been and are so loyal to their lord?" Some days of anguish passed. Then she took a desperate resolution. "I could bear it no longer," she afterwards said; and so, "recommending herself to God and our Lady," she sprang one night from the tower in which she was confined to the ground, a height, as M. Quicherat computes, of between sixty and seventy feet. It was her only chance, and it *was* a chance, for she was found the next morning lying at the foot of the tower, insensible, indeed, but with no bones broken, and not seriously injured. She soon revived, and in three days was able to walk about. The English claimed their prey, and soon had her safe in the castle of Rouen.

Her new masters did not mean that she should escape. They assigned her a room in the first story of the castle, "up eight steps," placed two pair of shackles upon her legs, and chained her night and day to a thick post. It was their policy to degrade as well as to keep her, and they accordingly gave her five guards of the lowest rank, three of whom were to be always in her room, night and day, and two outside. In this woful plight, manacled, chained, watched, but not protected, by soldiers, with only a bed for all furniture, was she held captive for three months, awaiting trial—she who had until recently shone resplendent at the head of armies, and to whom mothers had held up their children as she passed through towns, hoping to win for them the benediction of her smile.

Her room, we are told, had three keys, one of which was kept by the Cardinal of Winchester, one by the Inquisitor, and the other by the manager of the trial;

and yet, as it seems, almost any one who chose could enter her room, gaze upon her, and even converse with her. The little king saw her. The king's advocate visited her, and jested with her upon her condition, saying that she would not have come to Rouen if she had not been brought thither, and asking if she had known beforehand if she should be taken.

"I feared it," said she.

"If you feared it," he asked, "why were you not upon your guard?"

She replied, "I did not know the day nor the hour."

After preliminaries that threatened to be endless, the public part of the trial began on Wednesday, February 21, 1431, at eight in the morning, in the great chapel of the château. The Bishop of Beauvais presided, and of the sixty ecclesiastics summoned forty-four were present. Three authorized reporters were in their places, and there were some other clerks, concealed by a curtain, who took notes for the special use of the English regent. There was a crowd of spectators, "a great tumult" in the chapel, and very little order in the proceedings. At a time when lords took their dogs and hawks into church with them, and merchants made their bargains in the naves of cathedrals, we need not look for a scrupulous decorum in a court convened to try a girl for the crime of being "vehemently suspected of heresy." That was the charge: *véhémentement suspecte d'hérésie*. And such a grand tumult was there in the chapel that day that the subsequent sessions were held in a smaller hall of the castle.

The prisoner was brought in, freed from her chains, and was allowed to sit. No one of the many pens employed in recording the events of this day has given us any hint of her appearance. We have, indeed, the enumeration of the articles of her man's attire, which was made such a

heinous charge against her: "The hair cut round like that of young men, shirt, breeches, doublet with twenty points reaching to the knee, hat covering only the top of the head, boots and gaiters, with spurs, sword, dagger, cuirass, lance, and other arms carried by soldiers." This was her equipment for the field. She still wore man's dress, and doubtless her person showed the effects of nine months' imprisonment and three months of chains and fetters.

The presiding bishop told her to place her hands upon the Gospel and swear to answer truly the questions that would be proposed to her. "I do not know," said she, "upon what you wish to question me. Perhaps you will ask me things which I ought not to tell you." "Swear," rejoined the bishop, "to tell the truth upon whatever may be asked of you concerning the faith and the facts within your knowledge."

"As to my father and mother," she said, "and what I did after setting out for France, I will swear willingly; but the revelations which have come to me from God, to no one have I related or revealed them, except alone to Charles, my king; and I shall not reveal them to you though you cut off my head, because I have received them by vision and by secret communication, with injunction not to reveal them. Before eight days have passed I shall know if I am to reveal them to you."

The bishop urged her again and again to take the oath without conditions. She refused, and they were at length obliged to yield the point, and accept a limited oath. Upon her knees, with both hands placed upon a missal, she swore to answer truly whatever might be asked of her, so far as she could, concerning the common faith of Christians, but no more. Being then questioned concerning her name and early life, she answered thus:

"In my own country I was called Jeannette; since I

have been in France I have been called Jeanne. As to my surname I know nothing. I was born at the village of Domremy, which makes one with the village of Greux. The principal church is at Greux. My father is named Jacques Darc; my mother Ysabelle. I was baptized in the church of Domremy. One of my godmothers was named Agnes, another Jeanne, a third Sibylle. One of my godfathers was Jean Lingué, another Jean Varrey. I had several other godmothers, as I have heard my mother say. I was baptized, I believe, by Messire Jean Minet. I think he is still living. I think I am about nineteen years of age. From my mother I learned my Pater, my Ave Marie, and my Credo. I learned from my mother all that I believe."

"Say your Pater," said the presiding bishop.

"Hear me in confession, and I will say it for you willingly."

Several times she was asked to say the Lord's Prayer, but she always replied, "No, I will not say my Pater for you unless you hear me in confession."

"We will willingly give you," said the bishop, "one or two notable men who speak French; will you say your Pater to them?"

"I shall not say it," was her reply, "unless in confession."

As the session was about to close, the bishop forbade her to leave the prison which had been assigned her in the castle, under pain of being pronounced guilty of heresy, the crime charged.

"I do not accept such an injunction," she replied. "If ever I escape, no one shall be able to reproach me with having broken my faith, as I have not given my word to any person whatever." She continued to speak, in language not recorded, complaining that they had bound her with chains and shackles.

“You tried several times,” said the bishop, “to escape from the prison where you were detained, and it was to keep you more surely that you were ordered to be put in irons.”

“It is true,” was her reply, “I wished to get away, and I wish it still. Is that not a thing allowed to every prisoner?”

She was then removed to her chamber, and the court broke up. The next morning at eight, in the robing-room of the château—a large apartment near the great drawing-room—the court again convened, forty-seven dignitaries of the Church being assembled. Again the captive was unchained and brought in. Again she sat in the presence of this convocation of trained men, alone, without advocate, counsel, or attorney. She understood the issue between herself and them. The managers of the trial meant to make France believe that this girl was an emissary of the devil, and thus she felt herself compelled to fall back upon her claim to be the chosen of God, and to insist upon this with painful repetition. We must bear in mind that she was absolutely severed from all active, efficient human sympathy. It was a contest between one poor, ignorant girl and the managers of the court, paid and backed by the power that governed all England and half France, with the stake as the certain consequence to her of an erroneous line of defence. In all the trial she was the only witness examined.

Again the bishop required her to take the oath without conditions; to which she replied, “I swore yesterday; that ought to suffice.”

“Every person,” said the bishop, “though he were a prince, being required to swear in any matter relating to the faith, cannot refuse.”

“I took the oath yesterday,” said she; “that ought to be sufficient for you. You ask too much of me.” The

contest ended as on the day before. She was then interrogated by Jean Beaupère, a distinguished professor of theology.

“How old were you when you left your father’s house?”

“As to my age, I cannot answer”

“Did you learn any trade in your youth?”

“Yes; I learned to spin and sew. In sewing and spinning I fear no woman in Rouen. For fear of the Burgundians* I left my father’s house and went to the city of Neufchâteau, in Lorraine, to the house of a woman named La Rousse, where I remained about fifteen days. While I was at my father’s I assisted at the usual labors of the house. I was not accustomed to go to the fields with the sheep and other animals. Every year I confessed to my own pastor, and, when he was engaged, to another priest with his permission. Sometimes, also—two or three times, I believe—I confessed to religious mendicants. That was at Neufchâteau. At Easter I received the sacrament of the Eucharist.”

“Did you receive the sacrament of the Eucharist at other festivals besides Easter?”

“No matter. I was thirteen years old when I had a voice from God, which called upon me to conduct myself well. The first time I heard that voice I was terrified. It was noon, in summer, in my father’s garden. I had not fasted the evening before. I heard that voice at my right, toward the church. I seldom heard it when it was not accompanied by a flash. This flash came from the same side as the voice. Usually it was very brilliant. Since I have been in France I have often heard that voice.”

“But how could you see the flash which you mentioned, since it was on one side?”

* French faction siding with the English.

She did not answer this foolish question, but immediately resumed, thus :

“If I was in a forest I would hear the voice, for it would come to me. It appeared to me to come from lips worthy of respect; I believe it was sent to me by God. When I heard it for the third time I recognized that it was the voice of an angel. That voice has always guarded me well, and I have always well understood it. It told me to behave well and to go often to church; it said to me that I must go into France. Do you ask me in what form that voice appeared to me? You will not have more about it from me this time. Two or three times a week it said to me, ‘You must go into France!’ My father knew nothing about my going. The voice said to me, ‘Go into France!’ I could bear it no longer. It said to me: ‘Go; raise the siege of the city of Orleans. Go,’ it added, ‘to Robert de Baudricourt, commandant of Vaucouleurs; he will furnish people to accompany you.’ But I am a poor girl, who knows neither how to ride on horseback nor make war! I went to my uncle’s house, and told him my wish to remain with him some time; and there I remained eight days. To him I said I must go to Vaucouleurs. He took me there. When I arrived I knew Robert de Baudricourt, although I had never seen him. I knew him, thanks to my voice, which caused me to know him. I said to Robert, ‘I must go into France.’ Twice Robert refused to hear me, and repelled me. The third time he received me, and furnished me men; the voice had said that it would be so. The Duc de Lorraine sent orders to have me brought to him. I went; I said to him that I wished to go into France. The duke questioned me upon his health, and I told him I knew nothing about it. I spoke to him little about my journey. I told him he had to furnish me his son and some people to conduct me into France, and that I would pray to God for

his health. I went to him with a safe-conduct; thence I returned to Vaucouleurs. From Vaucouleurs I set out dressed like a man, with a sword given me by Robert de Baudricourt, without other arms. I had with me a knight, a squire, and four servants, with whom I reached the city of St. Urbain, where I slept in an abbey. On the way I passed through Auxerre, where I heard mass in the principal church. At that time I often had my voices."

"Who advised you to wear men's clothes?"

Again and again she refused all answer to this question; but at last she said, "I charge no one with that." Then she ran on in this manner: "Robert de Baudricourt made the men who accompanied me swear to conduct me safely and well. 'Go,' said he to me—'go, let come of it what will!' I well know that God loves the Duc d'Orléans; I have had more revelations about the Duc d'Orléans than about any living man except my king. I *had* to change my woman's dress for a man's. Upon that point my counsel advised me well. I sent a letter to the English before Orleans, telling them to depart, as appears from a copy of my letter which has been read in this city of Rouen; but in that copy there are two or three words which are not in my letter. 'Yield to the Maid,' ought to be changed to 'Yield to the king.' These words also are not in my letter—'body for body,' and 'chief of war.' I went without difficulty to the king. Having arrived at the village of St. Catherine de Fierbois, I sent for the first time to the château of Chinon, where the king was. I reached Chinon toward noon, and took lodgings at first at an inn. After dinner I went to the king, who was in the château. When I entered the room where he was, I knew him among many others by the counsel of my voice, which revealed him to me. I told him that I wished to go and make war against the English."

"When the voice showed you the king, was there any light there?"

“Pass on.”

“Did you see any angel above the king?”

“Spare me; pass on. Before the king sent me to the field, he had many apparitions and beautiful revelations.”

“What revelations and apparitions did the king have?”

“I shall not tell you. This is not the time to answer you; but send to the king; he will tell you. The voice had promised me that as soon as I had reached the king, he would receive me. Those of my party knew well that the voice was sent me from God; they saw and knew that voice. I am certain of it. My king and several others have heard and seen the voices which came to me; there was Charles de Bourbon and two or three others. No day passes in which I do not hear that voice, and I have much need of it. But never have I demanded of it any recompense except the salvation of my soul. The voice told me to remain at St. Denis, in France, and I wished to do so; but against my will the lords made me set out thence. If I had not been wounded, I should not have gone. After having left St. Denis, I was wounded in the defences of Paris; but I was cured in five days. It is true that I made a skirmish before Paris”

“Was not that on a holy day?”

“I believe it was.”

“Was it well to make an assault on a holy day?”

To this she only replied by saying:

“Pass on,” and the questioning then ceased for the day. The next morning, for the first time, a full court was present, the presiding bishop and sixty-two abbés, priors, and other priests. Little was extracted from her during this day's examination, although she made some spirited answers. Being asked if she knew that she was in a state of grace, she said, “If I am not, God put me in it! if I am, God keep me in it!” They asked her if the people of her village were not of the French party,

The old village partisanship blazed up in her answer: "If I had known one Burgundian at Domremy, I should have been willing to have his head cut off — that is, if it had pleased God."

The next day was Sunday, and the Monday following was probably some holy day of Lent, for the next session of the court occurred on Tuesday, when she was examined by the same "Master Beaupère," distinguished theologian. He questioned her long, and led her on to admissions which her enemies knew well how to use against her.

"How have you been since Saturday last?"

"You see well how I have been; I have been as well as I could be."

"Do you fast every day during this Lent?"

"Has that anything to do with the case? No matter: yes, I have fasted every day during this Lent."

"Have you heard your voice since Saturday?"

"Yes, indeed, and several times."

"On Saturday did you hear it in this hall where you are questioned?"

"That has nothing to do with your case. No matter: yes, I heard it."

"What did it say to you last Saturday?"

"I did not well understand it, and I heard nothing that I can repeat to you until I had gone to my chamber."

"What did it say to you in your chamber on your return?"

"It said to me, 'Answer them boldly.' I take counsel of my voices upon what you ask me. I shall willingly tell you what I shall have from God permission to reveal; but as to the revelations concerning the King of France, I shall not tell them without the permission of my voice."

"Has your voice forbidden you to reveal all?"

"I have not well understood it."

“What did the voice tell you last?”

“I asked advice of it upon certain things which you asked me.”

“Did it give you that advice?”

“Upon some points, yes; upon others you may ask me information which I shall not give you, not having received permission. For if I should respond without permission, I should have no more voices to second me. When I shall have permission from our Lord, I shall not fear to speak, because I shall have warrant so to do.”

“Was the voice which spoke to you that of an angel, of a saint, or of God directly?”

“It was the voice of St. Catherine and St. Margaret. Their heads were adorned with beautiful crowns, very rich and very precious. I have permission from our Lord to tell you so much. If you have any doubt of this, send to Poitiers, where I was formerly interrogated.”

“How did you know that they were saints? How did you distinguish one from the other?”

“I know well that they were saints, and I easily distinguish one from the other.”

“How do you distinguish them?”

“By the salute which they make me. Seven years have passed since they undertook to guide me. I know them well, because they have named themselves to me.”

“Were those two saints clad in the same fabric?”

“For the moment I shall tell you no more; I have not permission to reveal it. If you do not believe me, go to Poitiers. There are some revelations which belong to the King of France, and not to you who interrogate me.”

“Are the two saints of the same age?”

“I am not permitted to tell.”

“Did both speak at once, or one at a time?”

“I have not permission to tell you; nevertheless, I have always had counsel from both.”

“Which appeared to you first?”

“I distinguished them one from the other. I knew how I did it once, but I have forgotten. If I receive permission I will willingly tell you; it is written in the record at Poitiers. I have received comfort also from St. Michael.”

“Which of those two apparitions came to you first?”

“St. Michael.”

“Was it a long time ago that you heard the voice of St. Michael for the first time?”

“I did not mention the *voice* of St. Michael; I told you that I had great comfort from him.”

“What was the first voice that came to you when you were about thirteen years of age?”

“It was St. Michael. I saw him before my eyes; he was not alone, but was surrounded by angels from heaven. I only came into France by the command of God.”

“Did you see St. Michael and those angels in a bodily form, and in reality?”

“I saw them with the eyes of my body as well as I can see you. When they left me I wept, and wished to be borne away with them.”

“In what form was St. Michael?”

“You will have no other answer from me; I have not yet license to tell you.”

“What did St. Michael say to you that first time?”

“You will have no answer to-day. My voices said to me, ‘Answer boldly.’ I told the king at once all that was revealed to me, because that concerned him; but I have not yet permission to reveal to you all that St. Michael said to me. I should be very glad if you had a copy of that book which is at Poitiers, if it please God.”

“Have your voices forbidden you to make known your revelations without permission from them?”

“I do not answer you upon that point. So far as I

have received permission I shall answer willingly. I did not quite understand if my voices forbade me to reply."

"What sign do you give that you received that revelation from God, and that it was St. Catherine and St. Margaret who conversed with you?"

"I have told you it was they; believe me if you wish."

"Is it forbidden you to tell it?"

"I did not quite understand whether it was forbidden me or not."

"How can you distinguish the things which you have permission to reveal from those which you are forbidden?"

"Upon certain points I have asked permission, and upon some I have obtained it. Rather than have come into France without God's permission, I would have been torn asunder by four horses."

"Did God command you to dress like a man?"

"As to that dress, it is a trifle—less than nothing. I did not take it by the advice of any living man; neither put on this dress nor did anything else except by the command of our Lord and the angels."

"Does the command to wear a man's dress seem to you lawful [*licite*]?"

"All that I have done was by the command of our Lord. If He had told me to wear another dress, I should have worn it, because it was His command."

"Did you not assume this costume by the order of Robert de Baudricourt?"

"No."

"Do you think you did well to wear a man's dress?"

"All that I did was by our Lord's order: I believe I did do well. I expect from it good security and good succor."

"In this particular case, the wearing of a man's dress, do you think you did well?"

"I have done nothing in the world except by the command of God."

“When you saw that voice come to you, was there any light?”

“There was much light on all sides, as there should have been.” (To the interrogator). “There does not come as much to you.”

“Was there an angel above your king’s head when you saw him for the first time?”

“By our Lady! if there was one, I know nothing about it. I did not see him.”

“Was there any light?”

“There were more than three hundred knights, and more than fifty torches, without counting the spiritual light. I rarely have revelations without light.”

“How was your king enabled to believe in your claims?”

“He had good signs, and the learned clergy rendered me good testimony.”

“What revelations did your king have?”

“You will not have them from me this year. I was interrogated for three weeks by the clergy at Chinon and at Poitiers. Before being willing to believe me, the king had a sign of the truth of my statement, and the clergy of my party were of opinion that there was nothing but good in my undertaking.”

“Were you at St. Catherine de Fierbois?”

“Yes, and there I heard three masses in one day; then I went to the château of Chinon, whence I sent a letter to the king to know if he would grant me an interview, telling him that I had traveled a hundred and fifty leagues to come to his assistance, and that I knew many things favorable to him. I think I remember saying in my letter that I should know how to recognize him among all others. I had a sword which I obtained at Vaucouleurs. Whilst I was at Tours or at Chinon, I sent to seek a sword which was in the church of St. Catherine de

Fierbois, behind the altar ; and there it was immediately found, covered with rust. That sword was in the earth rusty ; above it there were five crosses ; I knew by my voice where the sword was. I never saw the man who went to find it. I wrote to the priests of the place asking them if I might have that sword, and they sent it to me. It was under the ground, not very deep, behind the altar, as it seems to me. I am not quite sure whether it was before or behind the altar, but I think I wrote it was behind. As soon as it was found, the priests of the church rubbed it, and at once, without effort, the rust fell off. It was an armorer of Tours who went to find it. The priests of Fierbois made me a present of a scabbard, those of Tours of another ; one was of crimson velvet, the other of cloth of gold. I caused a third to be made of very strong leather. When I was taken I had not that sword on. I always wore the sword of Fierbois from the time I had it until my departure from St. Denis, after the assault upon Paris."

"What benediction did you pronounce, or cause to be pronounced, upon that sword?"

"I neither blessed it nor had it blessed ; I should not have known how to do it. Much I loved that sword, because it was found in the church of St. Catherine, whom I warmly love."

"Did you sometimes place your sword upon an altar, and in so placing it was it that your sword might be more fortunate?"

"Not that I remember."

"Did you sometimes pray that it might be more fortunate?"

"Beyond question, I wished my arms to be very fortunate."

"Had you that sword on when you were taken?"

"No ; I had one that had been taken from a Burgundian."

“Where was the sword of Fierbois?”

“I offered a sword and some arms to St. Denis, but it was not that sword. The sword I then wore I got at Lagny, and wore it from Lagny even to Compiègne. It was a good sword for service; excellent to give good whacks and wipes [*torchons*]. As to what has become of the other sword, it does not regard this trial, and I shall not now reply thereupon. My brothers have all my property, my horses, my sword, as I suppose, and the rest, worth more than twelve thousand crowns.”

“When you were at Orleans, had you a standard or banner, and of what color was it?”

“I had a banner, the ground of which was covered with lilies; and there was a picture upon it of the world, with an angel on each side. It was white, of the white fabric called fustian [*boucassin*]. There was written upon it, I think, ‘Jhesus Maria,’ and it was fringed with silk.”

“Were the names of Jhesus Maria written on the upper or the under part, on the lower, or on one side?”

“Upon one side, I believe.”

“Which did you love best, your banner or your sword?”

“Much better, forty times better, my banner than my sword.”

“Who caused you to have that picture made upon your banner?”

“Often enough I have told you that I did nothing except by the command of God. It was myself who carried that banner when I attacked the enemy, in order to avoid killing any one, for I have never killed a single person.”

“What force did your king give you when he accepted your services?”

“He gave me ten or twelve thousand men. At first I went to Orleans, to the tower of St. Loup, and afterward to that of the bridge.”

“At the attack of which tower was it that you withdrew your men?”

“I do not remember. I was very sure of raising the siege of Orleans; I had had a revelation on the subject; I told the king before going there I should raise it.”

“Before the assault, did you tell your people that you alone would receive the javelins and the stones thrown by the machines and cannons?”

“No; a hundred of my people, and even more were wounded. I said to them, ‘Fear not, and you will raise the siege.’ At the assault of the bridge tower I was wounded in the neck with an arrow or lance; but I had great comfort from St. Catherine, and I was cured in less than fifteen days. I did not cease on that account to ride on horseback and to labor. I knew well I should be wounded; I told my king so, but that, notwithstanding, I should keep at work. They had been revealed to me by the voices of my two saints, blessed Catherine and blessed Margaret. It was I who first placed a ladder against the tower, and it was in raising that ladder that I was wounded in the neck by the lance.”

The session ended soon after, and the prisoner was removed. There were six of these public examinations, but nothing further of much importance was elicited by them.

The public examinations being at an end, the court took a week to review and consider the evidence obtained. They decided that further light was needed on some points, and ordered that she should be examined in secret by seven learned doctors, and her answers recorded for the subsequent use of the whole court. There were nine of these secret questionings, but she adhered to her fatal line of defence, ever insisting upon her supernatural pretensions, and adding particulars which placed her more hopelessly than before in the power of her enemies. To

complete the reader's view of this portion of the trial, I select one of these secret examinations (the fourth) for translation, in which she overtasked the credulity even of her adherents, and made her well-wishers in the court powerless to serve her.

“What was the sign which you gave your king?”

“Would you like me to perjure myself?”

“Have you promised and sworn to St. Catherine not to reveal that sign?”

“I have sworn and promised not to reveal that sign, and of my own accord, too, because they pressed me too much to reveal it; and then I said to myself: I promise not to speak of it to any man in the world. The sign was that an angel assured my king, when bringing him the crown, that he would possess the whole kingdom of France, through the help of God and my labor. The angel told him also to set me at work, that is to say, give me some soldiers, or otherwise he would not be crowned and anointed so soon.”

“Have you spoken to St. Catherine since yesterday?”

“I have heard her since yesterday, and she told me several times to answer the judges boldly concerning whatever they should ask me touching my case.”

“How did the angel carry the crown? and did he place it himself upon your king's head?”

“The crown was given to an archbishop, namely, the Archbishop of Rheims, I believe in my king's presence. The archbishop received it, and remitted it to the king. I was myself present. The crown was afterward placed in my king's treasury.”

“Where was it that the crown was brought to the king?”

“It was in the king's chamber at the château of Chinon.”

“What day and hour?”

“As to the I day, know not; in regard to the hour, it was early. I have no further recollection concerning it. For the month, it was March or April, it seems to me, two years from the present month. It was after Easter.”

“Was it the first day of your seeing this sign that your king saw it also?”

“Yes, he saw it the same day.”

“Of what material was the said crown?”

“It is good to know that it was fine gold; so rich was it that I should not know how to estimate its value, nor appreciate its beauty. The crown signified that my king should possess the kingdom of France.”

“Were there any precious stones in it?”

“I have told you what I know of it.”

“Did you handle or kiss it?”

“No.”

“Did the angel who brought that crown come from heaven or earth?”

“He came from on high, and I understand he came by the command of our Lord. He entered by the door of the chamber. When he came before my king, he paid homage to him by bowing before him, and by pronouncing the words which I have already mentioned, and at the same time recalled to his memory the beautiful patience with which he had borne his great troubles. The angel walked from the door, and touched the floor in coming to the king.”

“How far was it from the door to the king?”

“My impression is that it was about the length of a lance; and he returned by the same way he had entered. When the angel came, I accompanied him, and went with him up the staircase to the king’s chamber. The angel entered first, and then myself, and I said to the king, ‘Sire, here is your sign: take it.’”

“In what place did the angel appear to you?”

“I was almost continually in prayer that God would send a sign to the king, and I was in my lodgings at a good woman’s house near the château of Chinon when he came; then we went together toward the king; he was accompanied by other angels whom no one saw. If it had not been for love of me, and to put me beyond the reach of those who accused me, I believe several who saw the angel would not have seen him.”

“Did all who were with the king see the angel?”

“I believe the Archbishop of Rheims saw him, as well as the lords D’Alençon, La Trémouille, and Charles de Bourbon. As to the crown, many churchmen and others saw it who did not see the angel.”

“Of what countenance, of what stature, was that angel?”

“I have not permission to say; to-morrow I will answer that.”

“Were all the angels who accompanied him of the same countenance?”

“Some of them were a good deal alike, others not, at least from my point of view. Some had wings; others had crowns. In their company were St. Catherine and St. Margaret, who were with the angel just mentioned, and the other angels also, even in the king’s chamber.”

“How did the angel leave you?”

“He left me in a little chapel. I was very angry at his going. I wept. Willingly would I have gone away with him—that is to say, my soul.”

“After the angel’s departure, did you continue joyful?”

“He did not leave me fearful or frightened, but I was angry at his departure.”

“Was it on account of your merit that God sent to you His angel?”

“He came for a great purpose, and I was in hopes that the king would take him for a sign, and that they would

cease arguing about my carrying succor to the good people of Orleans. The angel came, also, for the merit of the king and of the good Duc d'Orléans."

"Why to you rather than another?"

"It pleased God to act thus by means of a simple maid in order to repel the enemies of the king."

"Has he told you whence the angel brought that crown?"

"It was brought from God, and there is no goldsmith in the world who could make it so rich or so beautiful."

"Where did he get it?"

"I attribute it to God, and know not otherwise whence it was taken."

"Did a good smell come from the crown? Did it shine?"

"I do not remember; I will inform myself." Resuming after a pause: "Yes, it smelled well, and will always, provided it is well taken care of, as it should be. It was in the style of a crown."

"Did the angel write you a letter?"

"No."

"What sign had your king, the people who were with him, and yourself, to make you think it was an angel?"

"The king believed it through the instruction of the churchmen who were there, and by the sign of the crown."

"But how did the clergy themselves know that it was an angel?"

"By their learning, and because they were clergymen."

The session closed soon after, and she was conducted once more to her apartment. The learned doctors questioned her closely, and even skillfully, during these nine secret sessions, and she often answered them with vivacity and force. They asked her one day why she had thrown herself from the tower. She told them that she

had heard the people of Compiègne were to be put to the sword, even to children seven years of age, and that she preferred to die rather than to survive such a massacre of good people. "That," she added, "was one of the reasons. The other was, I knew I had been sold to the English, and I held it better to die than fall into the hands of my adversaries." On another occasion she declared that she had not sprung from the tower in despair, but in the hope of escaping, and of going to the succor of the brave men who were in peril. She owned, however, that it was a rash and wrong action, of which she had repented. As she often expressed a desire to hear mass, they asked her one day which she would prefer, to put on a woman's dress and hear mass, or retain her man's clothes and not hear it. Her answer was, "First assure me that I shall hear mass if I put on woman's clothes, and then I will answer you."

"Very well," said the questioner, "I engage that you shall hear mass if you will put on a woman's dress."

She replied that she would wear a woman's dress to mass, but that on her return she should resume her man's clothes.

They asked her finally, and the trial turned upon this point, if she was willing to submit all her words and deeds to the judgment of the holy mother Church.

"The Church!" she exclaimed. "I love it, and desire to sustain it with my whole power, for the sake of our Christian faith. It is not I who should be hindered from going to church and hearing mass." But she would not answer this decisive question in a way to increase her chances of escape. As to what she had done for her king and country, she said she submitted it all to God, who had sent her, and then she wandered into a prediction that the French were on the eve of a great victory. The priest repeated his question, but she only replied that she

submitted all to God, our Lady, and the saints. "And my opinion is," said she, "that God and the Church are one." The questioner then explained to her that there was a Church militant and a Church triumphant, and that it was to the Church militant—consisting of the Pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, and all good Catholics—to which her submission was required.

But she could not be brought to submit to the Church militant. To the end of these nine incisive questionings she held her ground firmly, claiming supernatural warrant for all that she had done for her king and party, glorying in it, protesting her warm desire to renew her labors in the field, and refusing to resume the dress of her sex. She said that if they condemned her to the stake, she would wear at the last hour a long woman's garment, but till then she should retain the attire assigned her by Divine command. She refused, a few days after, even to change her dress for the mass.

Further deliberation followed, and at length the charges against her were drawn up, to the number of seventy, each of which was read to her in open court, and her answer required. Many weary days were thus consumed without result. When the last charge had been read and answered, she was asked again the question upon which her life depended, "If the Church militant says to you that your revelations are illusory or diabolical, will you submit to the decision of the Church?" Her answer was the same as before: "I submit all to God, whose command I shall always obey."

The seventy charges were then condensed to twelve, for the convenience of the court. These charges were chiefly drawn from her own avowals. The first article, for example, accused her of saying that she had been visited and guided by St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret. Her leap from the tower, as related by herself, was

one of the charges, her inscribing sacred names on her banner was another. The charges, in short, were the condensed statement of her own answers, the chief point of offence being that she claimed for her mission supernatural authorization and aid. The outward and visible sign of this pretension was the wearing of men's clothes.

The patience of the court with their contumacious prisoner was remarkable, and seems to indicate that the court as a body meant to try her fairly, and that there were members who desired her acquittal. Eight learned doctors were next appointed to visit her in her room, and give her a solemn and affectionate admonition, and urge her, by timely submission and repentance, to save her body from the fire and her soul from perdition. They performed this duty well. They offered to send her other learned men, if she would designate them, who would visit her, instruct her, resolve her doubts, and guide her into the true way. She thanked them for their pains, adhered to all her pretensions, and refused to change her dress. "Let come what will," said she, "I shall not say or do otherwise."

After days of further deliberation, they caused her to be conducted to a chamber of the great tower, in which were the apparatus of the torture, and the men in official costume who usually applied it. "Truly," said she, as she looked upon the hideous implements, "if you tear me limb from limb, and separate soul from body, I should say nothing other than I have said; and even if I should, I should forever maintain that you made me say it by force." And she went on to speak of her voices in her usual manner. The court decided that, considering "the hardness of her heart," the punishment of the torture would profit her little, and that therefore it might be dispensed with, at least for the present. One learned and pious doctor thought that the torture would be a "salu-

tary medicine for her soul," but the general opinion was that she had already confessed enough. As a Catholic she had indeed put herself fatally in the wrong, and given her enemies all the pretext for her condemnation which the age required.

More deliberations followed. The University of Paris was formally consulted, and would give but one answer : either the events related by the prisoner occurred, or they did not occur ; if they did not occur, she is a contumacious liar ; if they did occur, she is a sorceress and a servant of the devil. She must therefore confess, recant, renounce, submit, or suffer a penalty proportioned to her crimes. This decision was also communicated to the Maid with the utmost solemnity, and she was again exhorted and entreated to submit. The address delivered to her on this occasion was eloquent and pathetic, and the argument presented was one which should have convinced a Catholic. The orator, however, expended his main strength in tender entreaty, begging her, for her immortal's soul's sake, not to persist in setting her own uninstructed judgment against that of the University of Paris, and so great a body of eminent clergy. It was of no avail. "If," said she, "I was already condemned, if I saw the brand lighted, the fagots ready, and the executioner about to kindle the fire, and if I was actually in the flames, I should say only what I have said, and maintain all that I have said, till death.

She was to have one more opportunity to escape the fire. On Thursday morning, May 24th, the scene of the trial was changed from a room in Rouen castle to the public cemetery of the city. A spacious platform was erected for the prisoner. The "Cardinal of England" attended, and there was a vast concourse of excited people, now admitted for the first time to witness the proceedings. The Maid was conveyed to the spot in a

cart, and placed upon the stand prepared for her, the cart remaining to take her to the castle or to the stake, according to the issue of this day's session. When all were in their places, a preacher of great renown rose, and, taking his place opposite to the prisoner, preached a sermon upon the text, "A branch can not bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine," which he concluded by a last solemn exhortation to the prisoner to yield submission to the Church.

She was not shaken. In her first reply, however, she tried a new expedient, saying, "Send to Rome, to our holy father the Pope, to whom, after God, I yield submission." Three times she was asked if she was willing to renounce those of her acts and words which the court condemned. Her last reply was, "I appeal to God and our holy father the Pope."

The presiding bishop then began the reading of her sentence. The reading had proceeded two or three minutes, when suddenly her courage failed her, and she yielded. She interrupted the reading. "I am willing," she cried, "to hold all that the Church ordains, all that you judges shall say and pronounce. I will obey your orders in everything." Then she repeated several times: "Since the men of the church decide that my apparitions and revelations are neither sustainable nor credible, I do not wish to believe nor sustain them. I yield in everything to you and to our holy mother Church."

This submission had been provided for by the manager of the trial. He at once produced a formal recantation and abjuration, which she was required to sign. "I can neither read nor write," she said. The king's secretary placed the document before her, put a pen in her hand, and guided it while she wrote "Jehanne," and appended the sign of the cross.

The bishop then produced another sentence which had

been prepared beforehand in view of her possible abjuration. This document, after recounting her errors and her submission, relieved her from excommunication, and urged her to a true repentance; but it ended with a few words of crushing import to such a spirit: "Since you have rashly sinned against God and holy Church, finally, definitively, we condemn you to perpetual imprisonment, with the bread of grief and the water of anguish, to the end that you may mourn your faults and commit no more." Then she was conveyed to the castle. That afternoon, in the presence of six or seven ecclesiastics, after exhortation, she took off her man's dress with apparent willingness, and put on that of a woman. She also allowed some locks of hair, which she had worn hitherto in the fashion of men, to be cut off and taken away.

And thus, on that Thursday afternoon, May 24th, exactly one year after her capture, in the sixth month of her confinement in the castle, and fourth of her public trial, she found herself still in prison, chained as before, guarded as before by men, and deprived of the one solace that captives know—*hope*. She had saved her life, but not regained her darling liberty. She was not in the field. She was a captive, shorn, despoiled, degraded, hopeless, lacerated by fetters, and weighed down by heavy chains, with men always in her cell, and liable every hour to the taunts of hostile and contemptuous visitors.

She bore it Friday, Saturday, Sunday. When she rose on Monday morning, she put on her man's dress. The bishop and several other members of the court arrived but too soon; for this was welcome news to the English party. They asked her why she had resumed that dress. "Because," said she, "being with men, it is more decent. I have resumed it, too, because you have not kept your promises that I should hear mass, and receive my Saviour,

and have my irons taken off. I prefer to die than be in irons. Let me go to mass, take off my chains, put me in a proper prison, let me have a woman for companion, and then I will be good, and do what the Church desires." They asked her if her voices had revisited her, if she still believed that they were St. Catherine and St. Margaret, if she adhered to what she had said with regard to the crown given to her king by St. Michael. To all such questions she replied bluntly in the affirmative, as if courting death. "All that I revoked and declared on the scaffold," said she, "I did through fear of the fire. I prefer to die than endure longer the pain of imprisonment. Never have I done anything against God or the faith. I did not understand what was in the act of abjuration. If the judges desire it, I will wear woman's dress ; beyond that I will yield nothing."

To reassemble the court, and bring this erring, tortured, devoted child to the stake, required but two days. On Wednesday morning, May 30, 1431, there was another open-air session of the court, in a market-place of Rouen, where there was erected a platform of another kind for the prisoner. On that last morning of her life her demeanor was not stoical nor histrionic, but simply human—the demeanor of a terrified girl of nineteen who was nerving herself to a frightful ordeal which she herself had chosen.

She bewailed her fate with cries and sobs. They gave her a priest to hear her in confession, after which the sacrament was brought to her by the usual procession of priests chanting a litany, and bearing many candles. She received it "very devoutly, and with a great abundance of tears," and passed her remaining time in prayer. The same cart conveyed her to the market-place, guarded by "a hundred and twenty" English men-at-arms. Another sermon was preached, upon the text, "If one member suffer, the other members suffer also." The bishop then

read a long sentence, of which a few words are given at the beginning of this article, which he ended by handing her over to the secular arm. The members of the court departed, and then, without any other legal formality, she was bound to the stake and burned. Tradition gives us many particulars of her last moments, but as they were not gathered till 1456, twenty-five years after her ashes were thrown into the Seine, we must receive them with caution. It is credible enough that she died embracing a cross, and with her eyes fixed upon another cross held up before her by a sympathizing priest. In 1456, the period of her "rehabilitation," that man was accounted happy who had something pleasing or glorious to tell of the Maid whom France then revered as a deliverer.

It is difficult for us to conceive the importance attached to this trial at the time. The English government, by a long circular letter, notified all the sovereigns of Europe of the result of the trial, and gave them an outline of the proceedings. The University at Paris sent a particular account of the trial to the Pope, to the cardinals, and to the chief prelates of Christendom. But five years later Paris surrendered to the King of France, and twenty-five years later Normandy itself owned allegiance to Charles VII.



HARRIET MARTINEAU.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

“HOW I detest benevolent people!” Sydney Smith is reported to have said, on looking up from a book he had been reading.

“Why?” asked his daughter.

“Because they are so cruel,” was his reply.

I was reminded of this anecdote upon looking over a book lately published, entitled “Harriet Martineau’s Autobiography,” which is full of the personal gossip that amuses readers, but gives extreme pain to large numbers of worthy persons who cannot possibly set themselves right with the public by correcting the misconceptions of a writer no longer among the living. Miss Martineau was, doubtless, a lady who strongly desired the happiness of mankind, and who had some correct ideas of the manner in which human happiness is to be promoted. She rendered much good service in her day and generation, but she left this book to be published after her death, which is unjust to almost every individual named in it, and, most of all, unjust to herself.

And the worst of it is, no effective answer can be made to it. The gifted family of the Kembles, for example, and particularly Mrs. Kemble, a lady still living, with children and other relations, are held up to the contempt of mankind as vain, vulgar, and false. Perhaps the Kembles thought Miss Martineau vain, vulgar, and false; but they have not had the indecency to tell the public so. Macaulay, Miss Martineau tells us, had “no heart,” and

his nephew, Trevelyan, "no head." Lord Althorp was "one of nature's graziers;" Lord Brougham was a creature obscene and treacherous; Earl Russell and the whole Whig party were a set of conceited incapables; Thackeray, the satirist of snobs, was himself a snob; N. P. Willis, a lying dandy; Eastlake an artist of "limited" understanding; and so she deals out her terrible gossip, which might have been harmless enough spoken at a tea-table to a confidential friend, but was not proper to be printed during the lifetime of the individuals named, nor during the lifetime of their immediate descendants.

Things go by contraries in this world. We often find high Tories who, in their practical dealings with their fellow-men, are perfectly democratic; and it is well known that some of the most positive democrats this country has ever produced have been, in their personal demeanor, haughty and inhuman. It is much the same with philanthropists and misanthropists. A person may snarl at mankind in a book and be the soul of kindness in his own circle, and he may deluge the world with benevolent "gush," without having learned to be agreeable or good-tempered in his own home.

Miss Martineau, however, has been to no one so unjust as to herself; for she has not had the art to make her readers feel and realize the disadvantages under which she labored. She was deaf; she had no sense of smell, and only a very imperfect sense of taste. She could hear, it is true, by the aid of a trumpet, but she was cut off from all that higher, easier, constant intercourse with her kind which people enjoy who rarely know what silence is, and who hear human speech of some kind at almost every moment when they are awake. And she had a childhood which disarms censure. During the first thirty years of her life, she scarcely enjoyed one day of health or peace, **all** in consequence of her mother's neglect. The child,

soon after it was born, was sent out of the way to a wet-nurse in the country, who nearly starved her to death, having an insufficiency of milk, and being unwilling to lose the charge of the child by telling the truth. Her deafness and her bad health during the first third of her life were always ascribed by her mother to this starvation.

The story of her childhood is almost incomprehensible to American parents, who are apt to watch their children with even an excessive care and tenderness. Her parents seemed never to have suspected what she suffered, nor did she ever have confidence enough in them to attempt to make known to them her miseries. Milk, for example, always disagreed with her, and to such a degree that she had "a horrid lump at her throat for hours every morning, and the most terrible oppression in the night." Nevertheless, as English children are always fed upon milk, she continued to drink it morning and night, without mentioning her sufferings, until she was old enough to drink tea, which, in England, is usually about the sixteenth year. How amazing is this! On what strange terms children must live with their elders where such a thing could be!

During all her childhood she was tormented by fear and shame. She was afraid of everything and everybody. Sometimes, at the head of the stairs, she would be panic-stricken, and feel sure she could never get down. In going a few steps into the garden she would be afraid to look behind her, dreading an imaginary wild beast. She was afraid of the star-lighted sky, having an awful dread of its coming down upon her, crushing her, and remaining upon her head. She was afraid of persons, and declares that, to the best of her belief, she never met with an individual whom she was not afraid of until she was sixteen years of age. The exhibition of a magic lantern was

awful to her, and she was terrified beyond measure by seeing the prismatic colors in the glass drops of a chandelier. There were certain individuals whom she met occasionally in the town, of whom she knew nothing, neither their name nor their occupation, and yet she could never see them without experiencing the most intense fear. At the same time she was bitterly ashamed of this weakness, and seems never to have thought of mentioning it to a living creature, least of all to her mother and sisters. For a long course of years—from about eight to fourteen—she tried with all her might to pass a day without crying.

“I was a persevering child,” she says, “and I knew I tried hard; but I failed. I gave up at last, and during all those years I never did pass a day without crying.”

She thinks her temper must have been “excessively bad,” and that she was “an insufferable child for gloom, obstinacy, and crossness.” But she also thought that if her parents and brothers and sisters had shown ever so little sympathy with her unhappiness, she should have responded with joyous alacrity. When her hearing began to grow dull, it did not excite sympathy in the family, but distrust and contempt. She would be told that “none are so deaf as they who do not wish to hear;” and when it could no longer be doubted that she was growing deaf, the best help she got was from her brother, who told her that he hoped she would never make herself troublesome to other people. What a delightful family! Such treatment, however, had one good effect: she made up her mind, and she kept her resolution, never to make her deafness a burthen to others. She never asked any one to repeat a remark in company which she had not caught, and always trusted her friends to tell her what it was necessary for her to know.

During the generation which saw the beginning and

the end of Napoleon's career, a kind of savageness seems to have pervaded human life. All Europe was fighting; school-boys were encouraged and expected to fight, and the softer feelings of our nature were undervalued or despised. Bonaparte made life harder for almost every one in the civilized world; and this may partly explain how an intelligent, virtuous, and even benevolent family could have lived together in a manner which seems to us heartless and savage.

Her parents gave her an excellent education. She could make shirts and puddings; she could iron and mend; she acquired all household arts, as girls did in those days; but at the same time she became a considerable proficient in languages and science, and very early began to show an inclination to composition. The circumstance which made her a professional writer was interesting. She had secretly sent an article to a monthly magazine, and a few days after, as she was sitting after tea in her brother's parlor, he said:

"Come now, we have had plenty of talk; I will read you something."

He took the very magazine that contained her contribution, and opening it at her article he glanced at it, and said:

"They have got a new hand here. Listen."

He read a few lines, and then exclaimed:

"Ah! This *is* a new hand; they have had nothing as good as this for a long while."

He kept bursting out with exclamations of approval as he continued to read, until, at length, observing her silence, he said:

"Harriet, what is the matter with you? I never knew you so slow to praise anything before."

She replied in utter confusion:

"I never could baffle anybody. The truth is, that paper is mine."

Her brother said nothing, but finished the article in silence, and spoke no more until she rose to go home. Then he laid his hand on her shoulder, and said, in a serious tone :

“Now, dear” (he had never called her *dear* before), “now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings, and do you devote yourself to this.”

And so she did. With immense perseverance, and after encountering every sort of discouragement, she reached the public ear, by writing stories in illustration of the truths of political economy. For a time she was the most popular story-writer in England, and the aid of her pen was sought by cabinet ministers, as well as by the conductors of almost every important periodical. She was so good and useful a woman, that we must forgive whatever mistakes of judgment and temper we may lament in her autobiography. She loved America almost as though she had been born upon its soil, and Americans must take her censures in good part.

During her residence in the United States, she sacrificed her popularity, and even risked her personal safety, by openly espousing the cause of the detested abolitionists. At one of their meetings in Boston, in 1835, to attend which she braved the fury of a mob, she deliberately, and with full knowledge of what her action involved, spoke in defence of their principles. Her own narrative of the event, as given in her *Autobiography*, is of singular interest :

“In the midst of the proceedings of the meeting, a note was handed to me written in pencil on the back of the hymn which the party were singing. It was from Mr. Loring, and these were his words :

“‘Knowing your opinions, I just ask you whether you would object to give a word of sympathy to those who are suffering here for what you have advocated elsewhere. It would afford great comfort.’”

“The moment of reading this note was one of the most painful of my life. I felt that I could never be happy again if I refused what was asked of me; but to comply was probably to shut against me every door in the United States but those of the Abolitionists. I should no more see persons and things as they ordinarily were. I should have no more comfort or pleasure in my travels; and my very life would be, like other people’s, endangered by an avowal of the kind desired. George Thompson was then on the sea, having narrowly escaped with his life, and the fury against ‘foreign incendiaries’ ran high. Houses had been sacked; children had been carried through the snow from their beds at midnight; travelers had been lynched in the market-places, as well as in the woods; and there was no safety for any one, native or foreign, who did what I was now compelled to do. Having made up my mind, I was considering how the word of sympathy should be given, when Mrs. Loring came up, with an easy and smiling countenance, and said:

“‘You have had my husband’s note. He hopes you will do as he says; but you must please yourself, of course.’

“I said, ‘No; it is a case in which there is no choice.’

“‘Oh, pray do not do it unless you like it. You must do as you think right.’

“‘Yes,’ said I, ‘I must.’

“At first, out of pure shyness, I requested the president to say a few words for me; but, presently, remembering the importance of the occasion and the difficulty of setting right any mistake the president might fall into, I agreed to that lady’s request, that I should speak for myself. Having risen, therefore, with his note in my hand, and being introduced to the meeting, I said, as was precisely recorded at the time, what follows:

“‘I have been requested by a friend present to say something—if only a word—to express my sympathy in

the objects of this meeting. I had supposed that my presence here would be understood as showing my sympathy with you. But as I am requested to speak, I will say what I have said through the whole South, in every family where I have been; that I consider slavery as inconsistent with the law of God and as incompatible with the law of his Providence. I should certainly say no less at the North than at the South concerning this utter abomination, and I now declare that in your principles I fully agree.’”

“As I concluded, Mrs. Chapman bowed down her glowing head on her folded arms, and there was a murmur of satisfaction through the room, while, outside, the growing crowd (which did not, however, become large) was hooting and yelling, and throwing mud and dust against the windows.”

It was bravely done. Happily, the present generation can form but an imperfect idea of the sacrifice she made in taking sides with a party then held in equal abhorrence and contempt. Several days passed before this action of Miss Martineau was known to the public. Gradually, however, it circulated, and, at length, the little speech itself was printed verbatim in a report of the Anti-Slavery Society. Precisely that happened which Miss Martineau had anticipated. Every door was closed against her, except those of the Abolitionists. No more invitations littered her table. She was a lion no longer. Houses where she was known to be staying were avoided, as though they had shown to the passer-by the warning signal of contagion. The *Boston Advertiser* opened upon her its provincial thunder, and Boston society shuddered at the awful fate which the brave woman had brought upon herself. The press in general denounced her, and even some of the Abolitionists felt that, being a stranger, she need not have incurred this obloquy.

Miss Martineau's tranquility was not for a moment

disturbed, and she was glad that, in so critical a moment, she had been able to preserve her self-respect.

During the greater part of her mature life she felt herself compelled to embrace the unpopular side of most of the questions which deeply stirred the human mind. For some years she retained the faith of her parents, which was the Unitarian ; but, as her intelligence matured, she found the beliefs and usages of that sect less and less satisfactory, until she reached the settled conviction that all the creeds and religions of the earth were of purely human origin. She rejected the idea of a personal deity, and regarded the belief in immortality as an injurious delusion. It is a proof, at once, of the profound excellence of her character and the advanced catholicity of her generation, that these opinions, which she never concealed and never obtruded, estranged none of her friends, even those of the most pronounced orthodoxy. Miss Florence Nightingale, for example, a devoted member of the Church of England, wrote, on hearing of her death :

“The shock of your tidings to me, of course, was great ; but, O, I feel how delightful the surprise to her ! How much she must know now ! How much she must have enjoyed already ! I do not know what your opinions are about this ; I know what hers were, and for a long time, I have thought how great will be the surprise to her —a glorious surprise ! She served the Right, that is, God, all her life.”

In a similar strain wrote other friends, who were believers in immortal life. Miss Martineau died at her own house at Ambleside, in 1876, aged seventy-four years. She expressed the secret of her life in a sentence of her Autobiography.

“The real and justifiable and honorable subject of interest to human beings, living and dying, is THE WELFARE OF THEIR FELLOWS, surrounding or surviving them ”

For twenty years after she had written her autobiography in momentary expectation of death, she continued to live and work for the welfare of her fellows. In her own words, "Literature, though a precious luxury, was not, and never had been, the daily bread of her life. She felt that she could not be happy, or in the best way useful, if the declining years of her life were spent in lodgings in the morning and drawing-rooms in the evening. A quiet home of her own, and some few dependent on her for their domestic welfare, she believed to be essential to every true woman's peace of mind; and she chose her plan of life accordingly." She lived in the country, built a house, and tried her hand successfully on a farm of two acres. She exerted herself for the good of her neighbors, and devised schemes to remedy local mischiefs. Her servants found in her a friend as well as a mistress.

Her long and busy life bears the constant impress of two leading characteristics—industry and sincerity. In the brief autobiographical sketch, left to be published in the London *Daily News*, to which she had contributed altogether sixteen hundred important articles, she gives this curiously candid judgment of herself, which is more correct than many of her judgments of others: "Her original power was nothing more than was due to earnestness and intellectual clearness within a certain range. With small imaginative and suggestive powers, and therefore nothing approaching to genius, she could see clearly what she did see, and give a clear expression to what she had to say. In short, she could popularize while she could neither discover nor invent."

Her infirmity of deafness probably enabled her to accomplish the immense amount of literary work which she did, since it withdrew her from many distractions. The cheerful and unobtrusive spirit with which she bore her infirmity remains an example and encouragement to her fellow-sufferers.

Her years of lingering illness proved a time of quiet enjoyment to her, being soothed by family and social love and care and sympathy. In the words of her biographer, Mrs. M. W. Chapman, a woman of kindred spirit :

“If, instead of dying so slowly, she had died as she could have wished and thought to have done, without delay, what a treasure of wise counsels, what a radiance of noble deeds, what a spirit of love and of power, what brave victorious battle to the latest hour for all things good and true, had been lost to posterity! What an example of more than resignation, of that ready, glad acceptance of a lingering and painful death which made the sight a blessing to every witness, had been lost to the surviving generation.”

THE WIFE OF LAFAYETTE.

THEY have in Europe a mysterious thing called *rank*, which exerts a powerful spell even over the minds of republicans, who neither approve nor understand it.

We saw a proof of its power when the Prince of Wales visited New York some years ago. He was neither handsome, nor gifted, nor wise, nor learned, nor anything else which, according to the imperfect light of reason, makes a fair claim to distinction. But how we crowded to catch a sight of him! In all my varied and long experience of New York crowds and receptions, I never saw a popular movement that went down quite as deep as that. I saw aged ladies sitting in chairs upon the sidewalk hour after hour, waiting to see that youth go by—ladies whom no other pageant would have drawn from their homes. Almost every creature that could walk was out to see him.

Mr. Gladstone is fifty times the man the Prince of Wales can ever be. Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Bright, George Eliot, Mr. Darwin, might be supposed to represent England better than he. But all of these eminent persons in a coach together would not have called forth a tenth part of the crowd that cheered the Prince of Wales from the Battery to Madison Square. There is a mystery in this which every one may explain according to his ability; but the *fact* is so important that no one can understand history who does not bear it in mind.

The importance of Lafayette in the Revolutionary War was chiefly due to the mighty prestige of his rank—not his

rank as a major-general, but his imaginary, intangible rank as marquis. His coming here in 1777, a young man of twenty, was an event which interested two continents; and it was only his rank which made it of the slightest significance. The sage old Franklin knew this very well when he consented to his coming, and wrote a private note to General Washington suggesting that the young nobleman should not be much hazarded in battle, but kept rather as an ornamental appendage to the cause. He proved indeed to be a young man of real merit—a brave, zealous, disinterested, and enterprising soldier—one who would have made his way and borne an honorable part if he had not been a marquis. But, after all, his rank served the cause better than any nameless youth could have served it.

I met only the other day a striking illustration of this fact, one that showed the potent spell which his mere rank exerted over the minds of the Indians. On coming here early in the Revolutionary War, he performed a most essential service which only a French nobleman could have rendered. It was a terrible question in 1777, which side the Six Nations would take in the strife. These tribes, which then occupied the whole of central and western New York, being united in one confederacy, could have inflicted enormous damage upon the frontier settlements if they had sided against Congress. Lafayette went among them; and they, too, were subject to the spell of his rank, which is indeed most powerful over barbarous minds. He made a talk to them. He explained, as far as he could, the nature of the controversy, and told them that their old friends, the French, were joined, heart and soul, with the Americans, against their old enemies, the English. He prevailed. They afterwards admitted that it was owing to his advice, and especially his confident prophecy of the final victory of the Americans, that

induced so large a portion of the Six Nations to remain neutral. What young man of twenty, unaided by rank and title, could have done this service ?

The war ended. In 1784 the marquis returned to America, to visit General Washington and his old comrades. There was trouble again with the Six Nations, owing to the retention by the British of seven important frontier posts, Detroit, Mackinaw, Oswego, Ogdensburgh, Niagara, and two forts on Lake Champlain. Seeing the British flag still floating over these places confused the Indian mind, made them doubt the success of the Americans, and disposed them to continue a profitable warfare. Congress appointed three commissioners to hold a conference with them at Fort Schuyler, which stood upon the site of the modern city of Rome, about a hundred miles west of Albany. Once more the United States availed themselves of the influence of Lafayette's rank over the Indians. The commissioners invited him to attend the treaty.

In September, 1784, James Madison, then thirty-three years of age, started on a northward tour, and, meeting the marquis in Baltimore, determined to go with him to the treaty ground. The two young gentlemen were here in New York during the second week of September, and the marquis was the observed of all observers. Both the young gentlemen were undersized, and neither of them was good-looking ; but the presence of the French nobleman was an immense event, as we can still see from the newspapers of that and the following week. After enjoying a round of festive attentions, they started on their way up the Hudson river in a barge, but not before Mr. Madison had sent off to the American minister in Paris (Mr. Jefferson) a packet of New York papers containing eulogistic notices of Lafayette, for the gratification of the French people.

They arrived at Fort Schuyler in due time—the marquis, Mr. Madison, the three commissioners, and other persons of note. But the Indians had no eyes and no ears except for the little Frenchman, twenty-seven years of age, whom they called Kayenlaa. The commissioners were nothing in their eyes, and although they did not enjoy their insignificance, they submitted to it with good grace, and asked the Indians to listen to the voice of Kayenlaa. He rose to speak, and soon showed himself a master of the Indian style of oratory.

“In selling your lands,” said he, “*do not consult the keg of rum*, and give them away to the first adventurer.”

He reminded them of his former advice, and showed them how his prophecies had come true.

“My predictions,” said he, have been fulfilled. Open your ears to the new advice of your father.”

He urged them strongly to conclude a treaty of peace with the Americans, and thus have plenty of the French articles of manufacture of which they used to be so fond. The leader of the war party was a young chief, equally famous as a warrior and as an orator, named Red Jacket, who replied to Lafayette in the most impassioned strain, calling upon his tribe to continue the war. It was thought, at the time, that no appeals to the reason of the Indians could have neutralized the effect of Red Jacket’s fiery eloquence. It was the spell of the Marquis de Lafayette’s rank and name which probably enabled the commissioner to come to terms with the red men.

“During this scene,” reports Mr. Madison, “and even during the whole stay of the marquis, he was the only conspicuous figure. The commissioners were eclipsed. All of them probably felt it.”

The chief of the Oneida tribe admitted on this occasion that “the word which Lafayette had spoken to them early in the war had prevented them from being led to the

wrong side of it." Forty-one years after this memorable scene—that is to say, in the year 1825—Lafayette was at Buffalo; and among the persons who called upon him was an aged Indian chief, much worn by time, and more by strong drink. He asked the marquis if he remembered the Indian Council at Fort Schuyler. He replied that he had not forgotten it, and he asked the Indian if he knew what had become of the young chief who had opposed with such burning eloquence the burying of the tomahawk.

"He is before you!" was the old man's reply.

"Time," said the marquis, "has much changed us both since that meeting."

"Ah!" rejoined Red Jacket; "time has not been so hard upon you as it has upon me. It has left to you a fresh countenance and hair to cover your head; while to me—look!"

Taking a handkerchief from his head he showed his baldness with a sorrowful countenance. To that hour Red Jacket had remained an enemy to everything English, and would not even speak the language. The general, who well understood the art of pleasing, humored the old man so far as to speak to him a few words in the Indian tongue, which greatly pleased the chief, and much increased his estimate of Lafayette's abilities.

Such was the amazing power of that mysterious old-world *rank* which Lafayette possessed. Let us not forget, however, that his rank would have been of small use to us if that had been his only gift. In early life he was noted for two traits of character; which, however, were not very uncommon among the young French nobles of the period. He had an intense desire to distinguish himself in his profession, and he had a strong inclination toward Republican principles. He tells us whence he derived this tendency. At the age of nine he fell in with

a little book of Letters about England, written by Voltaire, which gave him some idea of a free country. The author of the Letters dwelt upon the freedom of thinking and printing that prevailed in England, and described the Exchange at London, where the Jews and Christians, Catholics and Protestants, Church of England men and Dissenters, Quakers and Deists, all mingled peacefully together and transacted business without inquiring into one another's creed. The author mentioned other things of the same nature, which were very strange and captivating to the inhabitants of a country governed so despotically as France was when Lafayette was a boy.

The book made an indelible impression upon his eager and susceptible mind. He used to say in after years that he was "a republican at nine." He was, nevertheless, a member of the privileged order of his country, and if he had been born in another age he would in all probability have soon outlived the romantic sentiments of his youth, and run the career usual to men of his rank.

In the summer of 1776, when he was not yet quite nineteen, he was stationed with his regiment at Metz, then a garrisoned town near the eastern frontier of France. An English prince, the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King of England, visited this post a few weeks after Congress at Philadelphia had signed the Declaration of Independence. The French general in command at Metz gave a dinner to the prince, to which several officers were invited, Lafayette among the rest. It so happened that the prince received that day letters from England, which contained news from America.

The news was of thrilling interest: Boston lost—Independence declared—mighty forces gathering to crush the rebellion—Washington, victorious in New England, preparing to defend New York! News was slow in traveling then; and hence it was that our young soldier now

heard these details for the first time at the table of his commanding officer. We can imagine the breathless interest with which he listened to the story, what questions he asked, and how he gradually drew from the prince the whole interior history of the movement. From the admissions of the duke himself, he drew the inference that the colonists were in the right. He saw in them a people fighting in defence of that very liberty of which he had read in the English Letters of Voltaire. Before he rose from the table that day, the project occurred to his mind of going to America, and offering his services to the American people in their struggle for Independence.

“My heart,” as he afterwards wrote, “espoused warmly the cause of liberty, and I thought of nothing but of adding also the aid of my banner.”

And the more he thought of it, the more completely he was fascinated by the idea. Knowing well how such a scheme would appear to his prudent relations, he determined to judge this matter for himself. He placed a new motto on his coat-of-arms :

CUR NON ?

This is Latin for, Why not? He chose those words, he says, because they would serve equally as an encouragement to himself and a reply to others. His first step was to go on leave to Paris, where Silas Deane was already acting as the representative of Congress, secretly favored by the French ministry. Upon consulting two of his young friends, he found them enthusiastic in the same cause, and abundantly willing to go with him, if they could command the means. When, however, he submitted the project to an experienced family friend, the Count de Broglie, he met firm opposition.

“I have seen your uncle,” said the count, “die in the wars of Italy; I witnessed your father’s death at the battle of Minden, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family.”

He tried in vain to dissuade the young man from a purpose which seemed to him most rash and chimerical. One person that favored his purpose was his beautiful young wife, already the mother of one child and soon to be the mother of a second. She, with the spirit and devotion natural to a French lady of eighteen, entered heartily into the very difficult business of getting off her young husband to win glory for both by fighting for the American insurgents.

Anastasié de Noailles was her maiden name. She was the daughter of a house which had eight centuries of recorded history, and which, in each of these centuries, had given to France soldiers or priests of national importance and European renown. The château of Noailles (near the city of Toul), portions of which date as far back as A. D. 1050, was the cradle of the race: and to-day in Paris there is a Duke de Noailles, and a Marquis de Noailles, descendants of that Pierre de Noailles who was lord of the old château three hundred and fifty years before America was discovered.

Old as her family was, Mademoiselle de Noailles was one of the youngest brides, as her Marquis was one of the youngest husbands. An American company would have smiled to see a boy of sixteen and a half years of age, presenting himself at the altar to be married to a girl of fourteen. We must beware, however, of sitting in judgment on people of other climes and other times. Lafayette was a great match. His father had fallen in the battle of Minden, when the boy was two years of age, leaving no other heir. It is a curious fact that the officer who commanded the battery from which the ball was fired that killed Lafayette's father, was the same General Phillips with whom the son was so actively engaged in Virginia, during the summer of 1781.

The mother of our marquis died ten years after her

husband. Her father, a nobleman of great estate, soon followed her to the grave, and so this boy of fourteen inherited the estates of two important families. Mademoiselle de Noallies had great rank and considerable wealth. It is perhaps safe to infer that she was not remarkable for beauty, because no one of her many eulogists claims it for her. Nearly all marriages among the nobility were then matters of bargain and interest, mutual love having little to do with them; yet many marriages of that kind were very happy, and in all respects satisfactory. Lafayette's was one of these. The pair not only loved one another with ardent and sustained affection, but the marriage united the two families, and called into being numerous children and grandchildren.

Imagine them married then, in April, 1774, the year in which the Continental Congress met at Philadelphia.

The young husband—officer in a distinguished regiment—was not much at home during the first two years after his marriage; a circumstance which was probably conducive to the happiness of both, for they were too young to be satisfied with a tranquil domestic life.

One day in the summer of 1776 he returned suddenly and unexpectedly to Paris. His wife observed that some great matter possessed his mind. There is reason to believe that she was among the first to be made acquainted with his scheme of going to America and entering the service of Congress. A married girl of sixteen—the very age of romance—she sympathized at first with his purpose, and always kept his secret. Nine months of excitement followed, during which he went and came several times, often disappointed, always resolved; until at length Madame de Lafayette received a letter from him, written on board the ship *Victory*, that was to convey him to America.

This was in April, 1777, when already she held in her

arms their first child, the baby Henriette, who died while her father was still tossed upon the ocean. It was many months after his landing in America before he heard of his child's death, and he kept writing letter after letter in which he begged his wife to kiss for him the infant whose lips were cold in the grave. His letters to her during his long absences in America were full of affection and tenderness. He calls her his life, his love, and his dearest love. In the first letter written at sea, he tries once more to reconcile her to his departure.

"If," said he, "you could know all that I have suffered while thus flying from all I love best in the world! Must I join to this affliction the grief of hearing that you do not pardon me?"

He endeavored to convince her that he was not in the least danger of so much as a graze from a British bullet.

"Ask the opinion," said he, "of all general officers—and these are very numerous, because having once obtained that height, they are no longer exposed to any hazards."

Then he turned to speak of herself and of their child.

"Henrietta," said he, "is so delightful that she has made me in love with little girls."

And then he prattled on with a happy blending of good feeling and good humor, until the darkness of the evening obliged him to lay aside the pen, as he had prudently forbidden the lighting of candles on board his ship. It was easy to write these long letters in the cabin of his vessel, but it was by no means easy to send them back across the ocean, traversed by English cruisers. When Madame de Lafayette received this letter their Henriette had been dead for nearly a year. He ran his career in America. He was domesticated with Gen. Washington. He was wounded at the battle of Brandywine. He passed the memorable winter at Valley Forge.

In June, 1778, thirteen months after leaving home, a French vessel brought to America the news of the French alliance, and to *him* that of the death of his Henriette, and the birth of his second daughter, Anastasie. There is nothing in their correspondence prettier than the manner in which he speaks to her of his wound.

“Whilst endeavoring to rally the troops,” he tells her, “the English honored me with a musket-ball, which slightly wounded me in the leg—but it is a trifle, my dearest love; the ball touched neither bone nor nerve, and I have escaped with the obligation of lying on my back for some time.”

In October, 1778, about a year and a half after his departure, Madame de Lafayette enjoyed the transport of welcoming her husband home on a leave of absence.

Once, during the spring of 1778, she was present at a party at a great house in Paris, which was attended by the aged Voltaire, then within a few weeks of the close of his life. The old poet, recognizing her among the ladies, knelt at her feet, and complimented her upon the brilliant and wise conduct of her young husband in America. She received this act of homage with graceful modesty. When Lafayette again returned, at the end of the war, we can truly say he was the most shining personage in France. At court the young couple were overwhelmed with flattering attentions, and the king promoted the marquis to the rank of field-marshal of the French army. During the next seven years, Madame de Lafayette was at the height of earthly felicity. Her two daughters, Anastasie and Virginie, and her son, George Washington, were affectionate and promising children, and there seemed nothing wanting to her lot that could render it happier or more distinguished.

Then came the storm of the French Revolution. Both husband and wife were cast down before it. While he

was immured in an Austrian dungeon, she, with her two daughters, was confined in one of the prisons of Paris, along with other gentle victims of the Terror. Many of her friends went from her embrace to the guillotine. She, fortunately, escaped the axe, and, a few months after the death of Robespierre, she was released, and prepared at once to penetrate to the remote fortress in which her husband was confined. She sent her son to America, consigning him to the care of President Washington, who accepted the trust, and superintended the education of the lad with the affectionate care of a father. The mother and her daughters, in September, 1795, set out for Vienna, she calling herself Mrs. Motier, and giving herself out as an English lady traveling in disguise to escape pursuit.

Upon reaching Vienna she obtained an audience of the Emperor, and implored her husband's release; alleging truly that he had been Marie Antoinette's best friend in France. The Emperor's reply was, "My hands are tied." He refused to release the General, but permitted Madame de Lafayette and her daughters to share his confinement. For twenty-two months they remained in prison with him, suffering the horrors of a detention, which was cruelly aggravated by superserviceable underlings. Anastasie, the elder daughter, was then sixteen years of age, and Virginie was thirteen. Though they, too, were subjected to very rigorous treatment, they preserved their health and cheerfulness. The mother suffered extremely, and more than once she was at death's door. When, in September, 1797, the doors of the fortress of Olmutz were opened, she could scarcely walk to the carriage which bore them to liberty. They made their way to Hamburg, where they were all received into the family of John Parish, the American consul. Mr. Parish afterwards described the scene:

"An immense crowd announced their arrival. The streets were lined, and my house was soon filled with

people. A lane was formed to let the prisoners pass to my room. Lafayette led the way, and was followed by his infirm lady and two daughters. He flew into my arms; his wife and daughters clung to me. The silence was broken by an exclamation of,—

“‘My friend! My dearest friend! My deliverer! See the work of your generosity! My poor, poor wife, hardly able to support herself!’

“And indeed she was not standing, but hanging on my arm, bathed in tears, while her two lovely girls had hold of the other. There was not a dry eye in the room.

“I placed her on a sofa. She sobbed and wept much, and could utter but few words. Again the Marquis came to my arms, his heart overflowing with gratitude. I never saw a man in such complete ecstasy of body and mind.”

Madame de Lafayette never recovered her health. She lived ten years longer, and died December 24, 1807, aged forty-seven years, leaving her daughters and her son happily established. An American who visited, twenty years after, the Château of La Grange, which was the abode of General Lafayette during the last forty years of his life, found there a numerous company of her descendants, a son, two daughters, and twelve grandchildren, forming a circle which he described in glowing terms of admiration. The house was full of America. On the walls were portraits of Washington, Franklin, Morris, Adams, Jefferson, and a painting of the siege of Yorktown. Objects brought from America, or received thence as gifts, were seen everywhere, and there was one room containing nothing but American things, which the General called by the name “America.” There was an American ice-house in the garden, and groves of American trees in the park. It was one of the most estimable and happy families in France. Alas! that the fond mother and the devoted wife should have been wanting to it.



BETSEY PATTERSON.

BETSY PATTERSON, OTHERWISE MADAME JEROME
BONAPARTE, OF BALTIMORE.

IN the spring of 1766, a poor boy of fourteen, named William Patterson, from the north of Ireland, landed at Philadelphia. He was the son of a small farmer, a Protestant, one of that conquering Scotch-Irish race which has contributed so many distinguished persons to the history of the United States. The boy obtained a place in the counting-house of an Irish merchant in Philadelphia, and served him with singular diligence and fidelity. He acted upon the principle of making himself valuable to his employer.

At twenty-one he was in business as a merchant. When he had been established about two years the American Revolution broke out, threatening to put a stop to all business. William Patterson availed himself of the crisis to make his own fortune, and, at the same time, to serve his adopted country. He loaded two small vessels with tobacco, indigo, and other American products, investing in the speculation the whole of his small capital, and sailed for France. Both vessels reached France in safety. He sold the cargoes, invested the proceeds in warlike stores, of which General Washington was in direst need, and set sail for home. On the way he touched at St. Eustatius, an island of the Dutch West Indies, then a place of great trade, containing about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Seeing his chance, he remained on this island, and sent his vessels to Philadelphia.

They were both so lucky as to escape the cruisers, and to arrive in March, 1776, when the army had scarcely powder enough to conceal from the enemy that they were short of powder. We can imagine that these two cargoes of ammunition were welcome enough, and sold at a good price. The vessels appear to have returned to the West Indies, where William Patterson remained two or three years, sending supplies home as best he could, until the alliance with France put an end to the scarcity of military stores. He then prepared to return. In June, 1778, he landed in Baltimore, then a town of three or four thousand inhabitants, bringing with him, in gold and merchandise, a hundred thousand dollars, the result of five years' business.

He was then twenty-six years of age. Upon looking at Baltimore with the eyes of a long-headed man of business, observing its situation, and perceiving the necessity of its becoming one of the first cities of the world, he concluded to settle there. With one half of his fortune he bought lots and lands in and near the city, as Astor did in New York a few years later. With the other half of his capital, including his little fleet of small vessels, he went into the business of a shipping merchant.

During the next twenty years the commerce of the infant republic had a most rapid development, particularly while supplying the warring powers of Europe with provisions. William Patterson in those twenty years accumulated what was then considered an immense fortune. President Jefferson, in 1804, spoke of him as probably the richest person in the United States except Charles Carrol of Carrollton, who inherited lands and slaves. His fortune, too, was a growing one, since he continued to purchase lands near the city, that were certain to rise in value with the increase of the place.

After settling in Baltimore he married a young lady

named Dorcas Spear, and soon became a family man of the old-fashioned type. The Scotch-Irish have the family instinct very strong, and are apt to center all their hopes of happiness in a home. He was a man of quiet and regular habits; during a long life he scarcely ever left Baltimore, either on business or pleasure. He said once, in speaking of his own history, that ever since he had had a house of his own it had been his invariable rule to be up last at night, and to see that the fires and lights were in a safe condition before going to bed. Like other rich men, he served as bank director and president, and held other offices of a similar character from time to time.

The most fortunate individuals — and few men were more fortunate than this Baltimore merchant — have their share of trouble. Calamity came to him in the bewitching guise of a most beautiful daughter, born in the early years of his wedded life. This was that Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, whose recent death at the age of ninety-four has called attention anew to the strange romance of her early life. In 1803, at eighteen years of age, she was the pride of her father's home, and the prettiest girl in Baltimore, a place noted then, as now, for the beauty of its women. If the early portraits of her are correct, the word *pretty* describes her very well. There was a girlish and simple expression in her countenance at variance with her character, for, with all her faults, she was a woman of force.

In the fall of 1803 this Baltimore beauty attended the races near the city, and there she met her fate. Jerome Bonaparte of the French navy, Napoleon's youngest brother — that brother whom he hoped would accomplish on the ocean what he had done on the land — was at the races that day. Napoleon wanted a great admiral to cope with Nelson and conquer the British navy, and he

had flattered himself that this favorite brother could be the man. If beauty of form and face could make a great commander, Jerome would have been a promising candidate; for on the day that he rode out to the Baltimore races in 1803, he was one of the most superb looking young men then living.

They met! All the world knows what followed.

William Patterson, with his sturdy Scottish sense, perceived the utter incongruity and absurdity of such a match. He opposed it by every means in his power. He used both authority and persuasion. He sent her out of town, but she returned more infatuated than before. At length, discovering that both of them were set upon the marriage, he gave a reluctant consent; and married they were, by the Roman Catholic bishop of Baltimore, her father taking every precaution to fulfill all the forms which the laws of both nations required. The Bonaparte family, with one exception, approved the match, and several of them congratulated the newly married pair. That one exception was Napoleon, the head of the family, First Consul, and about to declare himself Emperor. He refused to recognize the marriage. When, at length, Jerome stood in his presence to plead the case of his young and lovely wife, who was about to become a mother, Napoleon addressed him thus:

“So, sir, you are the first of the family who has shamefully abandoned his post. It will require many splendid actions to wipe off that stain from your reputation. As to your love affair with your little girl, I pay no regard to it.”

And he never did. Jerome had the baseness to abandon his wife, and she stooped to accept from Napoleon an income of twelve thousand dollars a year, which was paid to her as long as the hand of that coarse soldier had the wasting of the French peoples' earnings. She

came back to Baltimore with her child, one of the most wretched of women. She thought that marrying into this family of Corsican robbers had *elevated* her in "rank" above her wise and virtuous father! She wrote to that father many years after, describing her feelings at this time.

"I hated and loathed a residence in Baltimore so much, that when I thought I was to spend my life there, I tried to screw my courage up to the point of committing suicide. My cowardice, and *only* my cowardice, prevented my exchanging Baltimore for the grave. After having married a person of the high rank I did, it became impossible for me ever to bend my spirit to marry any one who had been my equal before my marriage, and it became impossible for me ever to be contented in a country where there exists no nobility."

She never, to the close of her long life of ninety-four years, ceased to cherish such sentiments. In 1849, she wrote from Baltimore to the celebrated Irish authoress, Lady Morgan, a letter in which she gives an amusing revelation of her interior self.

"I consider it," she wrote, "a good fortune for myself that you inhabit London. To enjoy again your agreeable society will be my tardy compensation for the long, weary, unintellectual years inflicted on me in this my dull native country, to which I have never owed advantages, pleasures, or happiness. I owe nothing to my country; no one expects me to be grateful for the evil chance of having been born here. I shall emancipate myself, *par la grace de Dieu*, about the middle of July next; and I will either write to you before I leave New York, or immediately after my arrival at Liverpool.

"I had given up all correspondence with my friends in Europe during my vegetation in this Baltimore. What could I write about except the fluctuations in the security

and consequent prices of American stocks. There is nothing here worth attention or interest save the money market. Society, conversation, friendship, belong to older countries, and are not yet cultivated in any part of the United States which I have visited. You ought to thank your stars for your European birth; you may believe me when I assure you that it is only distance from republics which lends enchantment to the view of them. I hope that about the middle of next July I shall begin to put the Atlantic between the advantages and honors of democracy and myself. France, *je l'espère dans son intérêt*, is in a state of transition, and will not let her brilliant society be put under an extinguisher *nommée la République*.

“The emperor hurled me back on what I most hated on earth—my Baltimore obscurity; even that shock could not divest me of the admiration I felt for his genius and glory. I have ever been an imperial Bonapartiste *quand même*, and I do feel enchanted at the homage paid by six millions of voices to his memory, in voting an imperial president; *le prestige du nom* has, therefore, elected the prince, who has my best wishes, my most ardent hopes for an empire. I never could endure universal suffrage until it elected the nephew of an emperor for the chief of a republic; and I shall be charmed with universal suffrage once more if it insists upon their president of France becoming a monarch. I am disinterested personally. It is not my desire ever to return to France.

“My dear Lady Morgan, do you know that, having been cheated out of the fortune which I ought to have inherited from my late rich and unjust parent, I have only ten thousand dollars, or two thousand pounds English, which conveniently I can disburse annually. You talk of my ‘*princely* income,’ which convinces me that you are ignorant of the paucity of my means. I have all my life

had poverty to contend with, pecuniary difficulties to torture and mortify me; and but for my industry and energy, and my determination to conquer at least a decent sufficiency to live on in Europe, I might have remained as poor as you saw me in the year 1816."

She speaks in this strange letter of having been disinherited by her father. This was not quite true, although the poor, deluded woman was the plague of her father's declining years. It is but common charity to think that the acuteness of her mortification had impaired in some degree her reason. She spent many years hankering after that false European life, and heaping every kind of contempt upon her native land. She appears to have been incapable of human affection. She abandoned her father and his home, to roam around among the titled idlers of Europe, at a time when he peculiarly needed her presence and aid. He wrote to her thus in 1815, soon after the death of his wife:

"What will the world think of a woman who had recently followed her mother and last sister to the grave, and quit her father's house, where duty and necessity call for her attention as the only female of the family left, and thought proper to abandon all to seek for admiration in foreign countries?"

The old man intimates that he, too, regarded her as a person not quite sound in mind. He died in 1835, aged eighty-three years, leaving an immense estate, and the longest will ever recorded in Baltimore. He did not disinherit his daughter, Betsy; but left her a few small houses and lots; which, however, greatly increased in value after his death. He explains the smallness of his bequest thus:

"The conduct of my daughter Betsy has through life been so disobedient that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinions or feelings; indeed, she has caused

me more anxiety and trouble than all my other children put together, and her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a train of expense that first and last has cost me much money. Under such circumstances it would not be reasonable, just, or proper that she should inherit and participate in an equal proportion with my other children in an equal division of my estate; considering, however, the weakness of human nature, and that she is still my daughter, it is my will and pleasure to provide for her as follows, viz.: I give and devise to my said daughter Betsy, first, the house and lot on the east side of South Street, where she was born, and which is now occupied by Mr. Duncan, the shoemaker. Secondly, the houses and lots on the corner of Market Street bridge, now occupied by Mr. Tulley, the chairmaker, and Mr. Priestly, the cabinet-maker. Thirdly, the three new adjoining brick houses, and the one on the corner of Market and Frederick Streets. Fourthly, two new brick houses and lots on Gay Street, near Griffith's bridge; for and during the term of the natural life of my said daughter Betsy; and after her death I give, devise and bequeath the same to my grandson, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte."

She survived her father many years, a well-known figure in Baltimore, a brisk old lady with a red umbrella and a black velvet bonnet, with an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year, but living in a boarding-house on two thousand. A lady asked her what religion she preferred. She said that if she adopted any religion it would be the Roman Catholic, because "that was a religion of kings—a royal religion." Her niece said: "You would not give up Presbyterianism?" To which she replied:

"The only reason I would not is, that I should not like to give up the stool my ancestors had sat upon."

She died in April, 1879, and left a million and a half

of dollars to her two grandsons. Her letters have been published, and they exhibit to us a character unlike that of any other American woman who has been delineated in print. She once said, with equal sincerity and truth, that, in the course of her experience of life, she had found but one friend that was always faithful, namely, her Purse. Such a woman can have no other, and to that friend she was faithful unto death.

SOME LADIES OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

WE are often favored with remarks eulogizing the ladies of the old school at the expense of ladies of the present day. I do not doubt that a vast majority of the ladies whom our ancestors loved were estimable beings; but, then, folly is of no age; it belongs to all times, to every race, and to both sexes. Ladies of the old school! How old? How far must we go back before we come to those admirable and faultless creatures?

Shall we say the last century? People who enjoyed the personal acquaintance of ladies who lived a hundred years ago do not appear to have thought so highly of them as some living persons do who know them only by report. Consider one of their habits. What are we to think of their passionate, reckless, universal gambling? Down to 1790, gambling was so universal in the higher circles, that we may almost say society and gambling were synonymous terms. There appears to have been high play at every court and mansion every night. It was the regular resource among the idle classes for getting through the evenings. Fox, whom Nature formed to be the foremost Englishman of his time,—Fox, the Prince Hal of politics,—lost two hundred thousand pounds at cards by the time he was of age; and his father had to pay most of it. The card-table was spoken of sometimes as a school for the acquisition of nerve, fortitude, and good temper, since it was required of every one to bear losses with an appearance of cheerfulness. But human nature

not unfrequently triumphed over the restraints of decorum, as well as over the rules of the game. There were high-born dowagers, with whom it was a costly honor to play. Nor were losses always borne with equanimity. A writer of the last century relates a terrific scene which he witnessed in a London drawing-room.

Two elderly ladies were seated at a table, playing for pretty high stakes. Without going near them, it was easy to tell which was losing and which was winning, from the expression of their faces. At length, the game suddenly ended in a crushing disaster for one of them. The author describes the sweet and pleasant manner in which the gamester of fifty years' standing bore her loss. "Her face," he says, "was of a universal crimson: and tears of rage seemed ready to start into her eyes. At that moment, as Satan would have it, her opponent, a dowager whose hair and eyebrows were as white as those of an Albiness, triumphantly and briskly demanded payment for the two black aces.

"'Two black aces!' answered the loser in a voice almost unintelligible by passion. 'Here, take the money; though, instead, I wish I could give you two black eyes, you old white cat!' accompanying the wish with a gesture that threatened a possibility of its execution. The stately, starched old lady, who, in her eagerness to receive her winnings, had half risen from her chair, sunk back into it as though she had really received the blow. She literally closed her eyes and opened her mouth, and for several moments thus remained fixed by the magnitude of her horror."

We hear a good deal about the high-breeding and invincible politeness of the old time. There *was* more ceremony; there *was* more deference paid by poor to rich, by employed to employer, by commoner to lord, by citizens to their public servants; but after a wide survey of the

records of the past, and noting hundreds of indications too trifling for mention, I am fully persuaded, that in our hourly intercourse with one another as mere human beings, without regard to rank or caste, we are more polite than our ancestors,—more generally considerate of one another's feelings, rights, and dignity.

I was turning over in *Scribner's*, some time ago, "The Correspondence of the first Earl of Malmesbury." Good heavens! what savages some of the ladies of England appear in those volumes of familiar letters! Think of the ladies in the Pump-Room at Bath getting into a free fight, tearing one another's hair and clothes, so that the Riot Act was read, and read in vain! We don't do so at Saratoga. We hear much now-a-days of the girl of the period. There was a Woman's Club in London composed of ladies of rank, who came and went at all hours of the night, ate, drank (drank deeply too), played for high stakes, talked loud, showed brawny arms, and boasted in loud, coarse voices of their physical prowess. A new dance came up, which these strong-minded and strong-limbed sisters much affected. It was for two couples, who began the dance by a quarrel; next they fought a pair of duels, firing real pistols; then the couples danced a reconciliation figure, which ended in an embrace; and the dance concluded with kisses, well-timed and loud, that went off like the pistols employed in the fight. The dress of these high-born barbarians was as monstrous as their manners. We read of one lady, who, on seeing the Duchess of Devonshire enter a room with two feathers sixteen inches high nodding from the lofty summit of her head-dress, was stricken with jealousy, and thenceforth took no comfort in life until her undertaker gave his promise to send her two taller plumes as soon as one of his hearses came home from a job.

With regard to decency, as we understand the term,

it did not exist. Consider the anecdote related by Hannah More, bearing upon this point. In her old age, she had a curiosity to read again a novel which had been a favorite in families in her youth, and which she had herself often read at home to the family circle. Upon getting the book she was utterly amazed and confounded at its indecency: at eighty years, she could not read to herself a work which at sixteen she had read aloud to father, mother, and friends.

Dr. Franklin's paper, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, the best paper ever published in the Colonies, and among the most decent, contains fifty things which no newspaper now-a-days, not the most unscrupulous of all, would dare or wish to publish. Among the shorter tales of Voltaire, there are several which he wrote at the request of ladies, to be used by them in liquidation of forfeits incurred in games. These tales were read aloud, by or for the ladies, to the whole circle at the château or palace; oftener palace than château, some of them being written for German princesses. Those tales we should consider quite indecent, *all of them*. No periodical in Europe or America would publish them. The same author used to lend manuscript cantos of his "Pucelle," a poem of incredible freedom, to the most distinguished ladies in Europe, who regarded the loan as an homage to their taste and discretion, and sat up at night making copies for preservation. He read that poem to the Queen of Prussia, mother of Frederick the Great; and one day, upon looking up, he saw the queen's daughter listening on the sly. The queen, too, saw her a moment after, and exchanged meaning smiles with Voltaire, but did not send her away; and the reading went on as before, the flavor of the jests being more keenly relished because shared by virgin ears.

Women, indeed, were rather fonder of such literature than men, and for an obvious reason. Obscene jests,

indecent tales, and all that constitutes what Miss Wollstonecraft styles "bodily wit," are the natural resource of ignorant, idle minds; and, a hundred years ago, the minds of nearly all ladies were ignorant and idle. I assert, without hesitation, that the ordinary intercourse of human beings *as human beings* is more decent, more dignified, more kindly and more sincere, than it was.

For two or three months one summer, I lived at a beach on the coast of Maine, where, in all, during the season, there must have been as many as two thousand persons, of all sorts and conditions, of all religions and nationalities. I can almost say that there was not a rude or ungracious act done by one of them. Nobody was stuck up; nobody made any parade of wealth, or pretended to any superiority on account of his family or occupation. At the same time proper privacy was not intruded upon. Every one seemed to wish well to others, and the utmost friendliness prevailed at all times. Cards every evening, but no gambling; dancing every evening, but all over at eleven o'clock; plenty of hilarity, but scarcely any drinking. All was pleasant, cheerful, elegant, decorous, free. Warm discussions upon politics and religion, but no intolerance or ill temper. I say with the boldness arising from long research, that such a company, gathered for a similar purpose, in a similar place, during the last century, would have been less innocent, less decorous, less polite. There would have been high play, deep drinking, love intrigues, and no meeting of rich and not rich, distinguished and undistinguished, on terms of friendly equality.

Another fact: In a drawer of the bowling alley, I found one day a Latin dictionary, a Livy, and a Vergil; and I discovered, a few days after, that they belonged to the boy who had charge of the alley. He was preparing for college! When no one was playing, out came his Vergil from the drawer; and he kept at it till the next

customer strolled in. And the best of it was, that no one saw anything extraordinary in this. If he came to a passage he could not translate, he would bring his book to the piazza, and get assistance from some of the gentlemen there who were learned in the classics of antiquity; all of which seemed quite natural and ordinary.

Then as to chivalry—the grand politeness, the Sidney style,—supposed by some to be extinct. In our war, many a Sidney served in the ranks; one act of one of whom was this: Twenty men, thirsty and wounded, were waiting on a hot day, after a battle near Chattanooga, their turn to be attended to. One of the gentlemen of the Christian Commission came up at length, bearing the priceless treasure of a pail of water and a tin cup. He handed the first cupful to the soldier who seemed most to need the cooling, cleansing liquid; for he was badly wounded in the mouth, from which blood was oozing.

“No,” said this sublime Sidney of the ranks: “I must drink last; for, you know, I shall make the cup bloody.”

And there were a thousand men in that army who would have done the same. In this country certainly, and, I think, throughout Christendom, if the spirit of caste still lives in vulgar minds, it is generally recognized *as* vulgarity; it hides itself, and is ashamed.

“Would you believe it?” said Horace Walpole, “when an artist is patronized now-a-days, he thinks it is *he* who confers distinction!”

The courtly old pensioner evidently thought that this was mere insolence and absurdity. This man, who had lived all his life on the bounty of the English people—on an unearned pension of four thousand pounds a year, procured for him by his father, Sir Robert,—had not the slightest doubt of his intrinsic superiority to Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Fanny Burney, Garrick, or Handel! Nor had any other man of his order in Europe. Some

one was congratulating the great French actor, Leakin, upon the glory and the money which he had gained during a prosperous season.

“As to money,” said he, “we do not get as much as people think. My income, at the most, is only ten or twelve thousand francs a year.”

“What!” cried a young nobleman, “a vile actor not content with twelve thousand francs a year; while I who am in the king’s service, who sleep upon a cannon, and shed my blood for my country,—I am only too happy to get a thousand francs!”

The actor, inwardly boiling with fury, quietly said:

“Do you count it for nothing that you dare to speak to to me in that manner?”

Paris, it is said, marveled at the audacity of the veteran actor, not at all at the insolence of the boy lieutenant. All that, let us hope, is over forever. We may boast, too, that an approach has been made to a substantial equality of human conditions and opportunities. Bishop Kip tells us, in a very agreeable article, how tranquil, dignified, and captivating New York society was in the olden time. Very well. But he gives us to understand in the same article, that to maintain one of those refined, dignified families, required an estate ten or fifteen miles square; and there were only about fifty of them in the whole vast Province of New York. We are also reminded, now and then, of the first families of Virginia, and the grand life they lived; but it took a plantation of five thousand acres, five hundred slaves, and fifty house servants, to keep up one establishment. We must learn to live beautifully at a much cheaper rate than that; and I feel assured that we are learning it.

I went over a clock-factory, in Connecticut, some time ago—a spacious and handsome edifice, filled with intelligent, polite men and women doing clean, inviting work;

the water-wheel performing all that was hard and laborious. The only *important* difference I could discover between the proprietor and the workmen was, that the men came to work every morning at seven, and the owner at half-past six. All of them, in fact, came an hour too soon and stayed an hour too late. The workmen lived in pretty cottages—their own, if they choose to buy,—with good, large gardens around them. Their children went to the same school—common school and high school—as his children, and had access to the same library and lyceum. All lived in the same sweet, umbrageous village, and looked out upon the same circle of wood-crowned mountains; nor did there appear to be in the place a mind small enough to hold the barbaric idea, that one man could be higher than another because he has more money, or earns his livelihood by a different kind of work.

Mr. Emerson, in speaking of an improvident marriage, says: “Millenium has come and no groceries.” I said to myself, as I strolled about this village, “Here is a foretaste of millenium, and groceries in abundance. Here are ladies and gentlemen, not of the old school, who are living the polite and intelligent life upon eight and twelve dollars a week.”

Ladies of the present day themselves lament that they should be so little able to resist the tyranny of fashion. Ladies of the old school were more submissive to fashion than they, without lamenting it. Let me say that, of all tyrannies, the most ancient and the most universal is that of fashion. It began with the beginning of civilization, and it is precisely in the most civilized nations that its control extends to the greatest variety of details. Philosophers laugh at it; but show me, if you can, a philosopher who is philosopher enough to wear in broad daylight his grandfather's Sunday hat! Is it not a good hat? It is an excellent hat. The soft and silken fur of

the beaver covers it; it is lined with the finest leather; it glistens in the sun with a resplendent gloss; it is no uglier in form than the stove-pipe of to-day; it has all the properties of a good covering for the head. The original proprietor wore it with pride, and cherished it with care in a dust-tight bandbox, in which it has reposed unharmed for fifty years. What is the matter with this superior hat, that a man capable of marching up to the cannon's mouth shrinks with dismay from wearing it a mile on a fine afternoon in the street of his native city?

The hat is simply out of fashion; nothing more. The present owner knows that, if he were to wear it, his friends would take him for a madman, his creditors would fear for his solvency, and the boys would set him down as a quack doctor. So rooted, so unconquerable in this tyranny, which many of us deride, and all of us obey!

I said it is the oldest of our tyrants. In Egyptian tombs, which were ancient when Antony wooed Cleopatra, there have been found many evidences that Egyptian ladies were as assiduous devotees of fashion as the fondest inspector of fashion-plates can now be. In the British Museum you may inspect the implements of Egyptian fashion conveniently displayed. There are neat little bottles made to hold the coloring matter used by the ladies of Egypt for painting their cheeks and eyebrows. Some of these vessels have four or five cells or compartments, each of which contained liquid of a different shade for different portions of the face. These were applied with a kind of long pin or bodkin, several of which have been brought to this country.

Professor W. H. Flower, a distinguished member of the Royal Society of London, has recently published a little book called "Fashion in Deformity," in which he mentions several ways in which ladies torment, as well as deform themselves, in obedience to the tyranny of

fashion. He passes over Egypt; perhaps because of the superabundance of material illustrating his subject which the Egyptian collections present to view. If he had confined his work to such a testimony as the Egyptian tombs have yielded, he could have made a volume ten times the size of the modest discourse with which he has been so good as to favor us. One of the absurd Egyptian fashions appears to have been of some service. Herodotus tells us that, when he was on his travels, he once walked over a battle-field where the Egyptians and the Persians had fought some years before.

“I observed,” he says, “that the skulls of the Persians were so soft that you could perforate them with a small pebble, while those of the Egyptians were so strong that with difficulty you could break them with a large stone.”

Upon inquiring into the cause of this, he was informed that it was owing to the different head fashions of Egypt and Persia. In Egypt it was the fashion for mothers to shave the heads even of young children, leaving only a lock or two in front, behind, and one on each side; and while thus shorn they were allowed to go out into the sun without hats. The Persians, on the contrary, wore their hair long, and protected themselves from the sun by soft caps. We learn also from this passage in Herodotus, that it was not the fashion in his time to bury the dead after a battle.

All the ancient civilized races took great liberties with their hair, as well as with the hair of other people. Persons of rank in Egypt, after shaving off their own hair, wore wigs to distinguish them from bare-headed peasants. A still more inconvenient fashion of Egyptian dandies was the wearing of false beards upon the chin, composed of plaited hair, and varying in length according to the rank of the wearer. We find that, in all the ancient civilizations, fashion selected similar objects upon

which to exercise its authority. Sir Gardner Wilkinson mentions that there was a fashion in dogs in ancient Egypt, which changed from time to time. Some breeds were fashionable on account of their extreme ugliness, others for their beauty or size. The favorite dog of a popular princess would set the fashion in dogs for a long time, as it does in more modern days. As favorite dogs were frequently mummied, and placed in the tombs of their owners, we are able to trace several changes of fashion in these creatures.

Professor Flower could have drawn some apt illustrations from the burdensome head dresses found in ancient tombs. Some of these were not merely burdensome, but hideous, the hair being extended in such a way as to make the head four or five times larger than nature made it.

It were well if human beings would be satisfied with self-torment for fashion's sake. On almost any afternoon you may see in Broadway terriers bred so small that a full grown dog does not weigh much more than a large rat. This custom of changing the natural form and size of animals for fashion's sake is both ancient and widespread. The Hottentots twist the horns of their cattle into various fantastic shapes while the horns are young and flexible, and in some parts of Africa the horns of sheep are made to grow in several points by splitting the horn with a knife when it begins to grow. Among ourselves, too, horses tails are still occasionally docked for old fashion's sake, and Professor Flower remarks that the ancient custom of cropping the ears of horses is not yet extinct in England.

Among savages the modes of fashionable deformity are more numerous than with civilized people, though they are less injurious. Some tribes color their nails red or black. Tattooing the skin in an almost universal practice. Some savages blacken their teeth; others pull the mouth

all out of shape with heavy pendants ; others make holes in their ears, and continue to stretch them, until a man can pass his arms through his ears. It is a strange thing that the practice of flattening the head, in use among our Flathead Indians, does not appear to injure the brain. White men who have resided in that tribe report that any mother who should fail to flatten the heads of her children into the fashionable shape, would be thought a very indolent and unkind parent, since it would subject her children to the unsparing ridicule of their playmates. Nor could the girls ever hope for marriage, nor the boys aspire to have any influence in the tribe.

The two worst fashions in deformity, according to Professor Flower, are cramping the feet and compressing the body. The sufferings undergone by Chinese girls, in reducing their feet to the fashionable size, are so severe and long continued as to excite our wonder even more than our pity. The learned professor gives a pair of pictures to show what ladies do with themselves when they try to conform to the fashion of half-yard waist. One presents to us the statue of the Venus of Milo in all the majestic amplitude of nature. The other exhibits the Paris waist of May, 1880, a silly, trivial, nipped figure of the fashionable number of inches in circuit, an object of equal horror to the anatomist and to the artist.

We moderns, however, have one comfort. We have evolved the fashion of not following the fashion. Thus, the late Lord Palmerston never would wear boots which did not give to each of his toes all its natural rights, and so he set the fashion of not wearing the fashionable boot. In every American community there are now to be found ladies of the new school, who, if they follow the fashion at all, follow it at a rational distance, and know how to preserve their health and freedom without singularity. It is no longer difficult to follow the fashion of following the fashion, as Chesterfield advised, " three paces behind."

TORU DUTT.

ONE day in August, 1876, the English poet and critic, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, was lingering in the office of the London "Examiner" mourning over the dullness of the book-trade at that season, and complaining that the publishers sent him no books worth reviewing. While he was still talking upon this subject to his friend, Mr. Minto, the editor of the paper, the postman arrived, bringing a meager little packet, marked with an unfamiliar Indian postmark. Upon being opened it proved to contain a small pamphlet, entitled, "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields, by Toru Dutt," which Mr. Minto thrust hastily into the reluctant hands of Mr. Gosse, exclaiming as he did so: "There, see whether you can't make something out of that."

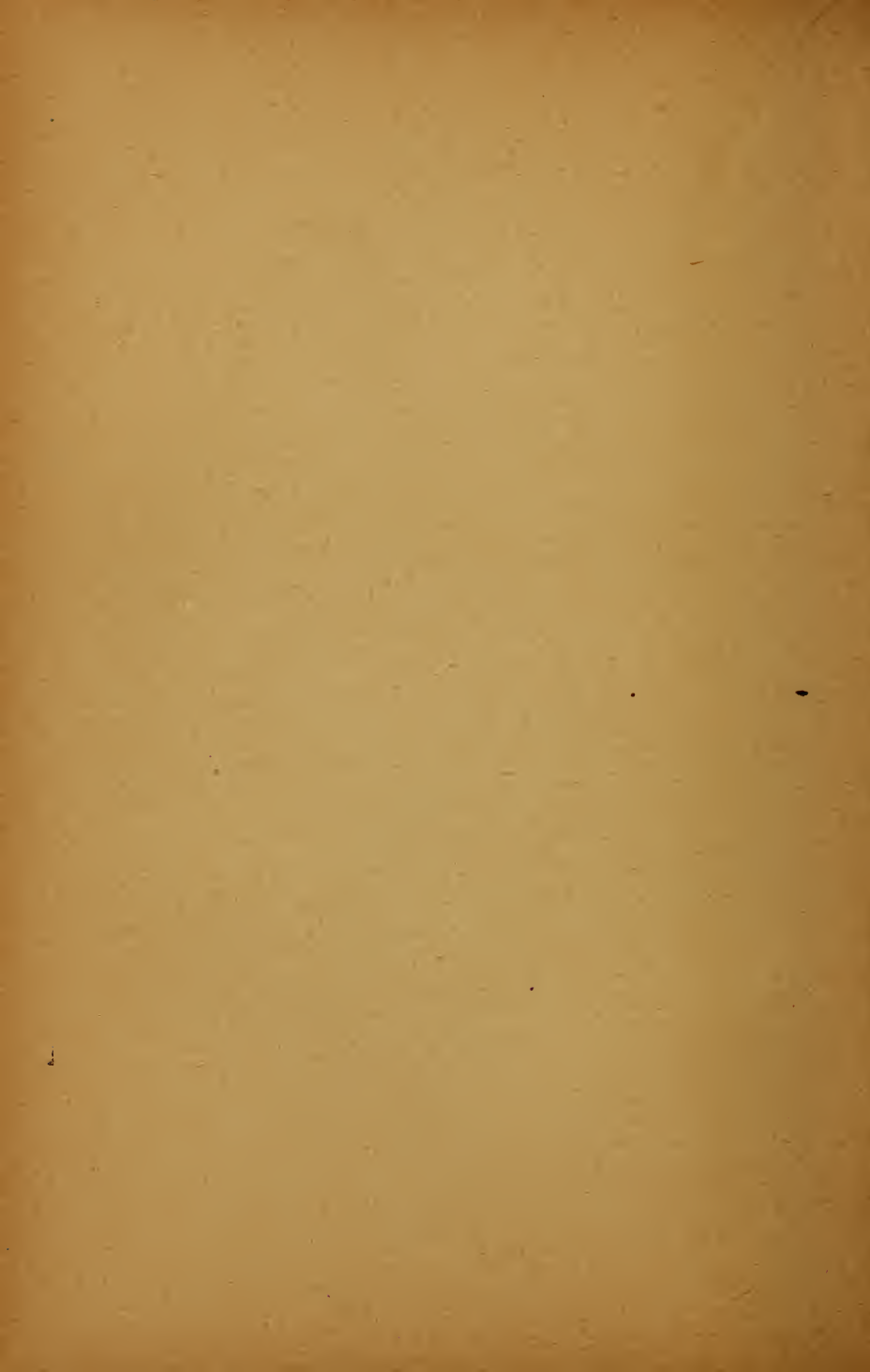
The critic did not expect to make anything of it. It was a thin, shabby, ugly little book, of about two hundred pages, bound in orange color, unattractive in type, and without preface or introduction, its oddly printed title-page merely conveying the information that it was published at Bhowanipore, at the Saptahiksambad Press. He took it, however, and the first thing he found in it was a translation of A Morning Serenade, by Victor Hugo.

"What was my surprise and almost rapture," he says in relating the incident, "to open at such verse as this:

"Still barred thy doors! The far east glows,
The morning wind blows fresh and free.
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?"



TORU DUTT AND SISTER.



“All look for thee, Love, Light, and Song;
 Light in the sky deep red above,
 Song, in the lark of pinions strong,
 And in my heart, true Love.

“Apart, we miss our nature’s goal,
 Why strive to cheat our destinies?
 Was not my love made for thy soul?
 Thy beauty for mine eyes?
 No longer sleep,
 Oh, listen now!
 I wait and weep,
 But where art thou?”

“When poetry is as good as this,” continues Mr. Gosse, it does not much matter whether Rouveyre prints it upon Whatman paper, or whether it steals to light in blurred type from some press in Bhowanipore.”

The volume which thus pleasantly surprised an accomplished reviewer was the work of a young Hindu girl, then only twenty years of age. Toru Dutt was the youngest child of Govin Chunder Dutt, a retired Indian officer of high caste. She was born in Calcutta on the fourth of March, 1856, and, with the exception of a year’s visit to Bombay, her childhood, and that of her elder sister Aru, was passed at her father’s garden-house in the city of her birth. Her parents, whom she dearly loved, were devout Christians, and brought her up to share their faith. She was well acquainted, however, with all the ancient songs and legends of her own people, and always retained for them a tenderness of which she sometimes speaks half apologetically, while at other times she grows warm in their praise. Often her mother, herself, and Aru,—for both sisters possessed very clear, and well-trained contralto voices—would sing these strange old ballads in the evening, when the sudden descent of the tropic night brought welcome dusk and coolness after the glare and heat of an Indian day.

The two sisters were devoted companions. Toru, the younger by eighteen months, always unconsciously took the lead both in studies and amusements, although, as their father records, there was no assumption of superiority on her part. "It seemed perfectly natural to Aru," he says, "to fall into the background in the presence of her sister. The love between them was always perfect."

They remained until 1869 in the happy retirement of their home, studying and learning how to perform household tasks, none of which they considered too mean for them. Much of their time was spent in the garden, of which no description could be given so clear or so beautiful as Toru's own, written a few years later :

"A sea of foliage girds our garden round,
 But not a sea of dull, unvaried green,
 Sharp contrasts of all colors here are seen;
 The light-green, graceful tamarinds abound
 Amid the mangoe clumps of green profound.
 And palms arise, like pillars gray, between;
 And o'er the quiet pools the seemuls lean,
 Red,—red, and startling like the trumpet's sound.
 But nothing can be lovelier than the ranges
 Of bamboos to the eastward, when the moon
 Looks through their gaps, and the white lotus changes
 Into a cup of silver. One might swoon
 Drunken with beauty then, or gaze and gaze
 On a primeval Eden, in amaze."

In November, 1869, the two girls went to Europe, and visited France, Italy, and England. In France they were sent to school for the only time in their lives, spending a few months at a French pension. It must have been chiefly during this period that Toru gained her marvellous intimacy with the French language. English she spoke and wrote well—even wonderfully well considering her age and nationality—yet an occasional lapse betrays the foreigner. Her French, on the contrary, fluent, grace-

ful, and idiomatic, seems not the toilsomely acquired accomplishment of an educated Hindu, but the natural speech of a Parisian lady. A brief sample, taken almost at random, will prove this. It is a description of the hero in her romance called *Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers*.

“ Il est beau en effet. Sa taille est haute, mais quelquesuns la trouveraient mince; sa chevelure noire est bouclée et tombe jusqu'à la nuque; ses yeux noirs sont profonds et bien fendus; le front est noble; la lèvre supérieure, couverte par une moustache naissante et noire, est parfaitement modelée; son menton a quelque chose de sévère; son teint est d'un blanc presque féminin, ce qui dénote sa haute naissance.”

She always loved France. Her first book, as we see, was a volume of translations from the French; her one long prose work was composed in French; the first article she ever published was a critical essay upon a French author; and two of her most stirring English poems treat of French subjects—one, an ode written in 1870 during the dark days of the Franco-Prussian War, the second, lines inscribed on the fly-leaf of Erckmann-Chatrian's novel *Madame Thérèse*. The latter concludes thus:

I read the story, and my heart beats fast!
 Well might all Europe quail before thee, France,
 Battling against oppression! Years have passed,
 Yet of that time men speak with moistened glance.
 Va-nu-pieds! When rose high your Marseillaise
 Man knew his rights to earth's remotest bound
 And tyrants trembled. Yours alone the praise!
 Ah, had a Washington but then been found!

On leaving France the sisters went to England, where they attended the lectures for women at Cambridge, and in 1873 they returned to their beloved home in Calcutta,

where the four remaining years of Toru's life were passed. A photograph taken before their departure shows both girls to have been pleasing and refined in appearance, while Toru's rather round face with its bronze skin, brilliant eyes, and shading mass of loose hair, might be termed pretty, did we not prefer to call it expressive, since its alertness and intelligence possess a stronger charm than its beauty.

Toru's career as an author dated from her return to India. Equipped already with a stock of knowledge which, as Mr. Gosse well says, "would have sufficed to make an English or French girl seem learned, but which in her case was simply miraculous," she could not rest content with these acquirements, but devoted herself zealously to the study of Sanskrit, under her father's tuition; a pursuit which she continued until, in consideration of her failing health, he required her to give it up. Her first publication, which appeared in the *Bengal Magazine* when she was but eighteen years of age, was an essay upon the French poet Leconte de Lisle, with whose somewhat austere compositions she had much sympathy. This was soon followed by another upon Joséphin Souлары, both being illustrated by translations into English verse.

In July, 1874, her sister Aru died at the age of twenty, and in her Toru lost a faithful helper and friend. It had been their cherished project to publish an anonymous novel which Toru was to write and Aru, who possessed a striking talent for design, was to illustrate. Toru began the novel—*Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers*—before leaving Europe, but Aru died without having seen a page of it, and Toru herself was in her grave when the completed manuscript was found among her papers by her father and given to the public.

The "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields" appeared, as

we have stated, in 1876. This wonderful book of translations, made by a young girl in India, from one foreign language into another, found but two reviewers in all Europe. One of these was the French poet and novelist, André Theuriet, who was himself represented in its pages by one of her most successful translations, and who gave it just and discriminating praise in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. The other was the gentleman who had so unwillingly received it in the office of the *London Examiner*. Mr. Gosse, in the memoir with which he afterwards prefaced one of Toru's works, claims with sympathetic pride that he was "a little earlier still in sounding the only note of welcome which reached the dying poetess from England."

The dying poetess! Toru, never strong, and exhausted by the continuous strain of her literary labors, was soon to follow the sister whom she so deeply mourned. Her letters to her friend, Mlle. Clarisse Bader, show us very clearly the beginning of the end. Mlle. Bader was the author of a French work entitled, "Woman in Ancient India," which Toru desired to translate into English. Before doing so, however, she wrote to ask permission of the author. She received a most kind and gracious reply.

"Dear Mademoiselle," wrote Mlle. Bader, "What! It is a descendant of my dear Indian heroines who desires to translate the work I have devoted to the ancient Aryan women of the Peninsula of the Ganges! Such a wish, emanating from such a source, touches me too deeply for me not to listen to it. Translate, then, Woman in Ancient India, Mademoiselle; I authorize you with all my heart to do so; and with all my most sympathetic desires I invoke the success of your enterprise. . . . When you have published in India your translation of Woman in Ancient India, I should be very grateful if you would kindly send two copies of your version. I should also be

very happy to receive your photograph if you still possess one."

Toru's reply, dated Calcutta, March 18, 1877, is as follows :

"Dear Mademoiselle, I thank you very sincerely for your kind authorization to translate 'Woman in Ancient India' and also for your kind and sympathetic letter, which has given me the keenest pleasure.

"I deeply lament not to have been able to begin the translation yet, but my constitution is not very strong ; more than two years ago I contracted an obstinate cough which never leaves me. Nevertheless, I hope soon to set to work.

"I cannot express, Mademoiselle, how much your affection for my country and my countrywomen touches me, for both your letter and your book sufficiently testify that you do love them ; and I am proud to be able to say that the heroines of our great epics are worthy of all honor and all love. Is there any heroine more touching, more loveable, than Sîta ? I do not believe there is. When, in the evening, I hear my mother sing the old songs of our country I almost always shed tears. Sîta's lament when, banished for the second time, she wanders alone in the vast forest with terror and despair in her soul, is so pathetic that I think there is no one who could hear it without crying. I enclose for you two little translations from that beautiful old language, the Sanskrit. Unfortunately, I was obliged to cease my translations from the Sanskrit six months ago. My health does not permit me to continue them. I send you also my portrait and that of my sister. In the photograph she is represented as seated. She was so sweet and so good ! The photograph dates from four years ago, when I was seventeen and she scarcely nineteen. I too, Mademoiselle, shall be grateful, if you will kindly send me your photograph. I will keep it as one of my greatest treasures.

“I must pause here; I will not further intrude upon your time. Like M. Lefèvre-Deumier, I must say:

“Farewell then, dear friend whom I have not known,”

“For, Mademoiselle, I count you among my friends and among my best friends, although I have not seen you.

“Believe, Mademoiselle, the renewed assurance of my friendship,
TORU DUTT.”

From a postscript we learn that she had expected to visit Europe for her health, and she expresses her hope of soon meeting her unknown friend. In April, however, she writes again, saying that she had been very ill for a fortnight, and that this plan had been abandoned. She asked Mlle. Bader to write to her at her old address—“your letter and your portrait will do me good.” It is pleasant to think how she must have enjoyed the cheering and appreciative letter which she received in reply. It enclosed the portrait, too, although Mlle. Bader declares that her photographs were always each uglier than the last, and that it was a great piece of self-sacrifice for her to send one to anybody who had never seen her.

Toru answers briefly but warmly, thanking her friend for her kindness and excusing herself from writing more at length on the ground that she has been suffering four months from fever, and is still too weak to go from her own room to the next without feeling extreme fatigue. One more letter from Mlle. Bader, even more cordial and affectionate than the last, closes the correspondence. It is full of sympathy and encouragement. She exclaims with surprise that Toru, in her photograph apparently the picture of health, should have been so ill.

“But now,” she adds, “you have wholly recovered, have you not? And, at the time of the Exposition, you will come to our sweet land of France, whose mild breezes will do you good—you, who have suffered from your

burning climate. Friendly hearts await you with joyous hope. My parents and myself love you much—without having ever seen you, but your letters and your works have revealed to us the goodness of your heart, the candor of your soul. Come, then, my amiable friend, to seal with your presence an affection which is already yours.”

The two friends never met; the letter was never answered, never received. It was dated September 11, 1877. Toru Dutt died August 30th of the same year, aged twenty-one years, six months, and twenty-six days. She had breathed her last before the letter was even written. Her last words were, “It is only the physical pain that makes me cry.”

She died almost unknown to fame. A few men in France and England who had made the Orient a special study, had noted her works and praised them as the achievement of a Hindu genius; a still smaller number had read them and loved them for their poetry alone. But, from the day of her death her reputation grew, and a second edition of the “Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields” was soon prepared, with a brief preface by her father. This book was, it must be remembered, the only one of hers published in her lifetime; upon this alone it was at first thought that her fame must rest. Even had this been the case, her place in literature should have been secure. The translations vary; some are almost flawless gems of English, such as the “Serenade” already given, or this version of a poem by Evariste de Parvy, on the “Death of a Young Girl”;

“Though childhood’s days were past and gone
 More innocent no child could be;
 Though grace in every feature shone,
 Her maiden heart was fancy free.

“A few more months, or haply days
 And Love would blossom—so we thought
 As lifts in April’s genial rays
 The rose its clusters richly wrought.

“But God had destined otherwise,
 And so she gently fell asleep,
 A creature of the starry skies
 Too lovely for the earth to keep.

“She died in earliest womanhood;
 Thus dies, and leaves behind no trace,
 A bird’s song in a leafy wood—
 Thus melts a sweet smile from a face.”

At other times she is not so fortunate. Sometimes a poem intended to be picturesque or impressive is given a really comical turn by the introduction of some unexpected little colloquial phrase, used by Toru with perfect good faith as to its suitability. Take, for example, her translation of Victor Hugo’s magnificent piece upon the “Forts of Paris” in which the mood of the English reader is undesirably affected by the statement that

“*At a respectful distance* keep the forts,
 A multitude, a populace, of monstrous guns,
 That in the far horizon wolf-like prowl.”

The word “cannon-wagon,” too, does not lend itself gracefully to blank verse.

“The sinister cannon-wagons darkly grouped”

were doubtless awe-inspiring objects, but the effect upon the reader is not wholly the one intended. Yet in the same piece occur these finely resonant lines descriptive of cannon:

“Far stretching out
 Their necks of bronze around the wall immense,
 They rest awake while peacefully we sleep,
 And in their hoarse lungs latent thunders growl
 Low premonitions.”

The notes appended to the book are almost as interesting, in their curious display of unlooked-for knowledge and equally unlooked-for ignorance, as the work itself. It is plain that she is acquainted with our American authors.

In a note upon Charles Nodier she remarks that his prose stories are charming and remind her of Washington Irving. In another upon Baudelaire, she detects in one of his poems a plagiarism from Longfellow—a literal translation of a verse from the “Psalm of Life.”

Fortunately for the reading public, however, we have other standards by which to judge of Toru’s talent. After her death her father found among her papers the complete French romance of “Mademoiselle d’Arvers,” which was soon published under the editorial care of Mlle. Bader, and a sufficient number of English poems to form the little volume lately issued under the title of “Ancient Songs and Ballads of Hindustan,” and prefaced by Mr. Gosse with a memoir of the author.

“*Le Journal de Mademoiselle d’Arvers*” is a novel of modern French society, treating of the love of two brothers for the same beautiful and noble girl. It is tragic, the unhappy passion leading finally to fratricide and madness. Yet, in dealing with these difficult matters, Toru never becomes melodramatic or ridiculous, and often displays true power, though she is not seldom unreal and fantastic. Of more interest to American readers is the collection of her English poems—her chief claim to distinction. These, too, vary greatly. She had not yet completely conquered the language in which she wrote; we are still surprised by occasional prosaic expressions in the midst of poetry, and the strange legends which she relates are often rendered stranger to our ears by the phrases in which she relates them. But they are interesting, striking, and often beautiful. Under the heading “Miscellaneous Poems” there occur at the end of the volume a few pages which having once read we should find it very hard to spare. Through them all breathes the bright and kindly spirit that made their young author so dear to all around her.

Geniuses are not always comfortable people to live with; but Toru, although during the four years in which she accomplished the work of her lifetime she was a frail invalid wasting to her death, seems never to have been to those who shared her daily life anything but a blessing, from which they found it the greatest of sorrows to part.

To some readers, the most touching thing in all her sad, short history is the brief paragraph in which her father, now childless, describes his companionship with her in labor. She had a wonderful memory, and when a dispute arose between them as to the significance of any word or phrase, she was very apt to be in the right. Sometimes, however, her father was so sure of his position that he would propose laying a wager—usually a rupee—before referring to the lexicon to settle the question. Toru almost always won, but now and then she was mistaken.

“It was curious and very pleasant for me,” says her father, “to watch her when she lost. First a bright smile; then thin fingers patting my grizzled cheek; then perhaps some quotation from Mrs. Barrett Browning, her favorite poetess, like this :

‘Ah, my gossip, you are older and more learned, and a man!’
or some similar pleasantry.”

The story of her life can not be better closed than by quoting here the beautiful last poem of her last book, in which her loving and observant spirit finds, perhaps, its highest expression. In it she sings once more of that dear garden home where she and Aru spent their childhood together, and to which both returned to die. It is called “Our Casuarina Tree.”

Like a huge Python, winding round and round
The rugged trunk, indented deep with scars,
Up to its very summit near the stars,
A creeper climbs, in whose embraces bound

No other tree could live, but gallantly
 The giant wears the scarf, and flowers are hung
 In crimson clusters all the boughs among,
 Whereon all day are gathered bird and bee;
 And oft at night the garden overflows
 With one sweet song that seems to have no close
 Sung darkling from our tree while men repose.

When first my casement is wide open thrown
 At dawn, my eyes delighted on it rest;
 Sometimes, and most in winter, on its crest
 A grey baboon sits statue-like alone
 Watching the sunrise; while on lower boughs
 His puny offspring leap about and play;
 And far and near ko-kilas hail the day;
 And to their pastures wend our sleepy cows;
 And in the shadow, on the broad tank cast
 By that hoar tree, so beautiful and vast,
 The water-lilies spring, like snow enmassed.

But not because of its magnificence
 Dear is the Casuarina to my soul:
 Beneath it we have played; though years may roll
 O sweet companions, loved with love intense,
 For your sakes, shall the tree be ever dear?
 Blent with your images, it shall arise
 In memory, till the hot tears blind mine eyes!
 What is that dirge-like murmur that I hear
 Like the sea breaking on a shingle-beach?
 It is the tree's lament, an eerie speech
 That haply to the unknown land may reach.

Unknown, yet well-known to the eye of faith!
 Ah, I have heard that wail far, far, away
 In distant lands, by many a sheltered bay,
 When slumbered in his cave the water-wraith
 And the waves gently kissed the classic shore
 Of France or Italy, beneath the moon,
 When earth lay trancèd in a dreamless swoon:
 And every time the music rose—before
 Mine inner vision rose a form sublime,
 Thy form, O Tree, as in my happy prime
 I saw thee, in my own loved native clime.

Therefore I fain would consecrate a lay
Unto thy honor, Tree, beloved of those
Who now in blessed sleep for aye repose,
Dearer than life to me, alas! were they!
Mayst thou be numbered when my days are done
With deathless trees, like those in Borrowdale,
Under whose awful branches lingered pale
“Fear, trembling Hope, and Death the skeleton,
And Time the shadow;” and though weak the verse
That would thy beauty fain, oh fain rehearse,
May Love defend thee from Oblivion’s curse.

GEORGE SAND.

GEORGE SAND is a name which the English-speaking world still pronounces with something less than respect. She was not of our race, nor of our manners, and her immediate ancestors were extreme types of everything in human character most remote from ourselves and our sense of the right and becoming.

To begin with, she was the great-granddaughter of that brilliant, dissolute Maurice de Saxe, Marshal of France, who in 1745 won for Louis XV and in his presence the battle of Fontenoy. Her great-grandmother, a scarcely less remarkable personage, was Aurora, the beautiful Countess von Koenigsmark. Her grandmother, the child of this famous, disorderly pair, a lady deeply imbued with aristocratic feeling, was proud of her illustrious, irregular descent, and preserved in her demeanor the formality of a past period. In her youth she experienced strange vicissitudes. Withdrawn at an early age from a convent in order to marry Count de Horn, of whom she knew nothing, she was left a widow while fêtes were in progress in honor of the newly married couple. She lived for some time upon a modest pension allowed her by the Dauphiness; then, that Princess dying, she was left destitute. It was a fashion then in Europe for persons who had no other resource to apply for aid to Voltaire, and to him the young Countess appealed. Madame Sand always preserved among her treasures her grandmother's letter to the chief of the "philosophers," and his reply.



GEORGE SAND.



“It is to the singer of Fontenoy that the daughter of Marshal de Saxe addresses herself in order to obtain bread,” wrote the Countess. “. . . I have thought that he who has immortalized the victories of the father would be interested in the misfortunes of the daughter. To him it belongs to adopt the children of heroes, and to be my support, as he is that of the daughter of the great Corneille.”

“Madame,” the aged poet replied, “I shall go very soon to rejoin the hero your father, and I shall inform him with indignation of the condition in which his daughter now is.” He then advised her to appeal to his particular friend, the Duchess de Choiseul, wife of the prime minister, “whose soul is just, noble, and beneficent.”

“Doubtless,” he concluded, “you did me too much honor when you thought a sick old man, persecuted and withdrawn from the world, could be so happy as to serve the daughter of Marshal de Saxe. But you have done me justice in not doubting the lively interest I take in the daughter of so great a man.”

This letter, which she hastened to show to the Duchess de Choiseul, procured her the relief of which she stood in need, and shortly afterward she married again. Her second husband, M. Dupin, died after ten years of wedded life, leaving in his widow the care of their only child, Maurice. Madame Dupin, with what the Revolution had left to her of her husband's property, then purchased the country estate of Nohant, in Berri, since made famous through the genius of George Sand, and went there to live with her son. He, when twenty-six years of age, contracted a secret marriage with Sophie Victorie Delaborde, a Swiss milliner, the daughter of a dealer in song birds.

Mademoise'le Delaborde, four years older than Maurice

Dupin, without property, and a somewhat disreputable person, was not cordially welcomed into the family by Madame Dupin. It was natural that she should look upon the marriage as a calamity. Nevertheless, she had the good sense to conceal her feelings, and to forgive an error which was plainly irrevocable, and, although she always heartily disliked her daughter-in-law, she was obliged soon to acknowledge that she was a most efficient and devoted wife, who kept her husband very happy.

July 5, 1804, the last year of the Republic and the first of the Empire, a daughter was born to this oddly-assorted couple, who bestowed upon her the name of Amantine-Lucile-Aurore. The infancy of this child was passed in Paris with her mother, her father residing with them whenever his military duties did not require his presence elsewhere. Captain Dupin, however, as aide-de-camp to Prince Murat, was so much away from home that in 1808 his wife, unable to bear a longer separation, went to join him in Madrid. Little Aurore, four years of age, accompanied her, and was presented to Murat attired for the occasion in a miniature copy of her father's uniform, including spurs, high boots, and tiny sword. The Prince was pleased with the jest, and took a fancy to his *little aide-de-camp*, as he called her.

Captain Dupin, shortly after his return to France, was killed by a fall from his horse. This sad event doomed his little daughter to live for many years in an atmosphere of discord, the object of continual contention between her plebeian mother and her patrician grandmother, each of whom claimed her duty and affection. Obedience she rendered to both when their commands, too frequently contradictory, permitted; but her heart was her mother's. Within the walls of the château she passed unhappy hours, for the domestic warfare was to her a constant source of misery; but, once out of doors

playing with her village companions, exploring every nook and corner of the fields and woods, and listening half credulously to the legends and fairy tales of the neighborhood, her vivid imagination and her admirable health made her one of the gayest and happiest of children. After a time, too, a separation was gradually effected between her mother and herself, and this, although grievous in itself, rendered her life more peaceful. Madame Maurice Dupin, who was poor, in consideration of the benefits such an arrangement would confer upon the child, consented to leave her in the care of her grandmother, and herself removed permanently to Paris. Aurore slowly learned to love the old lady whose formal manners long repelled and chilled her. For years it was her dearest hope to effect a reconciliation, and she resented with more than childish indignation the scornful remarks of the servants, who used to taunt her with wishing to go to her mother and eat beans in a garret, rather than stay at the château and learn to be a lady.

Her education was varied and peculiar. While on the one hand her grandmother and her grandmother's friends tried their best to teach her the elaborate accomplishments and submissive demeanor which they considered desirable in a young girl, on the other she was dabbling in Latin, history, literature, and classic mythology, playing practical jokes upon her tutor, and inventing new games and dances for herself and the village children. Of religious instruction she had none. In the course of time she invented for herself a Being half hero, half deity, whom she named Corambé, a Greek god possessed of the Christian virtues, to whom she erected shrines in the woods, before which, as an acceptable sacrifice, she would lay flowers and set free the birds and butterflies that she had taken captive.

When she was thirteen, all this came to an end. She

was sent to the English convent of Augustine nuns in Paris. The pupils in this convent were divided into two bands—the *diables* or mischievous girls, and the *sages* or good girls. Aurore was promptly enrolled among the *diables*, and so distinguished herself by pranks of many kinds, and especially by her earnestness in an enterprise called mysteriously “the *Deliverance of the Victim*” (the search, partly serious and partly frolicsome, for an erring nun supposed to be imprisoned somewhere within the building), that she soon earned the appellation of Madcap from her admiring friends. But, in the second year of her stay, this heroic undertaking suddenly lost its charm. She was converted, became a devoted Catholic, and desired fervently to become a nun. By her companions she was now renamed, Saint Aurore.

The sisters were too wise to encourage her excessive devotion, and her confessor, disapproving sudden asceticism, ordered her as a penance to continue the games and amusements from which she wished to withdraw. Her taste for them quickly returned, and she became again a leader among her companions, although scrupulously avoiding anything like mischief or insubordination. Her desire for the cloister was not finally dispelled until a year or two later, when a fever of reading came upon her, and she devoured in turn the pages of Aristotle, Bacon, Locke, Condillac, Bossuet, Pascal, Montaigne, Montesquieu, Leibnitz, and others.

“Reading Leibnitz,” she afterward remarked, “I became a Protestant without knowing it.”

A little later she found in Jean Jacques Rousseau a writer whose poetic treatment of religious subjects impressed her still more strongly. She passed through many phases of religious feeling in her life, but she was enabled to say in later years:

“As to my religion, the ground of it has never varied.

The forms of the past have vanished for me as for my century before the light of study and reflection. But the eternal doctrine of believers, of God and His goodness, the immortal soul and the hopes of another life, this is what, in myself, has been proof against all examination, all discussion, and even intervals of despairing doubt."

Aurore Dupin left the convent and returned to Nohant, in 1820, when she was fifteen years of age. At the château she now passed the midnight hours in study, and in considering the most difficult problems of existence; but her days were spent in a very different manner. Within doors she exerted herself to keep on peaceable terms with her grandmother, whose temper had not improved with age, in practicing the harp, in drawing, in studying philosophy and anatomy, and in getting up little comedies to amuse her elders; out-of-doors, attired for greater convenience in a suit of boy's clothes, with blouse and gaiters, she pursued botany or hunted quails with her eccentric tutor, M. Deschatres. She was a fearless rider, as well as a good shot; both these last accomplishments being due to the instruction of her half-brother Hippolyte, who had taught her during a brief visit home, while on leave of absence from his regiment. Her daring feats astonished and shocked the neighbors; but M. Deschatres, who cared for nothing but quails and anatomy, did not trouble himself to restrain her, and old Madame Dupin was fast falling into her dotage. The young girl was free from restraint.

A year later the old lady died, leaving all her property to Aurore. She now returned to her mother in Paris, hoping for a happiness which she did not find. Time and absence had loosened the bond between them, and Madame Maurice Dupin was not blessed with an equable disposition. Aurore obeyed her in everything without question, but this excess of submission only exasperated the mother,

and it was a relief to both when the girl went to visit some friends at their country house near Melun. Here she met M. Casimir Dudevant, a young man of twenty-seven, who was pleased with her from the first. In a short time he offered her his hand, and she accepted him.

She was then a beautiful girl of eighteen. Her hair, dark and curly, fell in profusion upon her shoulders; her features were good, her complexion of a pale, clear olive tint, her eyes dark, soft, and full of expression. If her figure was somewhat too short, she possessed small and beautifully shaped hands and feet. Her manners were simple, her voice gentle and low. With strangers and acquaintances she was reserved, and did not shine in conversation; but among friends she was animated, frank, and charming. It is little wonder that M. Dudevant was attracted by her, but it is somewhat surprising that he was not in love with her. The marriage was admitted by both to be one founded upon friendship only. Doubtless it was by Aurore regarded as an escape from her difficult relations with her mother. It proved a sad mistake.

The young couple, fatally ignorant of each other's character, proved to have few tastes in common; their dispositions were wholly uncongenial; and, to make matters worse, M. Dudevant after a time fell into habits of dissipation. For the sake of her two children, Maurice and Solange, Madame Dudevant made no attempt to release herself, until at the end of eight years, she found that the situation had become intolerable. She was totally indifferent to her husband, and he regarded her with feelings of positive dislike.

She then made a curious proposition to him. For some time she had been conscious of her literary talent, and she now proposed to her husband that he should permit her to spend every alternate three months in Paris, there to try her fortune with her pen. Her youngest child, the

little Solange, was to join her as soon as she was comfortably established ; her son, whom she did not wish to remove from his excellent tutor, if indeed his father would have let him go, was to remain at Nohant, where she would herself reside during six months of the year.

She was to be allowed six hundred dollars per annum from her own fortune, on condition that she never exceeded that sum, and the rest of her property was to remain in the hands of M. Dudevant. To this singular compromise he at once assented, and she set out for the capital in 1831.

She carried introductions to one or two literary people, but they gave her small encouragement. A novelist to whom she first applied told her that women ought not to write at all. Another tried to cheer her with the information that if she persevered she might some day make as much as three hundred dollars a year by writing, although he condemned as valueless such specimens as she showed him of her fiction. He took her, however, upon the staff of *Figaro*, of which paper he was the editor, and paid her for her labor at the rate of seven francs (\$1.35) a column. Her talents were not suited to journalism ; but she worked hard and faithfully for *Figaro*. In those days she was excluded by her sex from places to which, in her profession, it was desirable she should have access. She therefore assumed once more the masculine disguise to which she had become accustomed in her girlhood, and was enabled to pass anywhere as a student of sixteen. After she had become famous, much odium was cast upon her on account of this habit of hers by the scandal-mongers.

She soon made friends among the literary Bohemians of Paris, and many of her earlier and briefer works were written in collaboration with one of them, M. Jules Sandeau, afterwards the author of several successful novels and plays. These joint performances included a

novelette entitled *La Prima Donna*, and a complete novel, called *Rose et Blanche*, which was published under M. Sandeau's nom de-plume of Jules Sand. It was a book of no importance, and is now omitted from the works of both its authors, but it attracted the notice of a publisher, who requested another volume from the same pen. A new novel written entirely by Madame Dudevant was then lying in her desk, and she at once gave this into his hands. M. Sandeau, unwilling to claim any credit for a work in which he had no share, refused to permit her to use their usual pseudonym. To oblige the publisher, who wished to connect the work with its predecessor, it was decided that only the prefix should be changed, and *George*, a favorite name among husbandmen, was selected as representative of her native province of Berri. In April, 1832, the book appeared. It was entitled, "Indiana, by George Sand."

Its success with the public was so immediate and so great that the author was alarmed.

"The success of *Indiana* has thrown me into dismay," she wrote to an old friend. "Till now, I thought my writing was without consequence and would not merit the slightest attention. Fate has decreed otherwise. The unmerited admiration of which I have become the object must be justified."

Many, even of those who praised her most, predicted that she would never equal this first venture; but *Valentine*, which appeared a few months later, convinced them of their error. Both these books are stories of unhappy marriage. *Indiana* is a romantic, high-spirited girl, bound for life to a dull, imperious, but not bad-hearted man much older than herself. The other chief characters are a graceful, heartless scoundrel who makes love to her, and a cousin, a sort of guardian angel, who, after long loving her in silence, at last succeeds in rescuing her from her miserable situation. *Valentine*, like *Indiana*,

is the victim of a *mariage de convenance*. The highly-wrought scenes of passion, and the exaggerated language of many passages which now repel the reader, were then admired. In the simple portions we can already recognize that simple, forcible, and picturesque style which so delights us in her tales of humble life—in *La Petite-Fadette*, and *La Mare au Diable*.

The next work of Madame Sand—for her friends as well as the public now learned to call her by that name—was that *Lélia*, of which almost every one has heard, although it has now, at least in England and America, few readers. *Lélia* is a novel of impossible characters and incidents, written in a declamatory manner. Its only interest is as a psychological study of the author, for into this work she was wont to say she had put more of herself than into any other. She nevertheless pronounced it in later years absurd as a work of art. *Lélia* surprised her friends at the time—although it pleased most of them—and was highly successful with the public. One of her friends, a naturalist, wrote to her:

“*Lélia* is a fancy type. It is not like you—you who are merry, who dance the *bourrée*, who appreciate lepidoptera, who do not despise puns, who are not a bad needle-woman, and make very good preserves. Is it possible that you should have thought so much, felt so much, without any one having any idea of it?”

It was a book written in a period of mental depression, at a time when her faith appeared to be forsaking her. Although it is by no means typical of her ordinary fiction, it was destined to produce an impression of her as a writer opposed to marriage and morality, and to create a prejudice which in England and our country has but recently begun to give way. Some critics had already accused her of propounding revolutionary doctrines in *Indiana* and *Valentine*. It is true she declared herself

against commercial marriages, and taught that every union should be based upon love ; but this, at least in our fortunate land and century, does not strike us as either shocking or novel.

From this time the life of George Sand was that of an indefatigable literary worker, and no year passed unmarked by the issue of new works under her name. Yet, notwithstanding these labors, her iron constitution permitted her to take long journeys, to enjoy society, and often to abandon herself to the delights of her country home. She wrote chiefly at night : in the day time she walked, climbed, and rode horseback as freely and frequently as in her girlhood, and her letters to her friends dwell continually upon these simple, exhilarating pleasures. She had, during her whole life, three unfailing sources of delight—her children, nature, and music.

The strange compromise which she had made with her husband was evidently one which could not continue. In 1835 she applied for a divorce, which, after some difficulties with regard to the children, was granted her. While it was still doubtful whether their guardianship should be entrusted to her or to their father, she seriously considered the idea, in case of a decision adverse to her claim, of leaving France and escaping with them to America. The judgment of the court finally placed her in possession both of them and of the estate of Nohant. To Maurice and Solange she was ever a devoted mother. She attended personally to their education and shared their amusements. Their affection and their happiness fully rewarded her ; and, as both on attaining maturity made fortunate marriages, she was enabled to show herself as an excellent grandmother also.

Of Nohant and the neighboring region she never tired. "Never a cockchafer passes but I run after it," she says, describing her country walks ; and she confesses how, on

one occasion, the sight of the cooling stream of the Indre proved an irresistible temptation to her, and she walked into the water fully dressed—proceeding afterwards untroubled upon her twelve-mile walk, while her clothes dried upon her in the sun. Nor did her interest in the villagers ever flag, and the little peasant children who had been her playmates in youth found her a friend in their old age.

Her life from middle age onward was often saddened by the troubles of her country. In her political feelings she was republican, and she was accused of being a socialist. Many of her dear friends were ardent politicians, and when, after the flight of Louis Philippe in 1848, a provisional government was formed with Lamartine at its head, she was irresistibly drawn to take a part in the struggle.

“My heart is full and my head on fire,” she wrote to a fellow-laborer. “All my physical ailments, all my personal sorrows are forgotten. I live, I am strong, active; I am not more than twenty years old.”

She worked hard to strengthen and uphold the new government. She wrote many fiery articles, and more than one ministerial manifesto was attributed, with good reason, to her pen. She never relaxed in her efforts until leader after leader proved unfitted for his position, and to persist was manifestly useless. Returning from Paris, where she had been staying that she might be upon the field of action, to rest quietly in her country home, she found herself regarded with horror by the peasants, who called her a communist.

“A pack of idiots,” she wrote indignantly to a friend, “who threaten to come and set fire to Nohant! . . . When they come this way and I walk through the midst of them they take off their hats; but when they have gone by, they summon courage to shout, ‘Down with the communists!’”

After the overthrow of the Provisional Government, she had no desire to enter politics again. Her theory of government remained unshaken, but she had little hope of seeing it successfully realized in France during her lifetime. She mingled no more in public affairs except so far as after the *coup d'état* to ask of Louis Napoleon, with whom she had at one time corresponded, a pardon for some of her old friends who had been condemned to transportation. Her petition was granted at once.

Born in the last year of the First Empire, George Sand lived through the Franco-Prussian War, and saw the return of peace and prosperity. She was always sure that the good time would come, although during the dark days of that long struggle she was in deep sorrow for her unhappy country, and painfully anxious for the safety of her own home. At one time the Prussians approached near, and she wrote to a friend that she worked "expecting her scrawls to light the pipes of the Prussians." But, in another letter, written to M. Flaubert, she says cheerily :

"Mustn't be ill, mustn't be cross, my old troubadour! Say that France is mad, humanity stupid, and that we are unfinished animals every one of us; you must love on all the same, yourself, your race, above all, your friends. I have my sad hours. I look at my blossoms, those two little girls, smiling as ever, their charming mother, and my good, hard-working son, whom the end of the world will find hunting, cataloguing, doing his daily task, and yet as merry as Punch in his rare leisure moments."

Again, less lightly, but quite as hopefully, she wrote :

"I do not say that humanity is on the road to the heights; I believe it in spite of all, but I do not argue about it, which is useless, for every one judges according to his own eyesight, and the general outlook at the present moment is ugly and poor. Besides, I do not need

to be assured of the salvation of our planet and its inhabitants, in order to believe in the necessity of the good and the beautiful; if our planet departs from this law it will perish; if its inhabitants discard it they will be destroyed. As for me I wish to hold firm till my last breath, not with the certainty or the claim to find a 'good place' elsewhere, but because my sole pleasure is to maintain myself and mine in the upward way."

George Sand died at Nohant in 1876, nearly seventy-two years of age, having neglected an illness which she deemed unimportant until it was too late.

"It is death," she said to those about her; "I did not ask for it, but neither do I regret it."

For a week she lingered in great suffering, but conscious and courageous to the last. Her thoughts turned to the quiet village cemetery where she was soon to rest, and almost her last words referred to the trees growing there. She desired that none of them should be disturbed, or so her children interpreted the words:

"Ne touchez pas a la verdure."

At her funeral, which took place in a pouring rain, the country people, who had long ago ceased to call her communist, flocked in from miles around. There, too, were men of letters, scientists, and artists, for she had made friends and kept them in all ranks of life. Her bier was borne by six peasants, preceded by three chorister boys and the ancient clerk of the parish, and she was buried close by the graves of her father, her grandmother, and two little grandchildren whom she had lost. A plain granite monument now marks her resting place.

The works of George Sand, including novels, stories, and plays, are so numerous that only a very few of them can find mention here. Among the most famous are the

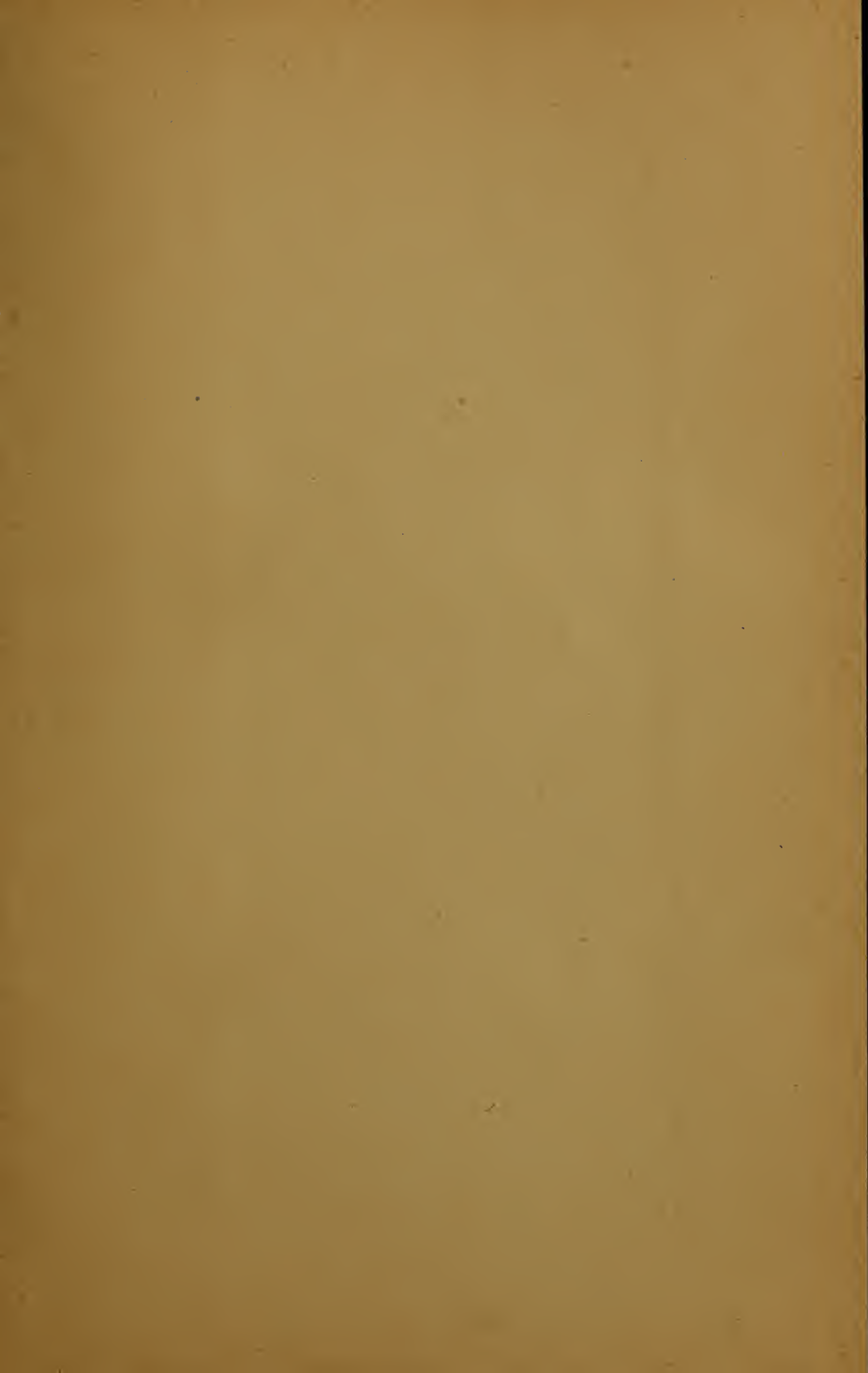
“Letters of a Traveler,” the unfortunate “She and He” (Elle et Lui), “Lucrezia Floriani,” “Consuelo,” and the three delightful tales of peasant life, entitled respectively, “La Petite Fadette”—upon which the familiar play of Fanchon the Cricket, is founded—“The Devil’s Pond” (La Mare du Diable), and “François le Champi,” from which she afterwards made a play.

The “Letters of a Traveler” are a very striking series written after a journey through Switzerland and Italy, in company with the poet Alfred de Musset, her further relations with whom are depicted in the story “She and He,” published after his death. This work was regarded by the public as ungenerous, if not unjustifiable; but it must be remembered that after the breach between them, De Musset had not spared her in his verse. Her book was intended as a defence of herself; but it had the force of a judgment upon him. It was soon replied to by the poet’s brother in another tale, entitled “He and She,” in which Madame Sand was represented in a light even more unfavorable than that in which she had placed the hero of her story. It is probable that each version of the affair contained truth. Doubtless de Musset and Madame Sand were both in fault, for two such pronounced personalities could not long have accommodated themselves to each other. Their difficulties, however, should never have been submitted to the public.

In “Lucrezia Floriani” she was believed to have committed a similar error, since the displeasing character of Karol was by many supposed to represent her old friend and companion, Chopin the composer. She denied that such was the case, and it is evident that she did not intend a portrait, although there were points of resemblance. Through the interference of unwise acquaintances, however, the book caused a breach between Chopin and herself. In many of her other works too curious

critics have claimed to discover pictures of eminent persons with whom she was acquainted: some have even believed that in the ideal heroine "Consuelo" they could perceive a representation of the famous Madame Viardot.

"Consuelo," although one of the most diffuse, is by many considered the best among George Sand's novels. There is power in it; but its incidents seem to us extravagant and its personages unreal. At present we care less for ideal characters and improbable adventures, and more for delineations of men and women, with their weaknesses and their strength, such as may be found among ourselves. Those of George Sand's works which will longest be read are narratives like "André," "La Marquise," and the pleasant tales to which we have referred. In them her heroes and heroines are studied from the life, and the scenery amid which they are placed is such as she had herself visited in her travels, or—and this far oftener—that which lay close around her own home, in her fair and fertile native province.









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